Who Got It

Inspectah Deck

"He who write the songs.." - repeated throughout the intro[Intro: Inspectah Deck]
Festos (who got it, huh, who got it?)
Underdawgz in the building, U.D.'s (who got it, huh, who got it?)
Streetlife, Size/7, what, Johnny Blaze (who got it, huh, who got it?)Yeah, what, it's a Shaolin thing y'all, get familiar[Inspectah Deck]
Truth scholar, you holla up the few dollars
I work it overtime, whether white or blue collar
I prove my honor, 'cause I been through the drama
Wu-Chronicles, and I continue the sagaChart topper, rhyme tough as body armor
When I speak, I hold the globe like a Dhali Llama
The flow is aqua, pa, you swimmin' wit the known piranha
The soul father, get to know my whole persona
Like Shaquana, from Guyana, stay lace in cabanaFiend for the block opera, your top sponsor
For papa, she shake her tata's like maracas
Got you locked in the scope of the rocket launcherStop your offers, cop mine, I drop it monster
Let the rhyme inside your mind like chocolate ganja, it's the worst[Chorus: sampled singer (Inspectah Deck)]
He, who writes the songs, he, who writes the songs (who got it, huh, who got it?)
He, who writes the songs, he, who writes the songs (who got it, huh, who got it?)
He, who writes the songs, he, who writes the songs (who got it, huh, who got it?)
He, who writes the songs, he, who writes the songs, he..[Inspectah Deck]I supply the fire, let your headsets be the bomb
One song, give you pipe dreams like Cheech & Chong
Got dough, cop and go, all else breeze along
Be strong, the high last four weeks long
Get your eat on, she'll hold you til the fever is gone
Got you cold sweatin', and up creepin' til dawn
Wide eyed, off the side, no sleepin' on morn'
O.D.'ing, just the side effects, so, please be warnedSon, I raise your blood pressure like tight jeans and thongs
Guaranteed like throwin' the bomb to Keyshawn
Put your peeps on, I spice it up like Dijon
We be, ease to calm, to the streets we belong
Don't be alarmed, 'cause indeed the heat is on
So hot, to touch me, you need tweezers and tongsIf I breathe on the mic, it's left weakened and torn
Til he gone, you'll be leanin' like your sneakers are worn, off the worst[Chorus][Inspectah Deck]
I got the works, like a Burger deluxe, you heard it was us
Got You All in Check like Dirty and Bust'
Play dirty and rough, remain thirsty for bucks
Seein' dollar signs like today's the first of the month
Dunn, it hurts when I touch, flames burst off the verses I bust

Some wanna scuff, but ain't worthy enoughWhat? I burn you up rookie, just hang your jersey up
I'm on the east side, workin' at a Mercury truck
Seen me servin' up the uncut, that certainly crush
Murderous, first to bust, expert in the clutch
That's my word up, loose links, lurk in the cut
On the re-up, be sure to catch a third degree rush
Here's your beat up, I keep the cut, verbally plush
Keep a burnin' Dutch, heat tucked and burgundy chucksWon't you turn it up, them wit the girlies, they lust
It's the dopeman, my jams run your thirty and up, it's the worst[Chorus][sample to end]

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