

Guess Who

Ivory Joe Hunter

[Verse 1: Wax]

All the fellas go ape shit, when I spit the boiling heat
Plus I put it down for the ladies like a toilet seat
I destroy the beat, the one that E created
Then we do a high five and get inebriated[Dumbfoundead]
Big Wax and DFD, that's my name abbreviated
These are rated R bars, all of y'all's are PG rated
Elevated high like someone sprinkled us with pixie dust
Catch us at a college town, sipping on a dixie cup[Wax]
Sick as fuck and unpredictable is how my vocal flow is
Inspired by crazy trains of thought, I got locomotives
I know you noticed that I flow the coldest
When me and DFD team we easily steamroll opponents[Dumbfoundead]
The soul of Otis and the heart of John Lennon
Just a couple playboys with a flock of blonde women
The South Korean James Dean, the Cuban Dean Martin
Any human being starting shit is soon to be a target[Hook]
This ain't Batman and Robin
It ain't Dolce and Gabanna
This ain't Biden and Obama
You should go and ask your momma for a clue
Guess who
This ain't Sherlock and Watson
OJ and Johnnie Cochran
Malone and John Stockton
Holla if you got a problem with it too
Guess who[Verse 2: Wax]
My verses all start proper
Turn the hipster rapper to a Wal-Mart shopper
You ain't fresh, you're from concentrate
And the thought of quitting rapping is one that you need to contemplate[Dumbfoundead]
We rock the place and leave the ceiling collapsing
Any party that we throw you know it's finna be cracking
All you rappers biting styles and identity jacking
There's like ten of mes and ten of these Waxes[Wax]
I leave enemies mentally trapped in states of fear and self-loathing
Feeling so small they could probably fit in elf clothing
As for me, I'm a gigantic man
That'll rock it til the death like the Titanic band[Dumbfoundead]

Wearing bright hammer pants you couldn't touch this kind of ruckus
We're the type of mother fuckers throwing punches at your function
Chewing up these rappers like some double mint gum
Spending hundreds at a strip club using government funds[Hook][Verse 3: Wax]
With whack mother fuckers I just don't associate
I ain't mad at 'em I just hope they don't procreate
They gets no love, only hate
Then like a kobe steak, they get slowly ate[Dumbfoundead]
Check the trophy case, you can tell we never lose
Our videos get box office numbers, you get several views
Ebenezer Scrooge money, racking up the revenue
All we got is headbangers, like them heavy metal dudes[Wax]
You need to tell whoever's revving you up they need to pump the brakes
You couldn't spit my ad libs in five hundred takes
Don't beat yourself up, we all make dumb mistakes
You just make more than anybody else fucking makes[Dumbfoundead]
The guys that you love to hate, puffing dank, purple drink
Type to party hard the night before another working day
The dynamic duo, better act like you know
Two mother fuckers ranked numero uno[Hook]

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