Who Want It

Dizzy Wright

(Big shout out to The Alchemist)[Royce]
I'm the most cold blooded, gold flooded, iced out, star studded
Fly like the ghost of who died cause the coke done it
Clean like that Maz' that I got in my garage
When that ride rides up (Ahhhh), you gon' know it's not a Mazda
I zone better than you cause I exercise with my hoes
But my trigger finger got it's own regiment
I'm so sick like Ne-Yo I got my own medicine, I do my own edits
C'mon, you if your crib ain't got no echo, let go you ain't a star
I let go and bullets like petrol into your car
Put your stunner shades on fix your eyes to look at me
I'm standin but still but yeah my chain is doin a y-twist
Why the fuck they spend so much on those - why wouldn't we?
Plus I'm tired of niggas talking bout what I shouldn't be (yeah)
Put the tools to 'em put the magnum in gear
Then, sing the blues to 'em let them things cruise through 'em (blao)
Believe you me I be squeezing at ease, you weak niggas will bleed
Better breathe, you might re-zoot it
That's the resume nigga, don't it seem roomy?
Don't it read long? Don't my name got a ring to it?
Like a ring tone padded after King Comb
Adam Eve, battle rappin, tabernacle theme song
That's cause I'm a natural, striking like I'm lightin matches
I could west, south, Midwest or bite the Apple
Psychopathic, when he on the track it's like it's magic
The city on his back just like his jacket (Woooo!)
The gats that we pack got extensions attachments
Put away your pencils and pens if you rappin
You ain't gotta write rhymes you could have 'em all in your head
I'll read 'em off the floor when you dead (yeah)
Most lyrical I am in a category with none
Compare me to who? If it ain't the notorious one I'm buryin you
Cause squeezing ain't shit, my guns be speakin to players like Steven A. Smith
And believe me they spit, however you want
I put up them number every season that's the reason they sick (keep goin)
I don't pop a lot of bologna, the parkin lot I shot up your homie
I rocked a lot of Prada, lot of Bryony
We only rock shoes once and give 'em to my niggas (uh huh)
While you still cleanin yours and stickin your sock in 'em (yeah)

Im just a hot nigga, them glock triggers givin you riga'
Broadway and I'm all day like a city slicker
You bigger than me I still get you, I'm so shist'
I ghost write if I wanted I could let Diddy dis you (keep goin)
Come through your like the six is a tanker van
Have them killers show up to the scene like the anchorman
And they'll give you the news without the down payment
Up comin rapper was slain but he is now famous (uh huh)
Etch out you, blow your chest out you
Next album no need to know the rest bout you
While you in the air killed just hoverin' there chillin (What you doin?)
In the Hilton in Paris fuckin with Paris Hilton (Damn!)
Your little bo at the podium reading goodbyes
I'm getting blowed by a hoe in a Via Dubai
To prove my worth I did my dirt, the most you can do to the ghost is kill my curse
The most you can do to me now is steel my work
You still can't touch it I'm dope, just feel my verse (keep goin)
My artistic thought process is all twisted
The raw shit I thought of came from awe disses (yeah)
The object of narcissism the sharp weapon
I start guessin 'em all guess that I'm autistic
Preach! Nigga my speech is reachless, untouchable by any livin creature
Any way I'll meet you (yeah), anywhere I'll beet you (yeah)
Bed time to headline or anywhere I feature (uh huh)
Niggas ain't tryin to hit nickel up to do songs (Naw)
Last one done it still pissed cause I pooped on him (hahahaha)
Made a writer's burst over cause I looped on him
Oh (seven), Royce Da 5'9" nigga who want it?Nobody!
(Royce Da 5'9"... It's The Bar Exam... Pay attention)

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