Who Want It

Trick Trick

yeah
we back baby
(yea lets go)
i told yall i was commin back
(we done time)
detroit
what
???
its trick trick
(yeah)
and motherfuckin slim shady (hahahahahaaa)
(what)
gettin back yoa!
get your moterfuckin hands upwe been the killas with everything
from chest wets
to death treaths
the best yet
and niggas gettin their neck check
best check to protectdetroit is only known know
for the best threats
so bet
we got decks
and heckscollect debt
and rest the goon sqad
we reck your whole set
we rep the midwest
you reppin niggas get wrong
speak on your songy songs
sendin them home
stone sprone
and broken bones
better leave us the fuck alonekeep it runnin thru niggas
cant even stomach what
the D got comin
waitin until they frontin and poppin off at the chops boy
we poppin off shots
guaranteeing a spot at the topfirst place for niggas gettin guys who think you fuckin with trick and eminem
no you not mother fucker
so next time you see us

be sure that you make a hole
and when they mention the D
get down on all foursgot big killas with big guns (who want it)
come to my hood
get some (who want it)
wanna start shit in the club boy (who want it)
touched up (who want it)
fucked up (who want it)
X2Ooh wow, look at the bitches up in this club
Man im gettin me some digits fo i leave up out this mug
And it's like oh pal, wam, bam, thank you ma'am
I ain't kissin you on the lips, but ill be glad to shake your hand
Now lets get blew out, lets start some shit tonight
Just let me pick the chick that I'ma leave here with tonight
Before we get the fighting, and Throughout
This music makes me rally, how they gonna play that new trick trick
And expect no-one to get their shit spit
It's just too wild, and one more shot of hypnotic
And I am not in control of my body, I go robotic and blow a fuse out
Homies is like you're startin to static
And I'm nah that's just my swagger but I'm dancing with micheal jackson
And gettin Loose now, I don't wanna fight, I feel like partying
Till' this idiot dumps his bacardi on my cardigan and knocks my screws out
It never fails, I'm know I'm going to jail
I might as well take the laces out my shoes nowgot big killas with big guns (who want it)
come to my hood, get some (who want it)
wanna start shit in the club boy (who want it)
touched up (who want it)
fucked up (who want it)
X2i hear them screamin
god damn it
there goes the emineminem
there aint no hidden hymn
that think that we just cranked up
but he been w themits trick and them
goon sqad gangstas
you cant get to himwe down for the bang and the brawl
but now we killin him
see ever since we started
you might of had to pardon our hardest
from the largest city
they sayin that we retarded
and charges brought us overnude and stop
some of their artists got dropped
you think im playin

then bring it
come on lets see what you got
we make the club go bang (gun shot)
you got that light noise
see ain't nobody fucking with this nigga and this white boy
that been through the realest and the pros
street ?? just like hoes
we put the thugs on
and make him beat it out of them clotheswe dont give a f**k about nothin you used to do
your record is equalient to high scool musical
no blaming jimmy lovine paul or dre
blame me for everything i say
cause i got him niggagot big killas with big guns (who want it)
come to my hood, get some (who want it)
wanna start shit in the club boy (who want it)
touched up (who want it)
fucked up (who want it)
X2no damn body (hell no)
fuckin around cuttin these niggas heads of

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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