

Who Wants What

Russ

Yeah

I own property and land, I'm in popular demand
'Cause the catalog is long, I got more songs than Robert Plant
If you diss and you get hit, that's just a part of who I am
I'm Italian, I can't help it, we love talkin' with our hands
Had to conjure up a plan, launch a monster from a man
Your favorite singer at my crib, it's big, it's Ariana Grand'
Sayin' "Sorry" in advance, I got Paul McCartney fans
Rockin' Marni, this ain't Barneys, I'm a star the Hardees man
Army van instead of lookin' for a Bentley to cop
'Cause as of late, being a rapper is the deadliest job
Why you think I got like six guns around the crib? Just pick one
Five, six, but with a stick, I swear like I feel like 6'1"
But let me chill, death is not a joke, this ain't Wendy Will'
'Cause this Henny still got me wired like Henry Hill
Very ill, my entrepreneurial phase is long
I out-rap your favorite rapper then drop your girl's favorite song
Who fuckin' with me? I feel like Shaq on the magic
I studied the dream, ooh, you got lucky Hakeem
Plaques in countries I ain't seen, I am a money machine
Your girl like Gumby how she bends over, fuck me, it seems
That I've struck a nerve, I'm a boss, there's no one I'm employed by
That's why every show I do looks like a fuckin' Floyd fight
You're annoyed by my confidence, how beta of you
You didn't feed your wolves, so now they 'bout to take you for food
Shit lot of people love to talk, from the stands, I ain't hearin' it
My J's ain't dirty, this is sand from the pyramids
Dave Mirra shit, with the bars, I'm a legend
Jennifer wouldn't fuck me, had to garner attention, yeah
Am I ungrateful or ambitious? Or maybe I'm both
I'm cuttin' off my crazy bitches or maybe I won't
It's inspirin', but tirin' too
I'm 'bout to fly her in, but I would never buy her a coupe
I don't reply to her nudes, off the wine I get rude
Hired McLaren, but then I had to fire the roof
All this truth that I give like Paul Pierce buckets
God talks to me, I'm Will Smith, I'm all ears run it
I love it, devised a plan and then I worked the strategy
Took a lot of swings to hit, this ain't the first at bat for me
Heard you mad at me, I irk you casually
What hurts you actually is I'm a fuckin' boss
I gave my circle salaries
This is Nipsey mixed with Kobe, yeah, I merge mentalities
Y'all got herd anatomy, I got merch in factories
Shippin' out global, multi-million dollar mogul
Lately, I been bumpin' Roddy Ricch, and feelin' antisocial
I been vocal (Uh)
Givin' gems, but I'm a Libra, so I'm givin' opals
My circle gettin' tighter now, I swear this shit's an oval
My mind is mobile, it's omnipresent
I wrote a book of my beliefs that people follow
Gotta call me legend
Fuck all these peasants that be hatin' on me
Shit, ask the last guy what happened when you playin' with me
One more time
Fuck all these peasants that be hatin' on me
Ask the last guy what happened when you playin' with me

Who wants what? Where, when, why, say it (Why say it)
Who wants what? Who wants what? (Who wants what?)
Who wants what? Where, when, why, say it (Why say it)
If not, shut the fuck up, stop playin', stop playin' (Stop playin')
Who wants what? Where, when, why, say it (Why say it)
Who wants what? Who wants what? (Who wants what?)
Who wants what? Where, when, why, say it (Why I say it, ayy)
If not, shut the fuck up, stop playin', stop playin' (Stop playin', man)

Know your roots and who you rootin' for
KRS Two, I kept the intelligent movement in root thus far
Hope you don't mind that I do
Not like I needed approval from you or somethin' (Nah)
I took a spoonful of the puddin'
The proof was put in, the truth is digustin' (Yuck)
Your views amuse my vision, your outlook funny
I had to enrich my sense without no money
But now we get into it, it's more than music to flow with me
I'm gonna need to see a quote from my quotes that's poetry
Been on me globally, from the omens I've spoken openly
Not 'cause I pose to be what they told me I'm 'posed to be
Hopefully niggas get the memo and don't take it out of context (Uh)
We ain't on the same page, check my table of contents
Stop it, I'm well read like the Nickerson Gardens
Straight out of Carson, play your cards or get discarded
I ain't the type of artist to be disregarded
This what art is, simple as that, shut up and rap
Where the lyricists at? How sad
Your clique ain't on top of the game, that's just a mouse-pad
They want the old Soul, I can't deny my ascension
They want the branzino, but they ain't tryna go fishin'
I took the scenic route, made wrong turns, I let y'all have y'all turn
But I though Longterm so I can teach 'em how
Virtuous patience is, I believe that (Yeah)
Remember that you can't just win, they gon' want a rematch (Uh)
A lot of people that you connect with need to be detached
The fame may go to your head, most of it be Kap (Facts)
Mind over matter, respect the telekinetics
I move a mountain by the mile 'cause I said it
The rapper's rapper, black-lipped pastor, the prophet, the God
Playin' fetch with blank checks at the top with my dawgs
Who want what? (Huh)
Nobody, I'm 'bout to go potty
That shit, I'm kickin it, but I don't know no karate
No need for cold feet, I ain't playin' no hockey
'Specially when effortlessly the flow is Mojave (Yeah)
Underground emperor, my ring need kisses
Every move is calculated like we teach psychics
Eat a rapper have 'em seize existence
Then catch an attitude, 'cause now I gotta clean these dishes
Soul

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