

Who The Who's

SleazyWorld Go

If we speaking 'bout who died the most, the opps know they the who's
Hit what's his name in the backpack, we chase his ass out the school
And, shh got put on the shitter, I heard he walked with a bag
And old dude was trying to get away, sent so much shots we made him crash
I know they praying we squash beef, but we can't, this shit too deep
Niggas died behind this shit, you hear me speak
I know niggas died for this, what you doing? Load up your pipe
Before I knew how to drive, I was doing drills up off a bike

I'm looking around, if it go down, I'm trying to see who's gon' shoot
He tried to slide in that little sedan, we turned this shit into a coupe
It's time to step, I'm ready to go, I'm trying to lace up my boots
They keep on dying, I think it's time, them niggas call a truce
Drop 50 on the opp blocks, we just slid through with 230s
In the field, trying to catch me sum' like Xavier Worthy
Go ask the opps how we get down, they said we playing dirty
We set niggas down on the bench, we retired niggas jerseys
Spin the block, hop out, let them hollows pop out
Don't get a job, you beef with us, 'cause we make niggas clock out
Yeah, who the who's
If you a shooter who
The way the shots wrap 'round his ass, look like a hula hoop

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Before I ever knew how to drive, I was doing hits off pegs
He tried to duck one, quick enough so the shots smacked his head
He switched sides, so when it's time, he gotta lay in that bed
We don't hit legs, when we slide, we tapping niggas heads (niggas)

Can't be smoke 'cause ain't shit happen to us yet
He tried to slide, but then he slipped, we fuck around and left him wet
We left niggas drenched, niggas died for trying to straddle the fence
We eat the most, I feel like Skilla Baby, bitch, come to the tent
Yeah, bitch, come to the team
I feel like Fat Joe when the chop blow, it made him lean
And I don't got to give a bitch a thing
She make you pay for things without getting no pussy 'cause you green

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