

# Beatnuts, U Don't Want It

Beatnuts

Miscellaneous

U Don't Want It

[Psycho Les]

Man you lashed out

Cause me and my niggaz throwing rocks at your glass house

Put the trash out we coming to crash out

Become a norious style pulling mats out

Why you playin now I'ma put the flame on you

Ju got the canyon, Les the grenade launcher

I blaze ghanga like Jamaicans in Kingston

And shit on you and leave you stinkin

Light a match

U don't want it don't want it

[Big Ju]

I don't love hos who catch me on the Ave with a snub nose

Late night ridin a bike watchin for po po

At a red light right in plain sight

On a summer on the low on the dead night

Y'all niggaz don't want it with us

And they ain't really shit to discuss

All that shit you be spittin, it's us

Step to you with the steel out

Juju ain't the type of cat you wanna feel out

[Chorus - Triple Seis]

It's all you you can hate if you want (u don't want it)

Beatnuts keep blazing the blunts (u don't want it)

And beats banging the truck (u don't want it)

Gettin money worldwide we provide them up front (u don't want it)

All you women in the club we know what you want (u don't want it)

[Pyscho Les]

Catch you with the cross bow

Right through your torso

What you said (nuttin) thought so

Pass by your crib riding a horse slow

Just checkin out the negocio

Time to collect from the inner streets belly

Nigga wanna come short like Joe Pesci

Before I wack em I crack a cold pepsi

Click back all leave the space messy

[Big Ju]

Blowin guns like Jesse

Pulled my glock out who wanna test me

I feel like the devil just possessed me

Burn more weed, I'm moving at hyper speed

Always carry two knives with me

For y'all niggaz who be trying to hate

You fucking fake man

You know these are the records you be dyin to make

Think you're hot nigga yeah right

Hot in the ass fuck around get shot in the ass

[Chorus]

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This scene is getting ugly  
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[Triple Seis]

Yo it's my turn  
How many speak what they got  
Eat at the spot like Pac you could believe it or not  
In the streets in the drop you know my boys is hot  
We spit fireballs you heard my click got my thousand yours  
Hammer quipped we die for the strips defy the law  
We the squad that do the job and beat the charge  
A gold T with a old key will beat the job  
You never know when you're bout to go  
You never know when you're about to blow  
Niggaz get locked when the back is slow  
On my pops we gonna pop the Mo  
Pop the krizic cock is clicked  
Til Seis get killed by the apocalypse  
Ain't no stoppin this  
We splurgin and mergin  
Icein up the verse so nice they call me surgeon  
Fuck what they heard twin  
We the truth smoke weed on the roof  
Puff live on the deuce get live off the 1-5-1 proof  
You never know this ain't a rapper bein phony  
With the white gold and big boulders and cuban zircony  
Frontin like you don't know me, homey

This scene is getting ugly

Yes indeed  
Triple Seis  
Yes indeed  
Juju  
Yes indeed