

## Beatnuts

# "U Don' Want It (Feat. Triple Seis)"

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[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 ghangas 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)

[Psycho 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  
This scene is getting ugly

[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

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