

Beatnuts

"U Don' Want It"

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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 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 ridin 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 splurigin 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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