

Dschinghis Khan

"Y'All Don't Want It"

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Lil' Flip, Jim Jones {*repeat 4X*}

[Chorus: Lil' Flip - repeat 2X]

Y'all don't want it with us, y'all don't want it with us

Y'all don't want it with us (Clover Gs!)

Y'all don't want it with us, y'all don't want it with us

Y'all don't want it with us (Dip Set!)

[Verse 1: Lil' Flip]

This sixteen bars of my brain, I show my scars through
my pain

I write my bars on the plane, I bring my boys on the
plane

There's nothing like it, I swear

Can't no other rappers compare

Cause I can spit it or write it

Just admit it, you like it

I'm the hottest around

Niggaz know how I get down

But this ain't Making The Band

I'm tired of shaking your hand

I got the piece to the puzzle, I'm on the streets when I
hustle

I got the heat with the muzzle, Okay (Okay)

You think you know it all, but I prove to show it all

When I move, you get one shot, hope you don't blow it,
dog

Don't bite the hand that feeds you

You just a lukewarm, bookworm nigga and believe me,
I can read you

I'm tired of snakes and rats, I'm moving forward, you
pacing back

While I'm in N.Y. collaborating, blazing tracks

You gotta face the fact, I got the only platinum plaque

I did it well, even when I'm gone, my shit'll sell

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Jim Jones]

Just let my movement protrude (Dips)

Or we will move on you dudes (Fuckers)

And you niggaz that's beefin, okay I'll chew you like
food (Yummy)
Don't get Houston confused (No)
Cause they music is screwed (Purple)
They ain't slow for a second, cause they sippin on lean
They will roll up with weapons, the four-fifth and the
beam (Boom!)
Get you tore up, we stretch 'em, you talk shit to my
team (R.I.P.)
We controllin' our section, raw shit for the fiends (I'll
smack you)
The boys controllin' my section, cause we gettin' that
cream (Squalie!)
And we roll in Rovers, iced out birds and frozen clovers
(Blingin!)
You know I'm smokin dozers, with that thing I roll with
soldiers (East Side!)
So if you want it fam, you'll get it fam, I'll hit you man
(Unnh)
And when I grip that blam, POP! POP! POP!, Dip Set the
fam

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Lil' Flip]
I'm ready to let you have it
Glocks and automatics
I put them in your chest
You shoulda wore your vest
Cause we comin to your house
With the forty cal
Dumpin twenty five rounds
Now bitch, lay it down

[Jim Jones]
So when we pull up to clubs, they say we known for the
brawlin
And all these bottles I'm poppin, it's uncontrollable
ballin
Straight from the projects, I'm still cased up with
charges
It only takes me three seconds to straight spray out a
cartridge
I'm prepared for the streets, and I ain't scared of police
You know my gangstas ride out, we know to fliz with
them heats
We cop cars with them spinners, I be in Texas for
breakfast
Sippin' on Purple and Sprite and back in Harlem for
dinner

[Chorus]

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