

## Every Mother's Son "You Don't Want None"

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Damn Dawg, sure look you ballin  
I hit licks nigga  
Yeah homey, with that one-oh piece hangin around yo'  
neck  
Whassup?  
I hit licks nigga  
Eighteen carat on the wrist, double digit style  
what's happenin witchu man?  
I hit licks nigga  
Pushin ?rar-ies?  
I told you dog, I hit licks nigga

[Mack 10]

I Inglewood swing like a king, cause my pockets is the  
fattest  
The young presidential nigga with the platinum status  
Maniac Mack 10, and I'm callin all hogs  
Now who wanna test the Chickenhawk and the Dawgs?  
With the fo'-fo' knockin noodles leavin niggaz like top  
ramen  
And Dawg I'm dumpin everytime you're even thinkin  
about bombin  
This a jack move blood, hit the deck and that's real  
You need to give up your goods or get your punk ass  
killed

[Road Dawgs]

In this life I'm takin chances servin, slidin plastic  
got bitches walkin out of banks with cash advances  
I came up watchin true ballers; no one can school us  
I've seen fools go from mule-rs to U-Haul-ers  
Stay strapped for the get back; plus I use it  
to jack hustlers and kidnapers \*woman screaming\*  
Every since my Dawg died, I put mo' licks in the mix  
Another motherfucker hog tied

in the trunk of the Continental (how you do dat)  
Trix are for kids, when I'm finished check his dental  
(check it)  
Step up to spit slugs on him, fool stole from me  
I had to plug on him (we know his whereabouts)

No more hesitatin, no more debatin no more waitin  
We gotta take him, shake him for his Dayton's  
Empty the clip and desecrate him, verbatim  
(Kill that nigga yo) You hatin, we gotta fade em

Chorus: Road Dawgs

You don't want none (Westsidiers we riders)  
Licks, it's all about stacks and stocks  
Max with glocks  
[Mack 10] as my lifetime is tickin  
Comin up strong, lickin and flippin chickens

Chorus

[Road Dawgs]  
Huh, it be the season for lickin (right)  
Much love to my thug niggaz and drug dealers  
(Hell yeah (nigga) make way)  
for the handler hawkin fingers, bell ringers, bringers  
on the real, when I stick steel in your grill  
with the intent to kill you bout to get your cap peeled  
Glock in the hand of a mack, I'm a hundred and jack  
Kill for the crack, sell it and steal it right back

Set your mindstate, into murders and po-po  
California's ruthless... keep the fo'-fo'  
Straight dumpin out a fo'-do'  
in the city with the Damu rip, and cholo  
G's wearin Polo, doin their 'do low  
When I strike, you're stuck, I attack like Cujo  
It's do or die for da meanest  
in a gang like this nigga, fuck all freaks!

[Mack 10]  
Since dope is the game, I guess I found my niche  
Got everybody trippin how quick I got rich  
First Mack used to struggle, but now it's mo' betta  
I got to meet mo' niggaz, so I made mo' chedda  
Now my whole umbrella check doe like a teller  
Went from a quota rock nigga, to a big bird seller  
Got the spot straight vacant what's to be made a nigga  
make it  
And what a nigga ain't makin, you best believe a nigga  
takin

Chorus

[Road Dawgs]  
I'm a motherfuckin menace, mashin through Lennox  
up to Venice down in Henny's, chasin it with Guinness

All one, greed in my eyesite stay G'd  
and make em bleed nigga what that I like  
Gangsta love, slippin on my gloves  
Turn into eleven showin they sevens and the dove  
Who the Dawgs in your house? Comin through your  
doors  
and your windows, layin niggaz out

[Mack 10]

I can see clearly now, let the bullshit fade  
Niggaz can't paid caught up in the masquerade  
So I mash and hoo-ride when it's time to collide  
And keep a big fat heater cause it's cold outside  
I flash like boo-ya, won't hesitate to DO ya  
A nigga like me a straight junkie for MOO-la  
One-Oh all about the doe the dividends and the funds  
Makin hons pull they guns and fuckin two-one-one's  
(beyitch!)

[Road Dawgs]

I been exposed to this lavish life gangsta shit  
And I suppose I'm 'posed to have a nice major grip  
So give it up motherfucker! You got  
one more time with that flip mouth then I'm buckin ya  
Check it in homey, keys and cash  
Don't make me act afool and blast your brains all over  
that dash  
Another bloody situation (Bitch ass nigga!)  
Blaowww, I ran out of patience

Chorus 4X

[Mack 10]

Yeahhh, the Road Dawgs, and Mack One-Oh  
Straight up Westside Connect gangbangin to the fullest  
nigga!  
(Tell em Dawg) hahaha  
YOU KNOW FOOL! Unfadeable  
Dub-S-C-G, you niggaz don't want none  
(WessSYDE!!)  
You don't want none  
Nah nigga, you don't want none  
(You don't want NONE!)

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