

## Cormega "You Don't Want It"

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[Cormega]

Yo, guerilla war nigga, what  
Guerilla war nigga, what what  
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Guerilla war nigga  
It's on

[Cormega]

Yo, y'all niggas don't know the art of war  
Now you dyin' and my gun'll keep burstin' 'til your  
mama cryin'  
I'm defying your whole crew, y'all niggas weak  
It could be on officially if you had heart  
Nigga your overrated, props old decaying  
Not known for sprayin', what the fuck you sayin'  
Your crew fell, you jeal', 'cause mine doin' it  
Yo quit the jealousy, let's get to felonies  
My niggas sellin' keys, your niggas sellin' dreams  
Your plans ain't precise, you need better schemes  
'cause yo, I ain't tryin to lose another nigga  
And if so enough blood is spilt to fill a river  
And I'll part the Red Sea like Moses' staff  
And spite my enemies despite the penalties  
You could live like kings, but die from injuries  
You about to be a memory nigga (You don't want it!)  
I don't hate you, I despise you  
I call you cocksucker, 'cause it describes you  
I know you wish you had a real crew, like I do  
Niggas who send shots and get props like my crew  
Look at you nigga, you had status, most of that  
vanished  
Y'all niggas has been, addicts, unestablished

What the fuck happened? You had the block clickin'  
Now you in denial, y'all are finished  
You opposition, but you no competition  
To my niggas with heaters yo, we not feelin' you either,  
what  
You wanna talk violent, but seek P's for solution  
I stalk silent, when I precede execution  
Taught by the, realest niggas to walk the planet

With one thought you vanish, like the court remanded  
You on the ave with your weak mans frontin'  
When you see my niggas comin' (You don't want it!)  
My nigga Biggie must have prophesized  
When he said somebody got to die  
I'm like the jackal, when I attack you die from gat  
wounds  
Frank Nitty couldn't do it that smooth  
Life's a bitch, I'm the pimp, you owe Mad Duke's crew  
I proved you weak, you ride dick to eat  
You ain't real, ill, or prepared to kill  
Man you better chill, you could get it for real  
I live this life of gangstas, ever second is danger  
The enemy is rarely a stranger  
The treachery in the hearts of men is jealousy's best  
friend  
That's the reason felonies will never end  
How you feel is mutual, I don't fear retaliation, I'm  
shootin' you  
This is a mere evaluation, I do what you to scared to do  
Motherfucker I'm prepared, you don't, want it nigga

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