

Remy Zero

"Udontwantnun"

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[intro]

You don't want none of it, none of it
You know we come wit it, come wit it
Go get your guns and clips, guns and clips
Give them their punishment, punishment
(Kill who we wanna kill, bust who we wanna bust)
(Steal what we wanna steal, fuck who we wanna fuck)

[verse one: Livio]

Eh yo, I need a mic, I kick rhymes at the speed of light
I'm a different person everyday, I wonder who I be
tonight
I got split personalities for niggas that try to challenge
me
I make 'em walk through galleries and get on they
nerves like allergies
I make 'em burn calories, I make 'em earn salaries
Livio, I'm the one, I make rappers call me Your Majesty
I'm blindin' ya eyesight, I feel like I been alive twice
The SOURCE can't even deny this deserves more than
five mics
My style is hard, if ya bite me, you'll be chippin' ya
tooth
As soon as I get in the booth, niggas witness the truth
I hit ya hard and tell Bizarre to get me the Proof
You niggas might be dyin' to win, but ya livin' to lose
I'm givin' you clues, you already forgettin' the news
I came to make ya feet stank and take a shit in ya
shoes
Now, I got two niggas wit me, but you'll hear what I said
first
I'll make ya head burst and keep it rollin' like Fred Durst
If you got a live album, I'll turn it into a dead verse
I go berserk 'cause of the way my brain networks
No matter where ya at, you do it here, do it there
Ain't nothin' jockin' you niggas but a little bit of pubic
hair, mothafucka

[chorus]

Niggas can't fuck wit me
And you niggas is stuck wit me

D-12 is up wit me
And you niggas can't fuck wit me
(2X)

2nd time background voice says
Kill who we wanna kill, bust who we wanna bust
Steal what we wanna steal, fuck who we wanna fuck

[verse two: Bizarre]
Marchin' 90 ghosts, gold roast, plus plaque
You laid on ya back, Bizarre overreacts
Bitches and ballers, I'm stickin'
Give you a 2-piece like Kentucky Fried Chicken
From Seattle to Detroit, I gets gully
I beat a bitch's ass who swear to God I'm Huggy
You wanna fight? Let's throw up
Ask Three-6 Mafia about the clubs we done tore up
Bizarre come through wit a street cleaner
You see so much Blood, you'd swear you was in
Pasadena
Battle? I'll run through ya crew
Mad 'cause you ain't out like Playstation 2
Detroit, what?! You dealin' wit a fuckin' nut
Fuck ya grandmother in the butt, call her a dirty slut
You wanna battle? Skidaddle!
'Cause you ain't needed like Patrick Ewing in Seattle

[chorus: (2X)]

[verse three: Proof]

I spit flames, Dirty Harry's the nickname
Kidnap sluts and feed 'em crack like Rick James
Neighborhood Spiderman, hype off Vicaden
And generic vitamins snypin' through a rifle lens
At ya church at who recitin' them triflin' Bible kins
Then gank the Billy Blanks for his rank and tae-bo
gyms
Come hard when I write, wit slugs slide viagara
Make you fall like Niagra, marvelous is haggler
The bad batter that smash matter
Make your chin a glass shatter, ya moms, I'll blast at
her
I'm a glock holder born in October
A pot smoker that was high when I shot Oprah
My cradle was knocked over, I'm not sober
Bumpin' Biggie Smalls, run by wit two of Tupac's
posters
Proof and Livio love to spit a flow
Make ya Faces of Death out ya next video

[verse four: Livio]

Yo, pass the mic and watch me come off fast as light

They love to hear what I say when they got questions,
they ask me twice
I answer once, I don't spit rhymes to rhyme to
I spit shit so you could tell when you bein' lied to
I don't wanna be lied to, so I got nothin' to ask a liar
Why even bother wit a man that make 'em suck like
pacifiers?
So pass the fire, fa sho, I drop the guillotine, fa sho, I
got the killa green
That shit that make me look like I'm from the Phillipines
I'm talkin' chinky-eyed, I'll make a man scream so loud
everyone think he died
I'll cut off four of his fingers and let his pinky slide
And take him deep down under, I mean it, brotha
I'll jam you up like peanut butter
And shine ya ass up till I make ya fart replenish
I'll make ya heart diminish
I take you start to finish, I plan on gettin' high as a
cloud
As soon as I break apart the spinach, yooo...
You don't want beef wit me, my beef is heavy enough
to break ya dish
When you see me, make a wish 'cause I'm a leave you
wet as a fish
I ain't the type to tell 'em twice, Livio, let 'em learn
They treatin' rap like doorknobs, and lettin' everyone
get a turn
Let the air hit emcees, be a part of hip-hop
Man, you niggas couldn't rap if you worked at a
giftshop
Fuck you, fuck you, uh... mothafucka!

[chorus: (6X)]

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