

## D-12 F/ Dina Rea

### "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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