

DJ Kay Slay f/ Jim Jones, Junior Reid, Papoose, Sheek Louch, Tony Yayo, Uncle Murda

"Don't Take it There"

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[Intro: Tony Yayo] Yo Kay whattup! The kid Yayo man!!!
You know 50 blew some of that magic dust on me Now
I'm a get some of that MTV money you know [DJ Kay Slay]
I ain't mad at ya homey, yo Jim Jones you with me?! [Jim Jones] Hey Slay what it do? [DJ Kay Slay]
That's what I'm talkin about!!! [Sheek Louch] I mean you killed them already on the first one [DJ Kay Slay] Is that Sheek Louch, Papoose, Uncle Murda, Tony Yayo and Jim Jones?!!!! [Sheek Louch] This is the remix!!!!
D-Block!!!! [Verse 1: Sheek Louch] You don't wanna war with me Hammer on my lap since the first Skate Key Now I'm in the Range or the SRT Pat me down, that ain't where a Gemstar be When Sheek come torn things to Mardi Gras Straight Stuntin Magazine bitches in my car Black shades hoodie on big cigar Long chain pinky ring big to par Police watchin rooftop binoculars Don Guerilla, Good Love popular I'm gettin money like the Jews bitch, mazel tov Clap at 'em matter of fact let Pap get 'em It's a body in the trunk right let's go shread 'em I ain't the King of New York I'm just plain old Louch Big man out that motherfuckin classic group I been a pimp but I guess they only listen to Snoop Let's go to war!!!!
[Chorus: Junior Reid] You don't wanna war with me (No No) You don't wanna go there with me (No) Before you go there with me Make sure you know you fuck with real OG's [Verse 2: Papoose] Papoose, Pa-poose!!! There's only one king in this city, and Y'all know the meanin of his name is indian I got it from my grandma I swear to Vivian Open up your mouth I'm a stick my semi in Tried to front so I shock like Shawn Merriman You a fish out of water this is my aquarium I let the ruger squeeze with Junior Reid I chew emcees like I'm chewin seeds Your crew could bleed leave you intrigued I'm a truer breed I superceed what you believe True indeed Jim Jones said it best you dudes is weak You a fuckin rat went to the D's and chewed the cheese He a fake blood, burn his flag remove his beads Wish I could bring Rem back (BO!!!!) Run that (BO!!!!) Run that (BO!!!!) FUCK THAT!!!!!!!!!! Tell your boss you ever try to

touch Pap He better put you in his wheel like a hubcap
[Chorus: Junior Reid] You don't wanna war with me (No No) You don't wanna go there with me (No) Before you go there with me Make sure you know you fuck with real OG's [Verse 3: Tony Yayo] HERE WE GO NOW!!! I wake up to that same bullshit, nigga I wake up to that same full clip, nigga Go price, low price, no gas goin up For forty-five a gram, how the FUCK a nigga blowin up? I get that cocaine, Vicodin, and Xanax pills (What else?) You know, the same pills, that killed Heath Ledger (YEAH!) The pies turn to grams, the grams turn to shells 'cause both eyes and hands, are like digi scales All that talk about the recession, is depressing (hahaha!) Jay-Z said it, you know where I'm headed To the strip, where all the fiends show me love (Southsiiiiiiide) Some feds jump out, I'ma throw my drugs Then I jump in a hooptie, stash a snub Then it's off to the projects for some Groupie Love Got three condoms, hoes got the bub Got three condoms, hoes got the bub!! YEAH!!! [Chorus: Junior Reid] You don't wanna war with me (No No) You don't wanna go there with me (No) Before you go there with me Make sure you know you fuck with real OG's [Verse 4: Uncle Murda] Put that thang on his forehead and squeeze the trigger (BANG!) When he fall, get on top of him, squeeze again, nigga (Get 'em!) Nobody is untouchable, anybody can get it I was hurt when I heard they killed Larry Davis in prison (Damn!) I was young, he inspired me to shoot the police I did it and got away with it, check my rap sheets (check it!) E'rybody ain't as fortunate, I'm bein fo' real Rest In Peace to all the dudes that the police killed Y'know, some ain't had no gun and some had a gun on 'em They wasn't shootin at the police, they was runnin from 'em Them young boys in the hood still thuggin it Them O.G.s' still tryna stop them from hustlin (What?!) Them young boys pumped up, poppin them fist The O.G.s' like, "Man, we too old for this shit" Lil' man growin up, he'll shoot you in the face There's a war goin on out here, nobody's safe - ah! (This ain't '88!) [Chorus: Junior Reid] You don't wanna war with me (No No) You don't wanna go there with me (No) Before you go there with me Make sure you know you fuck with real OG's [Verse 5: Jim Jones] If I kill you, I'm brainless Must be stupid, actin like I ain't rich Actin like it ain't short money to get ya brains hit You better watch what you say bitch Black president, please, because my hood is on the same shit Tryna get rich offa 'caine bricks So if you gonna kill a man, then you kill a man proper All my niggas do the killas like shottas Fake niggas start grillin like Shabba Try to stand tall, let the AK chop ya

It's not a end line, won't delay your composure Shout to
El Barrio and Kay Slay, partna Huh, okay it's still thug-
acation But we Peter roll 'em if it's no blood relation Put
his name on the wall, fuck it we erase him Put his brains
on the floor - fuck it that's for basin Uh - you don't really
want it with me You don't wanna run into a G We still
gettin money, had a deal a couple hundred on the fee
Still keep the guns under the seat I run with guerillas,
it's a jungle in the streets Past slow, some is in the
streets - fuck all the beef I can't remember a nigga
frontin on me Heh, I can't remember a nigga frontin on
me!

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