

## **JF % CP**

### **"Niggaz Don't Want It"**

Visit "[Niggaz Don't Want It](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Mr. Cheeks]

Back up off of dat speed  
Yo, back up off of dat speed  
Queens most wanted  
Yo, back the fuck up

Chorus x3: Niggaz Don't Want It Over Here, Niggaz  
gettin blunted over here

[Mr. Cheeks]

Spiggy Nice, field jackets and I keep my jeans saggin  
You use the ???, see it's ??? sense the dragon  
It's lost boyz crew in 96, sometimes queen's mother  
fuckas  
Bring the ruckus, clear the floor  
I try to maintain, but niggaz they be fuckin wit my brain  
Kid I've in this game ever since 13  
It's your worst nightmare cause I'm far from a dream  
Some niggaz wanna scream, I keep it quiet when I  
scheme  
They called us on the humble, me and Freekie Tah got  
stuck  
Now it's time for me and freekie Tah to blow the fuck  
up  
For real i'd rather puff a L in my act  
Or creap thru the streets with my seats layed back  
Or now I'm the versatile tile  
They keep it to my now, my made style is runnin wild  
I run with crews of individuals that break backs  
Cause know a-days niggaz fake jacks  
Fuck all your crews and your individuals  
Who refuse to use mics as tools, kid ya lose that  
To violate the lost boyz that's a warnin', keep it real in  
96 shit is on it

Chorus x4

[Freekie Tah]

You done made the wrong move  
That'll get in ya  
Ima bust it in with this ill type of beat

Cause you know freekie tah got this ill technique  
Style, i'm buckwild  
I gotta flip some shit, the flip, the flip  
The flippin the script  
But let me bounce now, back in the game  
Freekie tah leakin no shame to my name  
Niggaz know my style, niggaz lookin now  
Niggaz don't wanna hurt me that's word to my pow  
They don't know what, what the fucks goin' on  
What the fuck get outta here  
Let me go and do this by myself  
Got my 4-4 from my fuckin shelf  
I stay with my gun, i roll with my gun  
I never lose my gun, but yo i'm on the run now

Chorus x3

Interlude: [Mr. Cheeks]  
We do this everyday, yo brin g the drama  
Uknowwhatimsayin

[Mr. Cheeks]  
The year is 84, its time for me to enter with the ill shit  
Freekie tah got my back, watch him kill shit  
Lost boyz representi south side, jamaica, queens one  
time for your mind  
I wear my jeans cuse kid i got the horror, and if i die  
tonight bury me in  
my jeans tomorrow  
Nigga, you wanna battle me but first face reality  
Cause when i'm done with you i'm doin' jacks fatality  
On you and your bullshit crew, kid i thought ya knew how  
us LB's do  
We comin thru, a 1000 ghetto men  
We creap, so don't sleep  
I'm stayin out of sight, only at night is when i creap  
I ??? to wonda put em on him, i tried to warn him in my  
session  
I put this to his brain, i'm crazy insane at this  
confession  
It's me the mr. cheeks i bring it to your brain-a, i'm  
crazy insane-a

Chorus x4

[Freekie Tah]  
And i got warrants, i fuck all the cops  
They get the middle finga  
Hold on, whatcha say, hold on  
Muthafuck y'all  
Muthafuck y'all

Muthafuck y'all  
Muthafuck y'all  
Fuck y'all punanas goin after mine  
Freekie leakin its a nothin on my line  
To the tick tock, i'm not gonna stop  
Bustin yo shot, words on the block  
Niggaz iz lookin at me, knowin me  
Represent the L-O-S-T-B-O-Y-Z  
Ah, ah ah ah let bust a head inside my muathfuckin  
steel  
Ima pull a head and i'm a shoot em niggaz dead  
Niggaz don't know i bust up the hemp stead

Chorus x3

[Mr. Cheeks & Freekie Tah]  
Eh, yo the buddah cess is in your area  
Lost boy crew iz scarier  
Fuck the police, they ain't area  
Ya step to my crew and i jam in ya

Visit [JF % CP](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.