

# You Don't Want It

Cormega

Guerilla war nigga, what  
Guerilla war nigga, what what (4x)  
It's on..  
Ya'll niggaz don't know the art of war  
Now you dyin and my gun'll keep burstin, till yo' mama cryin  
I defy your whole crew, ya'll niggaz weak  
It could be on officially, if you had heart  
Nigga you overrated, props old decayin  
Not known for sprayin, what the fuck you sayin?  
Your crew fell, you jail 'cause mine doin it  
Yo, quit the jealousy, and get to felonies  
My niggaz sellin ki's, you niggaz 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'll spill to fill a river  
And I'll part the sea like Moses' staff  
And smite my enemies, despite the penalties  
You can live like king, 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  
Niggaz who send shots to get props like my crew  
Look at you, nigga you had status  
Most of that vanished, ya'll niggaz have been addicts  
Unestablished, what the fuck happened?  
You had the block cliquein, now you denial ya'll, I finish  
You opposition but you no competition to my niggaz  
With heaters yo, we not feelin you either, what?  
You want to talk violent, with ?sick piece? for solution  
I stalk silent, when I proceed execution  
Talk by the, realest niggaz to what they plannin  
Who once thought you vanished, like a corps remainin  
You on the Ave with your weak mens frontin  
When you see my niggaz comin, YOU DON'T WANT IT  
My nigga Biggie must have prophecised (uh!)  
When he says somebody gotta die  
I'm like Doc Jekyll when I attack you, down from jab wounds  
Frank Nitty couldn't do it that smooth  
Life's a bitch, I'm the pimp, ?your old man do's you?  
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, every second in danger  
The enemy is really a stranger  
The treachery in our hearts' a man and jealousy's best friend  
That's the reason felonies'll never end  
How you feel is neutral  
I don't feel retaliation, I'm shootin you  
This is a main evaluation I do with you too scared to do  
Muthafucka, I'm prepared, YOU DON'T WANT IT nigga