

Y'All Don't Want It

Lil' Flip

Lil' Flip, Jim Jones

Y'all don't want it with us, y'all don't want it with us
Y'all don't want it with us (Clover Gs!)
Y'all don't want it with us, y'all don't want it with us
Y'all don't want it with us (Dip Set!)

This sixteen bars of my brain, I show my scars through my pain
I write my bars on the plane, I bring my boys on the plane
There's nothing like it, I swear
Can't no other rappers compare
Cause I can spit it or write it
Just admit it, you like it
I'm the hottest around
Niggaz know how I get down
But this ain't Making The Band
I'm tired of shaking your hand
I got the piece to the puzzle, I'm on the streets when I hustle
I got the heat with the muzzle, Okay (Okay)
You think you know it all, but I proove to show it all
When I move, you get one shot, hope you don't blow it, dog
Don't bite the hand that feeds you
You just a lukewarm, bookworm nigga and believe me, I can read you
I'm tired of snakes and rats, I'm moving forward, you pacing back
While I'm in N.Y. collaborating, blazing tracks
You gotta face the fact, I got the only platinum plaque
I did it well, even when I'm gone, my shit'll sell

Just let my movement protrude (Dips)
Or we will move on you dudes (Fuckers)
And you niggaz that's beefin, okay I'll chew you like food (Yummy)
Don't get Houston confused (No)
Cause they music is screwed (Purple)
They ain't slow for a second, cause they sippin on lean
They will roll up with weapons, the four-fifth and the beam (Boom!)
Get you tore up, we stretch 'em, you talk shit to my team (R.I.P.)
We controllin' our section, raw shit for the fiends (I'll smack you)
The boys controllin' my section, cause we gettin' that cream (Squalie!)
And we roll in Rovers, iced out birds and frozen clovers (Blingin!)
You know I'm smokin dozers, with that thing I roll with soldiers (East Side!
)
So if you want it fam, you'll get it fam, I'll hit you man (Unnh)
And when I grip that blam, POP! POP! POP!, Dip Set the fam

I'm ready to let you have it
Glocks and automatics
I put them in your chest
You shoulda wore your vest
Cause we comin to your house
With the forty cals
Dumpin twenty five rounds
Now bitch, lay it down

So when we pull up to clubs, they say we known for the brawlin
And all these bottles I'm poppin, it's uncontrollable ballin
Straight from the projects, I'm still cased up with charges
It only takes me three seconds to straight spray out a cartridge
I'm prepared for the streets, and I ain't scared of police

You know my gangstas ride out, we know to fliz with them heats
We cop cars with them spinners, I be in Texas for breakfast
Sippin' on Purple and Sprite and back in Harlem for dinner