

# You Don't Want It

## Playalitical

Verse 1 [Spice 1] bailin out the cut wit 2 dime pieces, keep killas like pitbulls on leashes, aint no muthafuckin suckas, nigga my soilders elite, its spiceberg slim soprano puffin on indo, put a slug up in yo ass and have you singing soprano, it's the muthafuckin boss I been known to kill em off, and the chronic I be smoking will make a gorilla cough, pellin off smoking up the block hitin them corners, representing the muthafuckin yag area killafornia, got a muthafuckin strap on the side ready to hit em, yous a hostage nigga and im a muthafuckin villain, im raw like bloody meat but im deeper than the pacific,nigga betta know who you fuckin wit gangstas and wig splittas blahhh.

[Duce Stabs] yall be livin that dirt don't squirm with me, turn you into fertilizer earthworm feed, what you cant hear me is you hearin impared, wana be the top story on Current Affairs, look I split you you turn into pair, blaaaaaaaaaaaaat wacka wacka wacka like fozy the bear, you see me you poddy in chair, duce put the beam on ya like scotty ya hear.

CHORUS: [Heavn]You can hear the shells rain, listen to the ILL bang, let the bells rang, we bringin hell to yo brain. [Playalitical] Watch us do what we do while most do less, we burn booths over loops bringing you the new west. REPEATx1

Verse 2[Playalitical] Got a dozen sharp shooter that el give you the measles, you see the canon twinkle yall stand in tinkle, put ya hands in this shit and ya hands will wrinkle, life aint a hand out no one el hand you a sequel, betta plan betta if you plan to betta yourself, or get beheaded so don't get a head of ya self, get it, them pprs will melt and mushroom out, you trip whenever you talk call you mushroom mouth, its crazy maybe make ya peepers do a 180, look if I respond now we'll all hear the fat lady, "Playalitical" put ya hat under daisys, Ima draw the lines now and make yours flat baby.

[Luni Coleone AKA Lunasicc] Uhh they call me "Luni Coleone" down to dump on a snitch, fuck em all niggas cant fuck with this Im from Sac but I still play in Denver, and run dick in these hoes till they shake and shiver, fuck with me nah you don't wana do that, playalitical got steal and will peal yo cap, just like that you niggas lay right in a puddle, you shoulda shut the fuck up like a horse in a muzzle, now its trouble spice 1 what up cuz, we do dirt and ski skirt cant fuck with the fuzzi, layed in dirt that's what you niggas is needing, like ya wife accept shes swallowing seamin, nigga.

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Verse 3[Spoke-In-Wordz] Rappin like this was my last verse,flashbacks of my life passin me by backwards, unless you getin stabbed first, watchin ya blood run, now your facin down your own barrol "that's what we call a reversal,now what what what what", the spoke holds you and chokes you for your fuckin denaro, we droppin muthafuckas out the sky like fallin sparrows, you get defeated for feeding us we your darkest shadows, yall can compete us or beat us we leaders of your pharroes.

[Young Droop] Young Gangsta Droop but they call me Devon The Don King, The same nigga that el break you dwon and roll you up like some bomb green, the machine of my team cant nobody stop me but god, ya best bet is to give it up and go and find you a job, recess time expired no more playing around, niggas talk shit and split ima start chasin em down, ya niggas they know me to hold heat, call shots like a OG, with the 44 and ima run in about 4 deep, clean house, leave that ass wit a clean mouth, what you know about cutting a squares tongue out

and disappearing like deep south, California where them Gs run up on ya maintain your composure, me and my  
dudes bust on toy soilders.

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