

# Niggas Don't Want It

## Benzino

[Intro: Benzino]Niggas don't want it  
These niggas don't want it  
Niggas don't want it  
[Benzino]Benzino.. take your best shot  
[Chorus: Benzino]Niggas don't want it  
These niggas don't want it  
These niggas don't want it...  
Niggas don't want it  
These niggas don't want it  
Niggas don't want it  
[Benzino]Ashtray for the roaches  
Shift up V-12 ferocious  
In the 6, big gats and hostess  
Beneath city lights, niggas get ready  
Make sure you hold your gun right, shoot steady  
Stop shakin, betta bust that nigga  
Feel the rush when you squeeze that trigga  
You only get one chance, one opportunity  
Take your best shot - nigga get through to me  
The war's on once again, ground zero  
Made Men, let's take it to the end  
When the smoke clears - I be the only one left  
Fight niggas to the death, you can't win  
Understand me Lord, forgive me for my sins  
Benzino.. been killin.. been stealin..  
Been sellin.. niggas stop tellin..  
Been robbin.. been shockin.. been rockin..  
I blow up spots - Fuck bin Laden!  
Can't you understand real niggas don't die? (Niggas don't want it)  
Just light a candle up in the middle of July  
  
Anybody pop shit and don't want to die...  
I know the reason why...  
[Chorus w/ variations][Benzino]Er'body run for they life, take cover  
I rip mics unlike no other  
Rosary and wife beater's, ice grill  
Cowards show heaters, but don't want to kill  
Bitch tight for real, what the deal?  
How you gonna wanna go the whole 9...

When you scared to hold a 9?  
9 o' clock come you got 15 minutes  
7 days away dogg, gotta get in it (Niggas don't want it)  
I ain't backin up from nobody, no crew  
No man - especially not you  
You ain't ready for the big game  
Clothesline that bitch, make him know my name  
I'm going deep like Moss  
Make you pay a high price if you don't know the cost  
Ain't nothin I'd kill for a cause  
Stay high, steady ride ill cars  
Burn that hash, brizza roll that weed  
Let me show you why these fake cats don't know me  
Hangmen hang 'em high, hold fire, til you see the white's in they eye  
The enemy's at the gate, on the front line  
It gets ugly when I go for mine  
Grab the microphone, spread the prophecy  
Go and tell your hood, your people ain't stoppin me  
More, he's up to no good, stop watching me  
This year, my year just watch and see, motherfucker  
[Chorus 2.5x w/ variations & Benzino ad libs]

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