

# No Parts Of Us

**Benzino**

Aiyyo, you know what I'm saying, yeah  
Fuck you bitch-ass niggas you know what I'm saying  
Straight like that from the bottom of my heart  
Man this is silly  
I ain't got nothing but slugs for you bitch-ass niggas, know what I mean?  
Fuck all y'all niggas, straight like that  
What up

Don't start with me (Benzino, B. Brown, Hangmen 3)  
You don't want to see that side of me  
I don't really care how hard ya be  
I just know you don't want a war with me  
So don't fuck with me

Aiyyo, it's war this night and over run up on ya few  
Boss niggas dump bullets and get rid of that crew  
You gotta bang niggas out  
Fuck that shit is serious  
Give it to `em niggas, kid show them how real it is  
These punk motherfuckers get their head pushed, leds bust  
Guns on their friends and they feds dunn yeah dunn  
Venalate niggas hear `em out  
Wear niggas out  
Get them before they get you  
Open up your eyes, true  
Look alive, dunn its not a game  
Its not thing for you to get body  
Thats why we don't play  
So where the bags for the fuck back  
Before I squeeze more shots and murder more bastards

Don't start with me  
You don't want to see that side of me  
I don't really care how hard ya be  
I just know you don't want a war with me  
So don't fuck with me

Yo, swing that, mince that, double bogie, hit that  
Big gat, tiger money, holdin one, get that  
Forty-cal go and get your burns, spit that  
Bring beef where your motherfucking cribs at  
Shove knives in your chest where your ribs at  
Get money with my Hangmen, split that  
Come thick when we show those guns  
Doing 1-6-0 on the Autobahn  
Ride all night drink cris til dawn  
Tonight we don't care, right from wrong  
Anybody wanna kick the same old song  
Bitch-ass niggas won't last too long, motherfucker

Don't start with me  
You don't want to see that side of me  
I don't really care how hard ya be  
I just know you don't want a war with me  
So don't fuck with me

Meet you overnight

Rest now thats tomorrow  
My projects thorough  
Tribes with Made Men, now you know  
No matter what happened in the barium rocks  
Still remain with my pistol in my palm cocked  
God damn, country, all shit is sick  
Cause shit ain't but a bag full of fucking tricks  
Addition and money in my pocket  
So I'm a dip into my bag and grab my motherfucking clip  
Then I'm a break out the door cause I'm mad like fuck  
And I'm pissed off and like get your ass and stick you up  
No hold barred and its time to get paid over  
I'm broke, ain't nuttin funny I need money

Fuckers want to try and change the game (I did that)  
Try throw dirt on my name (You got that)  
Storm them for their fortune and fame (You want that)  
Twenty karats on my neck, wrist and brain (I flaunt that)

Don't start with me  
You don't want to see that side of me  
I don't really care how hard ya be  
I just know you don't want a war with me  
So don't fuck with me