

# Would You

Benzino

Un hun, un hun-un  
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Yo, yeah, aiyyo  
We can do whatever you want to, I promise  
Fight, play razor tag or spit lamas  
I'm two guns up over the roof  
Hopin at least one hit your upper gums over your tooth  
Cuz a lot of niggas jus talkin  
Wanna kill a nigga on a record, when they see 'em they jus talkin  
In my case, I'ma jus hawk 'em  
Cuz niggas is waitin for a lawsuit, it's hot and they walkin  
They sendin dudes up like clockwork  
Niggas that can't hold it down usually come home with artwork  
Ain't no such thing as a smart jerk  
Then again, one fuckin dumb-dumb can make your heart jerk  
D-Block nigga, we got work  
That old school grey shit, uncut, got niggas pops hurt  
You ran off Broadway, I get top work  
Minority report, you don't know what you got murk, that's why..

Everybody wanna call your name  
Until you squeeze them chrome thangs  
Everybody wanna call you out  
Until you pull up at the house  
And everybody wanna try and bluff  
Go head nigga press your luck, what's up?  
And everybody wanna call your name  
Don't wait, jus please call my name

Dear God I got eighty five forty five bullets in the Tommy  
With a extra thirty clip in my back pocket so try me  
I'm on the yellow lines on one knee  
Tryna hit a nigga in a building in One-D  
Yeah, D-Block, you hatin the unity  
I bring it to your motherfuckin gated community  
In case you ever get it in your mind again  
Twenty lil dirty niggas, with no guns throwin Heinekens

By the time you hear this verse, I done staked you out  
Me, V nailed and hearse, layin at your house  
We screwin silencers, put a muzzle on that AK  
Rip that nigga shit in half, make that bitch pay  
Annihilate, every piece of ground you walk on  
No need to talk on coward, I get my chalk on  
It's always one nigga on the side  
Talkin out his mouth next thing you know he bleedin from his side

Are you crazy? I was in the dirt since '87  
If war is hell, then will I ever go to heaven?  
The D duck, Zino bring the Tommy when I re-up  
Four and a half is nothin, get your ki's up  
You boys stop bluffin, before you get beat up  
Take your car keys, throw your ass in the trunk  
Slide off with your bitch, L.E.S. track bump  
Cats still can't figure me out (What?)

Askin how this nigga in the game gained so much clout?  
Fuck whoever wanna claim king, I lay you down  
Take your chain and your ring, you can keep the crown  
I told your man the same thing, he can eat these rounds  
Lacerate your face, pistol whip you unconscious  
Your block never did so I know you can't want this  
You rap a good one, but I see it in your eyes  
You like to bang on wax cuz you don't wanna die

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