

# Dont Play Wit it

Yung Joc

What it is man? Sup, Yung Joc, Block Entertainment  
Yeah, you wan' know somethin'? Whatchu wanna know nigga?  
I'ma take this motherfuckin' time to let y'all niggaz know  
I'm tired of playin' games, I'm tired of playin' witchu man  
Preach on, y'all niggaz comin' up short on your  
money  
Your re-up shit ain't right, nope, nope  
Your grams off nigga, get that shit right  
Tell 'em shawty, let me talk to y'all  
This ain't make believe so why the fuck is you playin'  
You better listen close to what the fuck I'm sayin'  
'Cause really all it takes is a couple grand  
Like AT&T, I reach out and I touch a man  
Or I can let it go 'cause it ain't nuttin' man  
But naw it's the principle so fuck what you sayin'  
E'ry dollar I want it, e'ry dime I need that  
So when it's time to break bread gimme no feedback  
'Cause you don't want to piss me off  
And I get to poppin' like we poppin' Cristal  
See I can't help it, that's just how we get down  
Let off a couple rounds, turn your smile to a frown  
Yeah, I know, you think I'm bluffin'  
'Til I kick the do' and the goons they rush in  
Lay down on the flo' where you keep the coke in  
You say, "I don't know" then your blood start gushin'  
I done told your ass once, told your ass twice  
Fuckin' with my paper, you're fuckin' wit'cha life  
Don't play wit it, don't play wit it  
Don't play wit it, nigga, don't play wit it  
I done told your ass once, told your ass twice  
Fuckin' with my paper, you're fuckin' wit'cha life  
Don't play wit it, don't play wit it  
Don't play wit it, nigga, don't play wit it  
Here he come once again' Mr. Murder Man  
Smokin' on the purple bad, pistol in my other hand  
Fuckin' with my rubber bands, get your ass murdered fast  
Chop you up and chop ya, then stuff ya in a duffel bag  
Ride wit'cha in the trunk 'til ya smellin' bad  
Get your daughter after class, ride by snatch her ass  
I know a pussy nigga owe me a couple stack  
Pop him like he never had, but the nigga holdin' back  
I ain't trippin' now I'm lettin' 'em pass, got that ass  
So I'm in the good, nigga smokin' like a thermostat  
Flashin' hella stacks, pie nigga Pontiac  
Actin' for these hoes with my money, what kinda shit is that?  
I ain't feelin' that, pay me for my fuckin' pack  
E'ry dime off e'ry zone, don't gimme that  
See it time for the chrome, go on pull it out  
Sad Sunday service for the sucker in the parking lot  
I done told your ass once, told your ass twice  
Fuckin' with my paper, you're fuckin' wit'cha life

Don't play wit it, don't play wit it  
Don't play wit it, nigga, don't play wit itI done told your ass once, told your ass twice  
Fuckin' with my paper, you're fuckin' wit'cha life  
Don't play wit it, don't play wit it  
Don't play wit it, nigga, don't play wit itBetter know the repercussions fuckin' with my dividends  
Yeah, I got a hitman for the hitmen  
Leave your baby momma numb and I touch many fans  
If ye ain't tryin' to see it, I suggest you start prayin'All I'm sayin', don't try to play me like I'm soft  
Treat you like mosquitoes when I skeet you with that off  
That Joc crawl blood, nigga call me Red Cross  
Leave your wig leakin' like you spilled spaghetti sauceFuckin' with my paper, ye ain't right  
I'ma send them gators, in the middle of the night  
Let 'em split your tater, in front your wife  
No one can save ya, put out your lightsYou're fuckin' with my paper, ye ain't right  
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Don't play wit it, don't play wit it  
Don't play wit it, nigga, don't play wit itIt's the big dawg, Diesel  
Yung Joc in the building, ya heard me?

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