

# Gangsta Don't Play

## Fabulous

Yes, I want them to know, say real warriors don't play  
And if you romp with us, you have to run away  
I want them to know, say real gangstas don't play  
And if they romp with us, they have to run away Know they romp with us and they go run and hide  
Slip them, go slip and now a slide them, go slide  
Only a fool get caught up in his own pride  
Hope theyll be ready for your ride I want them to know, say real gangstas don't play  
If they romp with us, they have to run away Know they romp with us and they go run and hide  
Slip them, go slip and now a slide them, go slide  
Only a fool get caught up in his own pride  
Hope theyll be ready for your ride Gangstas ain't this fly? This is just a rare occasion  
You can hear us blazin, soon as the layer is raisin  
Hell yeah, we hazin, sexy pair of [Incomprehensible]  
Chinky eyes, dark hair, you would swear they Asian They Bahama mamas, holdin llama mamas  
Put the gangsta grills on when it's drama mamas  
Murder them, murder them  
They don't make a move til they get word from him I could be in Fiji, one call to Gigi  
She on some belly \*\*\* like X with a squiggy  
They say it's gangsta, but it's just the way of life  
If life's a \*\*\*, better make everyday your wife I'm from the era of the \*\*\* for drug spots  
Happy to be here, so I smile in my mug shots  
The David Dinkins years, I even dug Koch  
Before the George Bush drug watch, bloodclaat I want them to know, say real gangstas don't play  
And if they romp with us, they have to run away Know, they romp with us and they go run and hide  
Slip them, go slip and now a slide them, go slide  
Only a fool get caught up in his own pride  
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Slip them, go slip and now a slide them, go slide  
Only a fool get caught up in his own pride  
Hope theyll be ready for your ride We say death before dishonor  
The scent that you smellin on my breath is \*\*\*  
Fore I left to Tijuana  
I told them it was war, so they nephew or they mama  
Betta wear a tef for they a gonna That's what it sounds like when thugs cry  
I see things, see wings when the slugs fly  
Low life Loso, P Wing Rugby  
Low Teddi, young \*\*\* that no ready I go back like recline, no need for rewind  
Still run through flat bush like the D line

Usually just the team  
Cuz them extra \*\*\* be unnecessary  
Just like a Uzi wit a beam and a 'cuzzi full of steam Suzie and Janine  
\*\*\* do \*\*\* like this but its usually in there dreams  
Gangsta dont sleep unless its \*\*\* by the bed  
Ever wonder why the bread gets snatched by the Feds? I want them to know, say real gangstas don't play  
And if they romp with us, they have to run away Know they romp with us and they go run and hide  
Slip them, go slip and now a slide them, go slide  
Only a fool get caught up in his own pride  
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Slip them, go slip and now a slide them, go slide  
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Hope theyll be ready for your ride

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