Play My Cards

Kurupt

To, to, to, to the tic, to the, to the tic-tic, Slick Rick
Yeah, yeah, yeah yeah yeah, Kurupt Young Gotti, hell yeah
Raw Dawg, you know, you know me, Raw Dawg Assassin
Comin at cha, baby, cat, kick it in, kick it in, pull up
Soon as I park, shit sparks, spit fire, gang bang affiliation
Retaliation, spit sparks, till shit's dark forever
What's up, homie, why you walkin' up on me?
Postin' up in the shade, we can draw or get paid
You ain't movin' not a thing, homeboy
Click 'em with automatics and automatic toys
Bounce, rock, rollerskatin'
Dippin' down the streets in platinum day tons
I'm just a gee, oh yeah, that's me
Don't forget it act like you knew it before I set it
I put the needle on top of the wax
Before, I turn around and burn everything to the ground
I seen it comin' a fool over to the right gunnin'
The homies whistled, we all draw pistols
Gotta stay in charge, gotta play my cards, oh
On the grind all day, babe, oh, gots to get paid
You got a stash to hid, you got some hash to hit
Cash to get, glocks to pop and shit
Everybody's got questions and shit
Muthafuckas questionin' shit
Worryin' 'bout me and my wife
All I wanna do is live my life
Raise up off me, homie
Ease back softly, homie
I'm a gee from the D.P.G.
And no matter what you say you can't fuck with me
Hey loco, I see you wanna loc out
Coastin, movin' in locomotion
In the cut dippin, the homeboys trippin'
Spittin, waiting for a shot to get called
The homie spit a plot to us
Then passed the 16-shots to us
I got scams for hundreds of grammes
Me and my man, me and my pistol a plan
For about a whole ki load of some powder

Stashin', dippin', dashin', smashin', tryin' to cash-in
From the front to the back and packin'
Pull the strap and start clappin'
I'm about to move a little somethin' a little sumptin'-sumpin'
For the homie, pack the pump and get to dumpin
Hit the liquor store I wanna get paid
A fifth of Hen then back to the shade
What you got, smoke, loc, let's blaze up
Let me get a toke, loc and let's raise up
Punks stop and get popped when funk pop
I'm worldwide while you thinking either he is or he's not
International like [Incomprehensible]
You can feel me in the real way
Gotta stay in charge, gotta play my cards, oh
On the grind all day, babe, oh, gots to get paid
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On the grind all day, babe, oh, gots to get paid
Bitch

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