

Ya Playin' Yaself

Jeru the Damaja

Now, I don't push a Lex
Others had their turn to flex, Jeru is up next
All these so called players up in the rap game
Got brothers on the corner selling cooked cocaine
It used to be LaToya and jim hats
But now it's Uzis, Macs and G-packs of cracks
Everybody's psycho or some type of good fellow
But me I keep it real that's all swine like jello
Don't drink Cristal, and I can't stand Mo
Never received currency for moving a kilo
Or an ounce, make em bounce to this fake-pimp-free flow
I never knew hustlers confessed in stereo
Or on video get caught you'll know who turned state's
Evidence, murder weapon, confession and fingerprints
Mama always said watch what comes out your mouth
Tight case for the DA from here to down South
Knowledge wisdom understanding like King Solomon's wealth
You're a player but only because you be playing yourself
With all that Big Willie talk, hop, you're, playin' yaself
With all that big gun talk, bop, you're, playin' yaself
With all that rah rah rah, you're, playin' yaself
You're, playin' yaself, you're, playin' yaself
With all that rah rah rah, you're, playin' yaself
With all that big gun talk, bop, you're, playin' yaself
With all that Big Willie talk, hop, you're, playin' yaself
You're, playin' yaself, you're, playin' yaself
Now these ladies is looking pretty from city to city
I refined a few I met, around the country
The nitty gritty, it's all reality, no question
Actual fact like tight jeans cause yeast infections
And sisters with good minds, get no respect when
Their ass is all hanging out, playing the bar section
Of the club shake what your mama gave ya, back to the lab
I drop the truth, cause rhyming is more than just my craft
Or a way to get ass, or fast cash, or blasted
Black women, make sure you're respected
When niggas is kicking that old off the wall shit, let em know
From jump: "Dead it", you're not ignorant
Knowledge wisdom understanding is the key to wealth
Put some clothes on that ass if you respect yourself
With those hooker type wears hon you're, playin' yaself
With those skin tight jeans baby you're, playin' yaself
Everything all exposed you're, playin' yaself

You're, playin' yaself, you're, playin' yaself Everything all exposed you're, playin' yaself
With those skin tight jeans baby you're, playin' yaself
With those hooker type wears hon you're, playin' yaself
You're, playin' yaself, you're, playin' yaself Now, I don't bust a Tec, bubble drugs
In the projects, or use mics to sell sex
Niggas, nowadays is all about this
So much ying yang, it's ridiculous
If you got so much cheese where are the black distributors
And these record companies shake em down like mobsters
But impostors, like commercial locks are not rastas
Always faking moves, never, making moves
Asses shake, bottles pop, the government is breaking down you fools
You work all week and give the devil back his loot for jewels
And the steak on your plate is filled with chemicals
Still, brothers leave brothers all battered and bruised
On the streets, won't see snakes on my feet
The race is on, but I won't compete
In this competition, because I have a greater mission
I hope that you listen
Knowledge wisdom and understanding brings, long life
And health, think anything else and ya playin' yaself So all that Big Willie talk, hop, you're, playin' yaself
And all those skin tight jeans hon you're playin' yaself
And all that rah rah rah, you're, playin' yaself
You're, playin' yaself, you're, playin' yaself And all those hooker type wears baby you're playin' yaself
And all that big gun talk money you're playin' yaself
Everything all exposed you're, playin' yaself
You're, playin' yaself, you're, playin' yaself

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