

# Dont Play Wit it (Featuring Big Gee)

## Yung Joc

(feat. Big Gee)[Yung Joc]

What it is man (sup?)

Yung Joc, Block Entertainment

Yeah, you wan' know somethin? (What'chu 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 wit'chu 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 (shhh)

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

Yeahhh 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 [Chorus: x 2] [Yung Joc]

I done told your ass once (once) told your ass twice (twice)

Fuckin with my paper, you're fuckin wit'cha life (wit'cha life)

Don't play with it (blam) don't play with it (blam)

Don't play with it (blam) nigga don't play with it (blam) [Big Gee]

Here he come once again Mr. Murder Man

Smokin on the purple bad, pistol in my other hand

Fuckin with my rubberbands 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 (nah)

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 (nah)  
See it time for the chrome, go on pull it out  
Sad Sunday service for the sucker in the parking lot[Chorus][Yung Joc]  
Better 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 sauce[Repeat: x 2]  
Fuckin 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 lights[Chorus][voice speaking over Chorus to end]  
C'mon man  
That ain't how you do the shit bruh  
Out'chea playin with a nigga money and shit  
That ain't the shit to be fuckin with  
It's hard out'chea in these streets nigga  
Fuckin people fuckin wit'cha  
Niggaz rattin and shit  
That ain't what's up dawg  
It's the big dawg Diesel  
Yung Joc in the building, ya heard me?

Songwriters

ROBINSON, JASIEL / CARTER, DWAYNE / SCOTT, MIGUEL / HARRISON, DARIUS  
Published by  
Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., WARNER CHAPPELL MUSIC INC, THE ROYALTY NETWORK  
INC., Royalty Network Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>