We Ain't Playin'

Lil Wyte

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Chorus: repeat 4X]
We ain't playin' (hell naw) we ain't playin' (hell naw)
We ain't playin motherfucker we ain't playin' (hell naw)[Verse 1]
Alright, I got a bunch problems throbbing in my noggin that ain't stopping me
You pooping slugs from your glock on your block I'm staring killing sprees
I'm 23's you 17's on vogues you can't weigh up to me
You flex on me but really it's that hate driving incorrectly
I'm on the road get the fuck up out my way I'm coming hoe
You thinking we playing with the words we saying
We ain't playing for all who didn't know
Keeping it real I'm laughing at cha' I ain't laughing with cha'
I'm glad to get your full attention comprehension listen to my opposition
Make some money fuck the honeys twist a blunt and pass it to me
Got no time no weak rhymes so when I write it comes out ebonics
That's the way it's gotta be dirty south to vow with me
Suddenly thousand miles per hour Renzo's on and out of me
Ain't hit my peak but I'll keep climbing til' my lungs give out on me
Won't take my seat but I'll keep standing flaming til' you feel the heat
Competition is what the world revolves around so know the score
I'm man the lil mo tasting your plate fuck it we ain't playing hoe[Chorus][Verse 2]
You ain't scared we ain't scared so let's take this out the doe
Got your unit let's go do it I ain't got no time for hoes
Think we playing we ain't playing and we can do this 10 on 4
With all this animosity around me I'm about to explode
And if I blow it's for show the outcome is gonna be crucial
Feeling neutral and if you say I'm useful and that truthful
Bringing it brutal every time pass the fucking mic to
Then your soul and giving music that's you guarantee to like it
Ain't no stopping there nothing but air and opportunity every where
Stop and stare or just take a peek at all that isn't fair
Think I care yes sir cause all this shit is effecting me
I'm gone keep on speaking my mind until these folks start respecting me

Neglecting me no more taking that motherfuck what cha' say
Tough as nails growing up in mempho living in the bay
Mady Gray pick the rapping yes this nigga had to write
No more joking legally roasting you up on track is tight[Chorus][Verse 3]
I got a million categories on my shit to do list
And plus my anna that's been bottled building up through out this
It's gone combine with the bad and the goods gone get great
Be sad that you ain't make this far I can't help it that is fake
And plus my legacy been charted through untraveled planet
My prophecy got me to where I be I know you can't stand it
My shit be slamin' like orgasms jamin' up in your throat
Open up your read this vowels so you can get a breath fo' you choke
I'm bout to give it like some stitches doctors place in sessions
Bring up nothing but some fucking pain on every thang that I'm given
And I got no love for them haters tryin to stop what I'm doing
This shit goes on I rap po long and bet's believe I'm pursuing
A higher ground on lert and that's so hard cause man ain't got wings
See every one on nursery puppets dancing round on strings
You got to grab life by it's neck and rip it's bones out of socket
Cause if you don't you'll might slip up and you'll end up out of pocket[Chorus]

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