Don't Play Wit It

Yung Joc

What it is man? Sup, Yung Joc, Block Entertainment
Yeah, you wan' know somethin'? Whatchu 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' witchu 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
'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
Yeah, 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'
I done told your ass once, told your ass twice
Fuckin' with my paper, you're fuckin' wit'cha life
Don't play wit it, don't play wit it
Don't play wit it, nigga, don't play wit it
I done told your ass once, told your ass twice
Fuckin' with my paper, you're fuckin' wit'cha life
Don't play wit it, don't play wit it
Don't play wit it, nigga, don't play wit it
Here he come once again' Mr. Murder Man
Smokin' on the purple bad, pistol in my other hand
Fuckin' with my rubber bands, 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
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
See it time for the chrome, go on pull it out
Sad Sunday service for the sucker in the parking lot
I done told your ass once, told your ass twice
Fuckin' with my paper, you're fuckin' wit'cha life
Don't play wit it, don't play wit it
Don't play wit it, nigga, don't play wit it
I done told your ass once, told your ass twice
Fuckin' with my paper, you're fuckin' wit'cha life
Don't play wit it, don't play wit it
Don't play wit it, nigga, don't play wit it
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
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
You're 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
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Fuckin' with my paper, you're fuckin' wit'cha life
Don't play wit it, don't play wit it
Don't play wit it, nigga, don't play wit it
It's the big dawg, Diesel
Yung Joc in the building, ya heard me?

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