# To Be Played

## Big Tymers

Shout out to my motherfucking self
Ya heardz? I'm talking 'bout these bitches
These hoes, these play ass niggaz
[Unverified]I ain't the one that get your tune up and you all done, bitch
I'm looking nothing like your momma, son
You get me messed up, guess what? I ain't him
Get up and pick your shit up and go with him
Nothing, nada, Nathanial, I can't stand you
Can you leave? Fucked up weed
Please can you leave my shit
Stanky ass bitch, fuck your ass ho
A nigga still rich, my lawyer stay down
Lay down and play the playground
You joke ass, broke ass, ran out of smoke ass
Gay ass, oh, bitch touch the wall
Old sissy ass wannabe, missy ass y'all
Some of these niggaz are bitches too
Look at yourself, it could be you
But that's the way they do it bro
I always knew that though nigga had gays in his ways
'Cause he walk with a switch, twitch
Funny looking bitch, nobody likes you
Fake ass snitch, you need more people
We don't believe you, fuck you in your ass
You can never be my equal
Baby, I ain't the one to get played like a pool party
Trick money, get nothing bitch, get the fuck
Give me something for my money, ma
You know the score, long dick, big pimps
Got to get more, get dough, off tha dro
With the cash flow, laid low fo' deep on the indo
[Unverified], that's how we roll
Ay yo how we roll on them 24's on tha block
With the rocks, with the Calico
New whip, new shoes on the Benzo
New [unverified] kick [unverified] drop bricks in the 6 4
New lift, got chicks and they all know
How we ride, how we slide
How we get inside, how we hustle

How we grind 'til the day we die
How we muscle, how we tussle
It's the way of life, you don't see my struggle
All you see is fuckin' [unverified]
No keys, no cheese, no Benz, no nuttin'
Get up, get out, get the fuck and stop frontin'
Get on before we spit on your whole whack crew
Y'all Niggaz, do what you do
No keys, no cheese, no Benz, no nuttin'
Get up, get out, get the fuck and stop frontin'
Get on before we spit on your whole whack crew
Y'all Niggaz, do what you do
I ain't the one to get cracked at a dice game
Roll seven hit eleven, get your money, man
Get together pluck a feather, wear your gold chain
OG young nigga, let me do my thing
Came through in the Rolls with the full frame
Zaratoga and [unverified] with the dope game
Early 70's, the block [unverified] had a name
Grey haired Mr Johnny is a pimp thing
I ain't the one, piss me off and I'm a get the gun
Clear this motherfucker out and make them all run
They shoot, too late to look
Blocka, blocka, blocka, blocka, blocka, bla
[Unverified] 7 wall hard head? Kill them all, I want them dead
Watch your mouth, it's a drought and they all afraid
The feds got [unverified] flicks [unverified] of all your clicks
They confiscating cars and they locking up chicks
No keys, no cheese, no Benz, no nuttin'
Get up, get out, get the fuck and stop frontin'
Get on before we spit on your whole whack crew
Y'all Niggaz, do what you do
No keys, no cheese, no Benz, no nuttin'
Get up, get out, get the fuck and stop frontin'
Get on before we spit on your whole whack crew
Y'all Niggaz, do what you do

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/