

Homie Don't Play That

Geto Boys

Don't say I didn't warn ya
About playin' them hoe games
Like callin' me out on my name
Some a y'all are still gonna try to show off
And get busted in ya goddamn mouth I won't understand how a man can call a man
A bitch or a hoe and be playin' in my book, that's a no-no
Your mouth don't write a check that your ass can't cash, bro
Pop you on the [unverified] for what
Niggas done got when they played too much Willie D'll tap a bitch and that's it
Anything else is punk shit
I'll give you some a this, and some a this
They're just special effects but you can bet
I got something to make them hoes ease up off me black
'Cause homie don't play that A lot of suckers got they ass kicked
'Cause hard heads and rankin' don't mix
But if you gonna cap on each other
You gotta know when it's gettin' personal sucker Instead of eatin' up your homeboys grill
See, that's how a nigga gettin' killed
Fools like to joke when your serious
So, to kill the bullshit I stopped fuckin' wit her, period Don't snatch my hat off my head like we're homies
And greet me wit a [unverified] cause you don't know me
Play with your mother or your father
You ain't got no pussy, I don't even wanna be bothered And you bet' not act like you wanna swang
'Cause I'm pretty good with them thangs
So, call my bluff, do what you like and
I'ma make you read these Nikes, wrastlin' ain't masculine You say you wanna go to war B
Instead of tryin' to test me
Horse playin' like an adolescent
Will get your ass wrapped up like a present Your compliments ain't nutthin' but a racket
Your whole conversation is plastic
You say you like my new jacket
Jealous motherfucka even sound sarcastic It's in your voice when we shootin' the shit
Maytag ass nigga ain't nuttin' but a bitch
Ain't got no back 'cause you're always frontin' black
Man, homie don't play that I don't play that
Let's take it all the way back Niggas say, I'm crazy
When I say keep your comments about my lady
They say, "You're lucky, I wish I had a girl like that"
I never smile 'cause I know where they hearts is at

All in front of my girl sayin', how pretty she looks
Game recognized, I wrote the book
"Got a good thing, hold tight, don't lose her brother"
You may as well straight up, say, you wanna fuck her
Still waters run deep, man
And ain't nothing worse than one who fronts like a friend
Call your crib when they know you ain't home
Tryin' to rap to your girl on the telephone
Snake in the grass, I see him comin' from a mile away
I start gunnin' And every time one drops
You can see a card wit they face on it in the mailbox
See, we ain't that cool, where you can play wit my girl
And try to get a free feel fool or conversate wit us alone
Then I have to step in and stop ya from goin' on and on
With that idle chatter
You say your just bein' friendly, ain't that a bitch?
You could be my brother, my father but the fact
Is homie don't play that
I don't play that
Man, homie don't play that

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