

Play My Cards (feat. Blaq Toven)

Kurupt

(To) (to) (to)
(To the tic)
(To the tic-tic) --> Slick Rick Yeah, yeah, yeah-yeah-yeah
Kurupt Young Gotti
Hell yeah Raw Dawg
You know
You know me
Raw Dawg Assassin
Comin atcha, baby
Cat, kick it in
Kick it in[VERSE 1]
Pull up...
Soon as I park shit sparks
Spit fire, gangbang affiliation, retaliation
Spit sparks till shit's dark forever
What's up, homie
Why you walkin up on me?
Postin up in the shade
We can draw or get paid
You ain't movin not a thing, homeboy
Click em with automatics and automatic toys
Bounce, rock, rollerskatin
Dippin down the streets on platinum Dayton's
(Yo, what up?)
I'm just a gee
Oh yeah, that's me
Don't forget it
Act like you knew it 'fore I set it
I put the needle on top of the wax
Before I turn around
And burn everything to the ground
I seen it comin
A fool over to the right gunnin
The homies whistled
We all draw pistols[CHORUS]
Gotta stay in charge
Gotta play my cards
On the grind all day, babe
Oh, gotta get paid[VERSE 2]

You got a stash to hid, you got some hash to hit?
 Cash to get, glocks to pop and shit
 (What you talkin bout?) Everybody's got questions and shit
 (Hey yo, what's up with...?) Muthafuckas questionin shit
 (Shut the fuck up, homie) Worryin bout me and my wife
 (My wife) All I want to do is live my life
 (That's all) Raise up off me, homie
 (Yeah) Ease back softly, homie
 (Check it out) I'm a gee from the D.P.G.
 And no matter what you say, you can't fuck with me
 Hey loco, I see you want to loc out
 Coastin, movin in locomotion
 In the cut dippin, the homeboys trippin
 Spittin, waitin for a shot to get called
 The homie spit a plot to us
 Then passed the 16-shots to usUh-you-uh
 Uh-you-uh
 Uh-you-uh[VERSE 3]
 I got scams for hundreds of grams
 Me and my man, me and my pistol, a plan
 For about a
 Whole ki load of some powder
 Stashin, dippin, dashin, smashin, tryin to cash in
 >From the front to the back, and packin
 Pull the strap and start clappin
 I'm about to move a little somethin
 A little sumptin-sumpin
 For the homie, pack the pump and get to dumpin
 Hit the liquor store, I want to get paid
 A fifth of Hen, then back to the shade
 What you got, smoke, loc, let's blaze up
 Let me get a toke, loc, and let's raise up
 Punks stop and get popped when funk pop
 I'm worldwide while you thinkin: either he is or he's not
 International like [??]
 You can feel me
 In the real way[CHORUS]Bitches, get your ride on, onKurupt Young Gotti
 Raw DawgJust get your ride on
 Just get your ride on, homieMy nigga Battlecat
 Ha-haJust get your ride on, homie(To the tic-tic
 And you don't quit
 Hit it)This is for the riders
 Riders
 The ridersHustlers
 Hustlers

The hustlers This is the one, baby! (Tic-toc)
(Ya) (ya) (ya don't)
(Ya) (ya) (ya) (ya don't stop) (stop) (stop)
Bitch

Songwriters

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