

Stop Playing Wit Me

Master P

Hooody hooooo! knuckle up nigga

When we catch y'all..

We gon' bust y'all and y'all dicks up

All bitch ass niggazBitches stop playin well y'all better stop playin wit me (repeat 6x)[master p over repeated line from 3x on]

Tear da club up nigga! (2x)

Whassup now? ? huh!

Tear da club up nigga! (2x)Now y'all didn't know that I was a 3rd ward psycho

I grew up kinda crazy drink a fifth my uncle bought

Ask michael and at ten, I was a motherfuckin fool

And at the age of eleven, I was already - packin that tool

Now y'all couldn't feel me, cause I was a killer, at twelve

And at thirteen, I ain't give a fuck, if I died and went to hell

See I'm vicious, fuck it, nightlight's on

And at fourteen, I hit a nigga, with that chrome

Now y'all want mercy, but y'all bitches, can't hurt me

Cause I used to sell dope, with my daddy, big percy

And at sixteen I was headed straight to juve'

For a hot fuckin car, some dope, and a uzi

And then at eighteen nigga I'm back on the streets

Hooked up with my cousin jimmy now I'm back on my feet

I'm back to slangin rocks, rollin coke and pushin powder

Thangs is goin good, bought moms a caddy me an old school impala

Came nuttin fade me now I'm chillin

With my lady, she bought to have a baby

That's when shit got shady, I mean it got crazy

Niggaz rolled through and bust (ha?) we hit the dust

They killed the old man but the bitches missed usBitches stop playin well y'all better stop playin wit me (repeat

4x)Pick up the paper, couple of niggaz, deceased

(man did you kill em p?)

Who the fuck are you -- the feds or the police?

I changed my fuckin life and moved to cali

No mo' standin on the corner, no mo' slangin, in no alleys

When you try to do right, that's when shit, goes wrong

I got a phone call sayin you gotta come home

My little brother dead, and I'm back, on the streets

And I'm cryin to myself, cause it shoulda, been me

Now I gotta ride with the homies once again

And I don't give a fuck, if I go, to the pen (ya heard me? ?)Bitches stop playin well y'all better stop playin wit

me (repeat 4x)Now in the rap game, well it just like the dope game
Cause niggaz jack and kill for lyrics and beats
Like it's crack, or cocaine
But thugs die screamin east and west
That's why me and these soldiers pack pistols
And wear bulletproof vests

And to you rookies talkin shit, and fuckin wit no limit

Now y'all niggaz can start, but we gon' ride and finish itBitches stop playin well y'all better stop playin wit me
(repeat 4x)Y'all better stop playin with these motherfuckin veterans rookies!

(tear the club up nigga! -> 2x)

With some motherfuckin hands on flats

(tear the club up nigga!)

Stop playin wit me

(tear the club up nigga!)

Stop playin wit me

(where the bitches at? where the niggaz at?)

Stop playin wit me

(where the bitches at? where the niggaz at?)

Y'all better stop playin wit me

(where the bitches at? where the niggaz at?)

(where the bitches at? where the niggaz at?)

(get em up nigga.. get em up nigga..)

(get em up nigga.. get em up nigga..)

(nigga we a started this, and we a finish it)

(nigga we a started this, and we a finish it)

(nigga we a started this, and we a finish it..)

(don't make us enemy nigga)

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