

Don't Play With Me (feat. Three 6 Mafia)

Dem Franchise Boyz

[Chorus: x2]

Bitch don't play with me

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Bitch don't play with me

I ain't no one to fuck wit

I ain't no one to fuck wit

I ain't no one to fuck wit

I ain't no one to fuck wit Bitch don't play with me don't even wave to me

It's a wrap ye ain't got nothin' else to say to me

Make a nigga snap or see me straight flip bitch

Fuckin' with some G gon' get that ass killed bitch

And if the cops come? Fuck if the cops come

Cause I'ma do the sweep, hell yeah with my shotgun

Blow a fuckin' fuse and be wonderin' why he did that

Tried to keep it cool yeah I'm comin' to push your wigs back I squeeze big triggers, that'll rip when I blast techs

And I tote handguns with clips the size of giraffe necks

With the red beam on it (beam on it) so I can't miss

And I shoot k's (shoot k's) with Ben Frank clips

What's that? That's 100 rounds, Eepty? That's 100 down

Fuck with DFB and you gon hear how 100 sound

I pump and break it down, when I cock it and spit slug

Put your knees on your ankles, and your chest where your hip was [Chorus] Gimme that gun, gimme that man,
gimme that keys, I'm at his ass

Talk that shit, now see is he bad, I'm a make him do the motherfuckin' dance

Catch up with him, just like chad, put one in his motherfuckin' ass

Leave 'em all bloody, like a big pad. Crunchy Blac, I don't ass crash I'm bout to walk up to your house knock on
the door and blow your brains out

Then buck you in your chest so fuckin' hard it knock the stains out

I'm one of them crazy cats that kick your ass and knock them thangs out

I got a 12 inch dick in your girl mouth I'm a let it hang out Yeah, bounce bounce star, bounce bounce star

Three 6 mafia and the franchise huh?

We put a bitch on blast

Dirty south we'll blast your ass [Chorus] Every nigga that fuck with me (test me), that's the nigga I'm a check

Turn his whole chest into a muh fuckin' fish net

I ain't no one to fuck with, stuff you in the truck nigga

Have you tracked out, trapped up, bent up nigga

I got transporters that's workin' for a couple figures

And a couple slick colors, on a nigga play the trigger

Shoot a nigga down yup, that's courtesy the young dealer
Niggas with attitude natural born young killers Now bitch don't play wit me cause I got the K with me
Load it up, cock it back, get all in they face with it
I ain't no one to fuck wit, better get your issue right
Nut in them bitches and he ready to light that dynamite
Z-M-P niggas hate it so I stay strapped
Run up on a nigga and put a whole in his wave-cap
It's Pimpin' nigga, steady trippin' on my off day
Blowin' purp all day run more blocks than in your ice tray [Chorus]

Songwriters

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Jordan / Carlton, Darnell / Brooks, Vau Shaun
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