

# Play My Cards

## Kurupt

To, to, to, to the tic, to the, 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 at cha, baby, cat, kick it in, kick it in, pull up  
Soon as I park, shit sparks, spit fire, gang bang 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 in platinum day tons  
I'm just a gee, oh yeah, that's me  
Don't forget it act like you knew it before 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  
Gotta stay in charge, gotta play my cards, oh  
On the grind all day, babe, oh, gotta get paid  
You got a stash to hid, you got some hash to hit  
Cash to get, glocks to pop and shit  
Everybody's got questions and shit  
Muthafuckas questionin' shit  
Worryin' 'bout me and my wife  
All I wanna do is live my life  
Raise up off me, homie  
Ease back softly, homie  
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 wanna loc out  
Coastin, movin' in locomotion  
In the cut dippin, the homeboys trippin'  
Spittin, waiting for a shot to get called  
The homie spit a plot to us  
Then passed the 16-shots to us  
I got scams for hundreds of grammes  
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 wanna 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 thinking either he is or he's not  
International like [Incomprehensible]

You can feel me in the real way  
Gotta stay in charge, gotta play my cards, oh  
On the grind all day, babe, oh, gotta get paid  
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Gotta stay in charge, gotta play my cards, oh  
On the grind all day, babe, oh, gotta get paid  
Bitch

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