

To Be Played

Big Tymers

Shout out to my motherfucking self
Ya heardz?
I'm talking bout these bitches
These hoes
These play ass niggaz
?

I ain't the one
That get your tune up and you all done, bitch
I'm looking nothing like your momma, son
You get me messed up
Guess what? I ain't him
Get up and pick your shit up
And go with him
Nothing, nada, Nathaniel
I can't stand you
Can you leave
Fucked up weed
Please can you
Leave my shit
Stanky ass bitch
Fuck your ass ho
A nigga still rich
My lawyer stay down
Lay down
And play the playground
You joke ass, broke ass
Ran out of smoke ass
Gay ass, oh
Bitch touch the wall
Old sissy ass wannabe
Missy ass y'all
Some of these niggaz are bitches too
Look at yourself
It could be you
But that's the way they do it bro
I always knew that though
Nigga had gays in his ways
Cos he walk with a
Switch, twitch
Funny looking bitch
Nobody likes you
Fake ass snitch
You need more people
We don't believe you
Fuck you in your ass
You can never be my equal

I ain't the one
To get played like a pool party
Trick money
Get nothing bitch
Get the fuck
Give me something for my money, ma
You know the score
Long dick, big pimps
Got to get more

Get dough, off tha dro
With the cash flow
Laid low
Fo' deep on the indo
? ? ?
That's how we roll
Ay yo how we roll on them 24's
On tha block
With the rocks, with the Calico
New whip, new shoes on the benzo
New ?kick? drop bricks in the 6 4
New lift, got chicks and they all know

How we ride
How we slide
How we get inside
How we hustle
How we grind
Til the day we die
How we muscle
How we tussle
It's the way of life
You don't see my struggle
All you see is fuckin ?

No keys
No cheese
No Benz
No nut'in
Get up get out
Get the fuck and stop frontin
Get on
Before we spit on
Your whole whack crew
Y'all Niggaz
Do what you do

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I ain't the one
To get cracked at a dice game
Roll seven hit eleven
Get your money, man
Get together pluck a feather
Wear your gold chain
OG young nigga
Let me do my thing
Came through in the Rolls with the full frame
Zaratoga and ? ? with the dope game
Early 70's
The block ? had a name
Grey haired Mr Johnny is a pimp thing

I ain't the one
Piss me off
And I'm a get the gun
Clear this motherfucker out
And make them all run
They shoot
Too late to look
Blocka, Blocka, Blocka, Blocka, Blocka, Bla
?7 wall hard head?
Kill them all
I want them dead
Watch your mouth
It's a drought
And they all afraid
The feds got ?flicks?
Of all your clicks
They confiscating cars and they locking up chicks

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