

Don't Ever Play Yourself

DJ Khaled

DJ Khaled

Put them down count the money, let 'em see the work, yeah
That's the definition of a major key alert
Another nigga gotta die, won't be the first, nah
Won't be the last, all we see is cash, yeah
Your real story don't match what you rappin' 'bout (liar)
So keep the movies in, stop actin' out
And I ain't talking 'bout no watch or no cars neither
Everything will get copped at Allah's leisure
Was a crack monster, I had the hard fever
Switch from the bald head to the dark Caesar
Used to be the capsules, now they love the plastics
I ain't tryna get caught up in this thug-rap shit (never)
Rather be bumper to bumper in drug traffic
Cash on deck whenever the plug ask it
You don't sweat the small things, they become drastic
Next thing is cremation or a casket
Fuck fallin' back, I need all of that
I need my name in the cocaine almanac, Jada
Real dope boy put me in the hall of smack
Went to job interviews, they ain't call us back
Either way I ain't never evil
Why do you think the streets love me? I ain't never leave 'em
Heart stops, but the words are forever breathing
You hatin' cause we the best, find a better reason

First thing first don't ever play yourself, ever
Oh another thing, I ain't ever play myself, never
Even when they all changed up, I stayed myself, it's me
Did what worked for me, then bossed up and paid myself
See I'm showin' up a K off, gain a Rollie, a day off
Still got that work, I don't know about no layoffs
Team still ballin' so I guess we in the playoffs (swish)
Team full of baddies, all my bitches in a slayoff
See we be in the party wasted, no part of fake shit
Nothin' but love 'round me, Cartier bracelets
I feel like Frank White walkin' into Arty Clay shit
You niggas got fat while everybody starved
My city don't sleep, I ain't ever noddin' off
When you're in the Benz, it piss everybody off
So I ain't stall, I do me, I ain't y'all
This New York nigga let 'em hang, giant balls
Odell Beckham, respect him, you can't check him
Blindside hoes hit me when I don't expect 'em (hey bighead)
Then I hit 'em with the curve from the major league
Gotta wait your turn, that's a major key

Mami yellin' I'm the greatest
Back to back with the slow cum
In the lane, I got her so strung, I don't even know her
Every night I meet a new wife
Now ask your wife what this dick like
Balmain Joe, every time you see, a nigga flee
Mr. Officer, I was only grabbin' ID
Mami only listen to Romeo
Wild cowboy, I be speakin' through the yayo

Bout to let the cans go, woah
Fuck your bitch and let your mans know, so
Yeah, now it's the Don in the Don, couple laughs in the Uber
Only drivin' Uber cause I'm franchised in Cuba
This is big money talk and you tied to the sideline
Brons, Calabrine, niggas always tryna high five
Gotta stay away from day driftin', all sauce
Every day Vera Wang, nigga, cloth talk

Now I'm takin' over everything like that's my callin'
Wakin' up in pussy like beautiful Sunday mornin'
Now we swimmin' in the money like a line of dolphins
Prepare for killin', now please line up all of the coffins
Think we playin'? Niggas think it's funny?
Pop you in your shit, brotha, now make room for the money
MOVE!

If you don't move, I'll beat a nigga past painful
Make a fool of yourself, I'll beat you past shameful
I get this bread and shine like an angel
One of the last with bars, you niggas better be grateful
Thank you so much
I Diddy bop and drop on you niggas
I count bread and take it to the top on you niggas (mountaintop)
Blah blah blah blah, you sound alike, my niggas
Blah, blah, but when I do it, I finesse, I got it locked, my niggas
I give you new brand shit, fuck you gon' do?
And know we love the boom bap, oh yeah we do this too
Yeah, fuck with the realer side, oh you against us, nigga?
You better run and hide, until I'm finished, nigga
Don't play yourself
Play yourself and lay yourself dead in a casket
Pray yourself, end in a basket
Hate yourself cause you ain't ask if you could possess you a heater
Or you could be you a leader for the people
You talk a lot, I've seen the truth like Sevnyn Streeter
Don't you ever play yourself

I saw a lot of niggas fade out right after I put my tape out
I offered to help you shape up, I see that you'd rather flake out
Sellin' stories on them tracks that nobody can seem to make out
That's why I keep a good head and shoulders to keep all the flakes out
Seen a lot of singles chart on and off durin' the climb up
I bet if I had the clippers, they prolly all had a line up
You worried 'bout your followers, so hurt when I follow up
It's the ones with the most pride end up bein' the swallows
Fuck a beat for a verse when I could do all three
No pop artist but pop is what you rappers do call me
A lot of washed out niggas tryna find hope in
I'm just tryna raise a son like my blinds' open
I know the hood well, but glad I ain't stuck in the streets
I'm pop chartin' but hood niggas got my song on repeat
I'm still loaded with illest ammo up under the seat
I'm playin' hopscotch with all the charts up under my feet
While you do it for the 'Gram, I do it for my Grammy
Fuck a gold trophy, I'm talkin' my mom's mammy
You gotta finish bigger than you start
Don't fall victim to bent stories, you ain't even part of it all
Start from the bottom or oh, please, don't start at all
I build a ship just to survive my own flood, I feel like Noah
Cause all he had was little rocks, an ark, that's all
Road to riches, I'm still in gear while you park your car
Your baby wanna get nailed in the sprinter Lexus
Text back and told her, "Please be hammered so you can sex as my arm strong"

If Louisiana then tell her Texas
And if it's not immediate then don't even send a message
FYI I'll be free 'round 2 or 3
And two things you gotta be, new or lean
I'm an organ donor, I'm alive with no heart in me
So never say my name in vain, cause bitch there's no arteries
Jones