

# Don't Ever Play Yourself

DJ Khaled

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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, Calabrini, 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 Sevyn 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 swallowers  
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