Pistol Playa

Frayser Boy

You ain't gon' believe what happened to me man. What happened? (Man I just had to whoop this nigga man) {For real?} (Yeah man) Crunchy, Crunchy! What's up, what's up, what's up nigga? (What's up wit' you nigga?) What's up with that shit in the club nigga? (Nigga it's whatever) Huh, what you wanna do now nigga? I got this tone now nigga, got this tone now nigga (I got the same thing nigga, it's whatever nigga) Smack you upside yo' motherfuckin' head nigga (All you gotta do is do what you gotta do nigga) Huh? Get buck nigga! Get buck drunk now nigga! (Nigga I been buck nigga, nigga I been buck nigga) Huh what you wanna do now nigga? (Whatever dog)

Nigga talk how you would talk if you ain't have your gun You's a weak ass nigga I think your ass would run 'Cause you a pistol playa, (pistol playa), pistol playa (Pistol playa), pistol playa, (pistol playa), 'ol fucker ass sucker Nigga talk how you would talk if you ain't have your gun You's a weak ass nigga I think your ass would run 'Cause you a pistol playa, (pistol playa), pistol playa, (pistol playa) Pistol playa, (pistol playa), fucker ass sucker

I hate when niggaz talk shit, when they know they some hoes They nuts plump, 'cause they got a tone under they clothes But you can see it in they eyes, when niggaz bitch made But my gun's a lil' bigger, it's like you got a switchblade If you pull it, better use it, or be dead young nigga Pull a gun for fun that sound a lil' dumb nigga It can get a lil' tragic, end up with deadly cost You'll make a nigga circle back and blow your ass off Old coward ass boy, keep it real, what's the deal You the type that'll slip up, make mistake and kill I can show you better than I can tell ya, so what's the biz You gon' hear my fuckin' tone, gon' pop like a quiz Boy pussy ass niggaz get fucked in the butt When I get back bitch, best be tryin' to catch a cut Coming back like 'nigga what?', I ain't gon' play, I'm gon' bust Fuck with me, and you're fucked, then I'm slum on that 'Tuss, what nigga

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I'ma tell you what happened to me one day
I was chillin' out with one of my padres
We was hanging in a tree, I needed some weed, instead my nigga pulled a gun
on me
But that's okay nigga, I'm makin' paper, all y'all other niggaz out catchin'
vapors
You have to rape a, hoe to get pussy, Crunchy Black leaves shit so mushy

Locked and load, jump up out the bushes, I told y'all niggaz y'all ain't not hin' but pussy This ain't no pistol play, niggaz need bullets And if I got mine, nigga I'ma pull it You'll think Crunchy Black is a bully 'Cause I leave niggaz stankin' like pussy So gone on nigga with that fuckin' bullshit CB and Frayser Boy we let them guns click

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