

Play It Cool

Grand Puba

Play it cool and move it slow
The nature of these humans is to wanna see rip
Is to wanna see a fight and say should not write
I say let bygones be bygones and let's make this cash
Let's get this doe and still let niggaz know
It's a lot of bad bitches in Atlanta
New York is there and it's ripe for the killing
I say hit me wit' a stack, let me live, let me do mine

Let me be aight when I rest in the night
If you want it, you can get it
Don't make theatrics if you got soft tactics
There's a lot of actors out there in the movies
And even more actors in the rap game
I keep my shit in place so I can reach all my people
So I won't confuse the words that I choose

The Brand Nubian combo, Grand Puba ensemble
Will make a nigga hungry, give him a piece of fried fish
Known Alamo for 25 years
So when I say pass the beef, then Ali passed the beef
Wack rappers be sliding by the skin of they teeth
No label could ever be able to stop me

They might try to prop me, put me on promotions, but yo, f**k that
Just give me my money, ain't a damn thing funny [unverified]
(Real lust)
[Unverified]
Life is a 3 ring circus, all of the ups and downs of the carousel
That I knew so well, check it out
'Cuz money's what the two's all about

Play it cool and move it slow

Keep it going, no doubt, no doubt, no diggedy
Hey, me and Doogie bag mad doe
Wit' that nigga 'Mo, niggaz try to see it but they moving
(Move slow)
So tell me what the f**k is it
Weak cyphers can't wait for the God to come and visit
Niggaz don't know on the D-low
Me and my man Sadat is mad and we bagging doe
(Cool)

So save the boo for Betty, I shred niggaz like confetti
Bagging loot and I'm jetti, so are you ready to learn
Of putting niggaz on ruin', coming stronger than Ewing
I put the tic wit' the tac 'cuz I'm the knick wit' the knack
So save the patty for the wack and it'll stem from the crack
You know what, I don't hit guts of no nasty sluts
Or get strung on butts, I just hit 'em wit' the roach deluxe
'Cuz Doogie, you know how shit do
So Sadat, let's bag this money, then push back to the bungalow

Go and tell your mother, it's return of the blues
(We can do it better)
So f**k them others 'cuz I ain't trying to hear it

Then if time and giving loot, I be f**king five women
The location now, we don't even ask while
Lyrics so deep they keep passing you by
I'm cutting niggaz down like drive by
Niggaz can't keep, 'cuz yo, money, your shit is dry
Grand Puba, Stud Doogie
This is how we flow it on, Big Jeff, let's get it going on

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