

Ya Playin Yaself

Jeru the Damaja

Yo are you a pimp a hustler?

No I'm not.

Are you a man and can you stand alone like a man has to sometimes?

Yes I can.

Are you willing to go out there and save the lives of our children

Even if it means losing your own life?

Yes I am.

I believe you Jeru you're ready.

You've no no nothing to worry about

Now I don't push a Lex

Others had their turn to flex, Jeru is up next

All, these so called players up in the rap game

Got brothers on the corner selling cooked cocaine

It used to be LaToya and, jim hats

But now it's uzis macs and, g-packs of cracks

Everybody's psycho or some type of goodfellow

But me I keep it real that's all swine like jello

Don't drink Cristal, and I can't stand Mo

Never received currency for moving a kilo

Or an ounce, make em bounce to this fake-pimp free flow

I never knew hustlers, confessed in stereo

Or on video get caught you'll know who turned State's

Evidence, murder weapon, confession and fingerprints

Mama always said watch what comes out your mouth

Tight case for the DA from here to down South

Knowledge wisdom understanding like King Solomon's wealth

You're a player but only because you be playin' yourself

With all that Big Willie talk, hop, you're, playin' yaself

With all that big gun talk, bop, you're, playin' yaself

With all that rah rah rah, you're, playin' yaself

You're, playin' yaself, you're, playin' yaself

With all that rah rah rah, you're, playin' yaself

With all that big gun talk, bop, you're, playin' yaself

With all that Big Willie talk, hop, you're, playin' yaself

You're, playin' yaself, you're, playin' yaself

Now these ladies is lookin' pretty from city to city

I refined a few I met, around the country

The nitty gritty, it's all reality, no question

Actual fact like tight jeans cause yeast infections

And sisters with good minds, get no respect when

Their ass is all hangin' out, playin the bar section

Of the club shake what your mama gave ya, back to the lab

I drop the truth, cause rhyming is more than just my craft

Or a way to get ass, or fast cash, or blasted

Black women, make sure you're respected

When niggas is kickin' that old off the wall shit, let em know

From jump, "Dead it", you're not ignorant

Knowledge wisdom understanding is the key to wealth

Put some clothes on that ass if you respect yourself

With those hooker type wears hon you're, playin' yaself

With those skin tight jeans baby you're, playin' yaself

Everything all exposed you're, playin' yaself

You're, playin' yaself, you're, playin' yaself

Everything all exposed you're, playin' yaself
With those skin tight jeans baby you're, playin' yaself
With those hooker type wears hon you're, playin' yaself
You're, playin' yaself, you're, playin' yaself

Now, I don't bust a tec, bubble drugs
In the projects, or use mics to sell sex
Niggas, nowadays is all about this
So much ying yang, it's ridiculous
If you got so much cheese where are the black distributors
And these record companies shake em down like mobsters
But impostors, like commercial locks are not rastas
Always fakin' moves, never, makin' moves
Asses shake, bottles pop, the government is breakin' down
You fools, you work all week and give the devil back his loot
For jewels, and the steak on your plate is filled
With chemicals, still, brothers leave brothers
All battered and bruised, on the streets
Won't see snakes on my feet
The race is on, but I won't compete
In this competition, because I have a greater mission
I hope that you listen
Knowledge wisdom and understanding brings, long life
And health, think anything else and ya playin' yaself

So all that Big Willie talk, hop, you're, playin' yaself
And all those skin tight jeans hon you're playin' yaself
And all that rah rah rah, you're, playin' yaself
You're, playin' yaself, you're, playin' yaself

And all those hooker type wears baby you're playin' yaself
And all that big gun talk money you're playin' yaself
Everything all exposed you're, playin' yaself
You're, playin' yaself, you're, playin' yaself

"I don't play"