

# We Ain't Playin'

Lil Wyte

We ain't playin' (hell naw) we ain't playin' (hell naw)  
We ain't playin motherfucker we ain't playin' (hell naw)

Alright, I got a bunch problems throbbing in my noggin that ain't stopping me  
You pooping slugs from your glock on your block I'm staring killing sprees  
I'm 23's you 17's on vogues you can't weigh up to me  
You flex on me but really it's that hate driving incorrectly  
I'm on the road get the fuck up out my way I'm coming hoe  
You thinking we playing with the words we saying  
We ain't playing for all who didn't know  
Keeping it real I'm laughing at cha' I ain't laughing with cha'  
I'm glad to get your full attention comprehension listen to my opposition  
Make some money fuck the honeys twist a blunt and pass it to me  
Got no time no weak rhymes so when I write it comes out ebonics  
That's the way it's gotta be dirty south to vow with me  
Suddenly thousand miles per hour Renzo's on and out of me  
Ain't hit my peak but I'll keep climbing til' my lungs give out on me  
Won't take my seat but I'll keep standing flaming til' you feel the heat  
Competition is what the world revolves around so know the score  
I'm man the lil mo tasting your plate fuck it we ain't playing hoe

You ain't scared we ain't scared so let's take this out the doe  
Got your unit let's go do it I ain't got no time for hoes  
Think we playing we ain't playing and we can do this 10 on 4  
With all this animosity around me I'm about to explode  
And if I blow it's for show the outcome is gonna be crucial  
Feeling neutral and if you say I'm useful and that truthful  
Bringing it brutal every time pass the fucking mic to  
Then your soul and giving music that's you guarantee to like it  
Ain't no stopping there nothing but air and opportunity every where  
Stop and stare or just take a peek at all that isn't fair  
Think I care yes sir cause all this shit is effecting me  
I'm gone keep on speaking my mind until these folks start respecting me  
Neglecting me no more taking that motherfuck what cha' say  
Tough as nails growing up in mempho living in the bay  
Mady Gray pick the rapping yes this nigga had to write  
No more joking legally roasting you up on track is tight

I got a million categories on my shit to do list  
And plus my anna that's been bottled building up through out this  
It's gone combine with the bad and the goods gone get great  
Be sad that you ain't make this far I can't help it that is fake  
And plus my legacy been charted through untraveled planet  
My prophecy got me to where I be I know you can't stand it  
My shit be slamin' like orgasms jamin' up in your throat  
Open up your read this vowels so you can get a breath fo' you choke  
I'm bout to give it like some stitches doctors place in sessions  
Bring up nothing but some fucking pain on every thang that I'm given  
And I got no love for them haters tryin to stop what I'm doing  
This shit goes on I rap po long and bet's believe I'm pursuing  
A higher ground on lert and that's so hard cause man ain't got wings  
See every one on nursery puppets dancing round on strings  
You got to grab life by it's neck and rip it's bones out of socket  
Cause if you don't you'll might slip up and you'll end up out of pocket