

Stop Playing Wit Me

Master P

HOODY HOOOOO! Knuckle up nigga
When we catch y'all..
WE GON' BUST Y'ALL AND Y'ALL DICKS UP
ALL BITCH ASS NIGGAZ

Bitches STOP PLAYIN well y'all better stop playin wit me (6x)

Tear da club up nigga! (2x)
Whassup NOW?? HUH!
Tear da club up nigga! (2x)

Now y'all didn't know that I was a 3rd Ward psycho
I grew up kinda crazy drink a fifth my uncle bought
Ask Michael and at ten, I was a motherfuckin fool
And at the age of eleven, I was already - packin that tool
Now y'all couldn't feel me, cause I was a killer, at twelve
And at thirteen, I ain't give a fuck, if I died and went to hell
See I'm vicious, fuck it, nightlight's on
And at fourteen, I hit a nigga, with that chrome
Now y'all want mercy, but y'all bitches, can't hurt me
Cause I used to sell dope, with my daddy, big Percy
And at sixteen I was headed straight to juve'
for a hot fuckin car, some dope, and a uzi
And then at eighteen nigga I'm back on the streets
Hooked up with my cousin Jimmy now I'm back on my feet
I'm back to slangin rocks, rollin coke and pushin powder
Thangs is goin good, bought moms a Caddy me an old school Impala
Came nuttin fade me now I'm chillin
with my lady, she bought to have a baby
That's when shit got shady, I mean it got crazy
Niggaz rolled through and bust (HA?) we hit the dust
They killed the old man but the bitches missed us

Bitches STOP PLAYIN well y'all better stop playin wit me
Pick up the paper, couple of niggaz, deceased
(Man did you kill em P?)
Who the fuck are you -- the Feds or the police?
I changed my fuckin life and moved to Cali
No mo' standin on the corner, no mo' slangin, in no alleys
When you try to do right, that's when shit, goes wrong
I got a phone call sayin you gotta come home
My little brother dead, and I'm back, on the streets
And I'm cryin to myself, cause it shoulda, been me
Now I gotta ride with the homies once again
And I don't give a fuck, if I go, to the pen (ya heard me??)

Bitches STOP PLAYIN well y'all better stop playin wit me
Now in the rap game, well it just like the dope game
Cause niggaz jack and kill for lyrics and beats
like it's crack, or cocaine
But thugs die screamin East and West
That's why me and these soldiers pack pistols
and wear bulletproof vests
And to you rookies talkin shit, and fuckin wit No Limit
Now y'all niggaz can start, but we gon' ride and finish it

Bitches STOP PLAYIN well y'all better stop playin wit me

Y'all better stop playin with these motherfuckin veterans rookies!
(Tear the club up nigga! With some motherfuckin hands on flats
(Tear the club up nigga!)
Stop playin wit me
(Tear the club up nigga!)
Stop playin wit me
(Where the bitches at? Where the niggaz at?)
Stop playin wit me
(Where the bitches at? Where the niggaz at?)
Y'all better stop playin wit me
(Where the bitches at? Where the niggaz at?)
(Where the bitches at? Where the niggaz at?)
(Get em up nigga.. get em up nigga..)
(Get em up nigga.. get em up nigga..)
(Nigga we a started this, and we a finish it)
(Nigga we a started this, and we a finish it)
(Nigga we a started this, and we a finish it..)
(Don't make us enemy nigga)