

Ain't 2 Be Played Wit

Mia X

[Mia X (1)]

What, what, what, what, what, what, what

Huh nigga, huh nigga what, huh nigga what what what what

Huh nigga what, what huh nigga what

[Verse 1]

The crime started off, bloody

It's about pistol whippins and kickins

Mama dishin' and blitzin' (Mama Mia)

Cause you hoes gon' listen

Taught to issue the pain

And distribute some cocaine

Can you fuck man, nah nah

I'm known for loosen' brains

Bitch you think that I'm playin'

Go to war by myself, grab that gat off the shelf

Gon' say goodbye to your health

Got heroin in the mail but bet my dollars don't fumble

Stackin' tall like Mutombo, cause a bitch moving bundles, rumble

It ain't no thang bitch I'm straight off the tank

Niggas second in motion, I'm a fool with that shank

No, I ain't 2 be trusted

When I sneak I'm straight bustin' ya mouth

And ya nose and your eyes gon' close, swole

My kid sister Sherry puttin' big holes, in ya

Po-po's trying to find the next nigga ya kin to

Red dot center, bullets enter ya playa haters

My lace tip split ya fuckin' decision maker

Think you can take the biggest mama, bring the drama, go on

But make it known, official it's on

[Chorus]

I ain't to be played wit', so fuck around and see what ya get

Toasting fingers to clips, playa haters get split

I'm running, humping your shit now rock-a-bye you look tired

So don't fight it baby close your eyes

I ain't to be played wit', so fuck around and see what ya get

Toasting fingers to clips, playa haters get split

I'm running, humping your shit now rock-a-bye you look tired

So don't fight it baby close your eyes

[Verse 2]

When I hoo-ride (Tank Dogs) I only ride T-are-you

Niggas out that booty or mister Corey Jalooty

Shoot now, fuck the convo nigga ain't no stoppin'

When it's on we poppin', street sweeper straight knockin'

What, what cocaine and trains leavin' niggas in gutters

Bringing pain to loved ones, burning up motherfuckers

Plus if ya touch one of mine this is how it's gonna be

I'm choppin' down your whole family tree

Forget me not, it's too hot

Up in that south, bitch you know how dirty

Better act in a hurry or I'ma load it with thirty

Dirty, serve me nigga by the pounds and kilos

And watch the gumbo pot, we breed the fattest rocks

Bag em' after the chop, push em' out the back door

Have the prepiest hoes runnin' buku dough

Yet the game is cold, raw dog to the bone

Gotta love Jones, for whackin' chrome upside niggas domes

If it's on then it's on ain't no need to delay it

Bout it bout it motherfuckers no I ain't to be played wit'

[Chorus (2x)]

[Mia X 1] to fade