

# Niggas Ain't Playin'

Pooh Man

As a youngster, I slanged cain, gangbanged  
Not a worry in the world, I'm all about money, man  
Getting my grind on was all my mind was on  
Making a grip, nigga, my money was on  
Double back pulling nothing but mail, fuck a briefcase  
Rolex watch with the diamond-studded face  
More Benzes than a dealership  
Slant-nose Porche with the whole damn kit  
Slanging more keys than the older players  
D.A. was on my dick but a real nigga didn't care  
They kicked in my door a million times  
And fine-ass bitches was all that they'd ever find  
Treated me like Vaseline, but quick as a fox  
Drop a key for 25 like they was hot  
Fools was jealous, I had too many tricks  
Fuck a playa hater, cause I was all about real niggas  
Niggas like John-John, the boy from the deuce side  
O.G. motherfuckers like Daddy G and Clyde  
They gave me the game to survive, oppenents gonna die  
Fuck him and his family, let the motherfuckers cry  
Nigga caught a bullet cause it wasn't my dope he was selling  
So I shot him behind me, death was trailing  
Always asking myself, who would be next, bitch?  
Gotta wear a vest cause I paranoid as shit  
I gotta survive, I gotta survive, I gotta survive  
Who wants to know I want to die?  
But the only way I'm going out is spraying  
Because the niggas from the deuce ain't playing  
>From my way up in the dope game, I met a lot of stops  
I got into some funk, one of my boys got shot  
Some fool was on my turf selling dope that wasn't mine  
I'm a gangsta, I mean problem with nines  
It never mattered that I knew the fool a long time  
Cross me once and death is all you'll find  
But this here will be my last hit  
To use a gun, it really didn't take shit  
We did it, we did it, we did it, we done it  
Mossberg street sweeper, I pumped it  
Unloaded all 15 rounds  
As I shot and I shot, niggas went down  
Bullets flying, niggas dying, but I ain't trippin  
I caught a fool with the back bitch slippin  
Pulled out the nine and I popped him 4 times  
Now let's see your black ass cry  
He looked at me with on his ass and said  
"Fuck you!" (gunshot) Nigga fuck you, too!  
The hit was on and it was time to go  
So I stood in my stide, jumped in the K5  
Come on niggas, come on niggas, come on niggas  
I'm a business man, I can't stand bullshitters  
I hate to cause your family dismay  
But plain and simple nigga, we don't play  
I went 5150 when we lost my nigga Bruce  
27 shots from a clip, getting loose  
For real motherfuckers, I was sharpening my shooting skills  
Hella mad nightly, shooting motherfuckers at will  
CTE, I got nothing to lose

And a hell of a lot to gain, by killing you  
A thrill killa from the heart of real killers know  
In order to give I might have to take a blow  
It's kind of cold that you lost your brother  
But we still lost Bruce, motherfucker  
Tomorrow ain't promised a gangsta good luck  
Just a bullet motherfucker, cause death is a must  
As I bust, squeezing on my nine on your block  
Doing what I feel I gotta do to watch your ass drop  
And if your punk-ass bitch is in my way  
Let the stanky-pussy bitch meet my motherfucking AK  
Making moves for money, ain't no delaying  
It's '91, and the nigga named Pooh, he ain't playing