

We Play

Bizzy Bone

Yall aint ready foe this shit. Yall know what it is...haha (Please believe it) Yeah you know what it is nigga, fuck these niggas who do not believe, in

what tha fuck tha 7th sign will do. You muthafukkas. I need money, you muthafukkas. Put it on me muthafukka. Put it on me. This how we play muthafukkas.

Comin to get you niggas (7th sign mastermind in full effect...yeah. All you suckas can eat a dick. All you playa hatas, yall outta stop that shit, fuckin'

around and take yo bitch...hahaha. 7th sign nigga. DOA nigga/ Cap o Confucius, Lil Rasuu, Jule Syon, Precious, Baby Seal, Nina Ross. Liealoha, and my sister big Heather)

This how we play (Yeh) this how we play (Yeh..)

Thats how we play...

Gimmie an ounce for \$350/ Nigga need a quick divorce/ My niggas keep telling me what they keep sayin about B in the Source (Source)/ But I don't read

magazines (Zines...)/ Nigga that's just irratation (Tations)/ Bizzy reads the type of books to further along his education (Caption)/ Little do they neva

pow-pow-pow what/ Little do they neva pow- who-who?/ Little do they neva pow me-me/ Get these and tell about you-you/ (You)/ Aint no time to be trippin on

women/ Cause women will have you get caught up n' shot/ Lil niggas them bitches is yours/ So clap on tha rubber or beat up tha cock/ Lil niggas yall so

horny (Horny)/ Only got yo car for broads (Broads)/ How could I be hatin'/ When yall are tha fakest niggas I've eva saw (Saw)/ Yall rollin' with snitches,

I don't know no snitches (Snitches)/ I roll with real niggas, till they fall off/ God pick 'em up foe they loose they britches (Ahaha)/ And I feel my

children love me/ Daddy gotsta do more betta (Betta)/ By the time we makin money (Money)/ And spending my time with 'em/ With 'em, with 'em, stuck up in

tha middle/ Play me like fiddle, filthy like everyday/ Don't be fickle mauhfukkas...

Would it be betta if we could just choose the future/ Blood mixed up call me fuchsia/ Thug picked up by the people/ No Ruthless, no medusa/ See I got

jacked in Beverly Hills/ Still I keeps it real/ Very selective, wanna just smoke n' chill/ See I'm a veteran/ All the grenade launchers, wont cost me much

(Much)/ Anyone could get extorts (Extorts)/ Yeah nigga you can

be touched (Be touched) / I did all my dirt in tha burbs (In the burbs) / I was ridin'
around/ With my sisters babies father/ Double barrel shot-gun s
ay word/ Ready or not here come my words/ Steady or not, that s
hits absurd/ Already got, me
all perturbed/ Cop on tha block, gettin' on my nerves/ This is
tha lifestyle of that brick sellin' been falsified/ Niggas don'
t let 'em lie to yall, I'ma
tell tha truth on mine/ And I really want no more/ Catch yo ass
security wires/ Open the door, these rappers is scared as hell
/ What you frontin' for?/ He
got his entourage, and he got his bag of weed/ Is this the way
it is, Little Bizzy takes tha lead...

Whateva, whateva, we gotta get chedda/ I'm betta with money/ Be
en runnin' around, with a gun in his skully/ And one on my budd
ys now dippin' tha swisha/
And then again hmm.../ Nobody's tha best, and ya betta believe i
t, then leave it alone (Lone)/ I'ma tell yall, all my secrets/
Son of a mistress, carry on
(On) outta tha foster home, been raised outta my freaky ways (W
ays)/ Burn my collection of porn/ But I don't wont no straits (S
traits)/ What about church
folks, stressin' that I should change (Change)/ Live ya life, I
'ma live my life, without the lies and let me pray for change/
Now keep tha pimp cup/ I
don't wanna blow tha pimps up/ Cause my fathers, father was pim
pin'/ And he left all of his children checkin/ I don't have to
respect it/ And you don't
have to respect it/ Gimmie my space, and I'ma give you yours/ I
t's my profession nigga (Nigga)/ It ain't a game, yall can pop
tha collar (Uhh)/ It'll be
some drama in tha parkin lot/ 7th sign poppin' ya column/ One f
oe tha money holla (Holla)/ Two for tha D-
playas/ Its tha way we play n' police nigga yall
can swallow...

[Chorus]