

Pistol Playa

Frayser Boy

You ain't gon' believe what happened to me man.
What happened?
(Man I just had to whoop this nigga man) {For real?} (Yeah man)
Crunchy, Crunchy! What's up, what's up, what's up nigga?
(What's up wit' you nigga?) What's up with that shit in the club nigga?
(Nigga it's whatever) Huh, what you wanna do now nigga?
I got this tone now nigga, got this tone now nigga
(I got the same thing nigga, it's whatever nigga)
Smack you upside yo' motherfuckin' head nigga
(All you gotta do is do what you gotta do nigga)
Huh? Get buck nigga! Get buck drunk now nigga!
(Nigga I been buck nigga, nigga I been buck nigga)
Huh what you wanna do now nigga?
(Whatever dog)

Nigga talk how you would talk if you ain't have your gun
You's a weak ass nigga I think your ass would run
'Cause you a pistol playa, (pistol playa), pistol playa
(Pistol playa), pistol playa, (pistol playa), 'ol fucker ass sucker
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I hate when niggaz talk shit, when they know they some hoes
They nuts plump, 'cause they got a tone under they clothes
But you can see it in they eyes, when niggaz bitch made
But my gun's a lil' bigger, it's like you got a switchblade
If you pull it, better use it, or be dead young nigga
Pull a gun for fun that sound a lil' dumb nigga
It can get a lil' tragic, end up with deadly cost
You'll make a nigga circle back and blow your ass off
Old coward ass boy, keep it real, what's the deal
You the type that'll slip up, make mistake and kill
I can show you better than I can tell ya, so what's the biz
You gon' hear my fuckin' tone, gon' pop like a quiz
Boy pussy ass niggaz get fucked in the butt
When I get back bitch, best be tryin' to catch a cut
Coming back like 'nigga what?', I ain't gon' play, I'm gon' bust
Fuck with me, and you're fucked, then I'm slum on that 'Tuss, what nigga

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I'ma tell you what happened to me one day
I was chillin' out with one of my padres
We was hanging in a tree, I needed some weed, instead my nigga pulled a gun
on me
But that's okay nigga, I'm makin' paper, all y'all other niggaz out catchin'
vapors
You have to rape a, hoe to get pussy, Crunchy Black leaves shit so mushy

Locked and load, jump up out the bushes, I told y'all niggaz y'all ain't not
hin' but pussy
This ain't no pistol play, niggaz need bullets
And if I got mine, nigga I'ma pull it
You'll think Crunchy Black is a bully
'Cause I leave niggaz stankin' like pussy
So gone on nigga with that fuckin' bullshit
CB and Frayser Boy we let them guns click

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