

They Don't Wanna Play

MIMS

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They don't wanna play
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They don't wanna u can get the fuck up out of trill niggas way

Say u a killa killa
Say u bout that skrilla skrilla
Watch out wen them bullets spray (braaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaat)
Jus might get fill up fill up
Mr. Potatoe Head
U gone make me kill this nigga
U claimin yo flow is sick?
Yea well mine is illa illa
Catch me in that dirty dirty
Feed up in that villa villa
So live I'm the 05 thrilla in manilla
Come thru with the triple village
Straight from the bottom to the top of the buildin
Nigga I'm about my bread!!!!
My flow is yo ceilin ceilin
Nigga pop off
Finna get popped my word is boooooorn
Wanna shoot the head up
Meet me in the ring lets go it's oooooon
Ain't affraid wut u niggas got to offa
Got killas in the mit that'll off ya
Yawl niggas ain't on the same level
Pull up pull off in the vocsha
One day in my life it el cost ya
Look away look back I lost ya
I ain't a killa main
But I will thats word on my son and my up boan daughter
You meet me by the creek by the crawler
I'm the on sippin weight cruch the balla
You niggas is hustlin backwards
(they talkin big baby)

I tried to told em not to act up
But he didnt listen
Now his colla bone and rib cage

Out of position
I'ma big dude
Trapped in a lil nigga body nigga
I ont know karate but ill body ya whole party
He ain't see shit all he seen is a shottie
Next he seen jesus
Pick up the putisis
I'm the shit mattafact in shiesest

Don't make me show u wut a beast is
Nigga get on ya grind stoop ya
Slackin on ya day to day
U know wut time it is and I ain't flava flave
But ima new york nigga spittin razor blades
Ill leave u hurt like u label paid
U was tough last wee but u soundin real gay today
So get the fuck up out of trill niggas way
Man I will lean u like a kick stand
Rock u like a wristband
Cut chu then I switch hands
(they they talkin big baby)

Now all u pussy niggas
Fuck boys snitches and hoes
Make way for the trill slammin cadillac does
Represent for pop trunckers
Wit the trues and the voes
Chunkin deuces out the roof fuckin up the side shows
From the pros to beginners
L 7's to the winners
Southern course steakas
To the chicken dinnas
And grind all the binna's
And need to get it out
Find a tight trap
And then I said it out
Bet cha bout them dolla
On the best cause I'm back
I'm the true and certified who resided pimpin back
Fat joe is cood coke and the crack and the flesh
Young jeezy the snow man
But I pack is the best
So wen u see the 8 and the A
Put the hatin away
Joey is back and we been waitin to play
Trigga finga waitin to spray
Leavin ya punched
And u ont wanna see any trill niggas at a conjunction
(they talkin big baby)