

# Stop Playing

## Statik Selektah

Yo Statik man these niggas playing out here  
They playing man  
Niggas got ghost writers and shit  
Ain't no body real no more  
Shit is all made up  
Stop playing nigga  
Yeah  
This for the gods man  
Hip-hop gods

Real niggas provided the platform  
Yeah I'm a rap for em  
You niggas just rap boring  
I'm taking a nap snoring  
I'm waking up past four  
And hop in that black 4  
And that GT is grand touring  
Counting these grands touring  
I heard another movement might have took it from slaughter  
They just took a page out our book  
You better look at the authors  
Look at my partners  
We keep it the same  
Never change  
So funny how going nowhere took us the farthest  
I'm rapping with body baggers  
You rapping with lolly gaggers  
If it was up to me  
None of you niggas would not be rappers  
Fuck, your clothes tightened up  
Your voice lightened up  
Even your own white friends ain't white enough  
I think you haters had quite enough  
Like porn stars bleaching their anus  
All you assholes need to lighten up  
It ain't that serious  
Selling your soul  
They paint a brick road yellow  
And tell em its gold  
Tell em its the yellow brick road  
Fooled by the wizard of Oz  
Now you'll never be an Em or a Nas  
Kim or a Fox  
I'm the rap villain  
A rebel  
Got a bad feeling that they want me to slit my throat  
When I crash through the glass ceiling  
But fuck the mainstream  
I'm in the underground  
I'm counting cash, chilling  
An outsider like matt dillion  
Listening to Big Poppa  
Sticking proper dick in a chicks knockers  
Sipping on french vodka  
Keeping my choppa loaded  
My choppa stay loaded like a rich rocker  
I call the shit stopper the witch doctor

Poking holes in you like a voodoo doll  
Who do y'all thing your fucking with (huh)  
Blow pop in a [?]  
You on some sucka shit  
I'm cookoo dogs  
Letting my Zulu balls hang since FUBU draws  
For the fuck of it  
(Hahaha)  
Bitch, suck a dick

Diary of a psycho rapper  
While y'all all spineless just like a retired chiropractor  
You jellyfish just a delish deli dish  
Eaten by a rapper slash iron clapper  
Nah them ain't fire crackers (nah)  
The nine leave you silent as a mime  
Then we move like Charlie Chan being quiet by design  
Why would I retire in my prime  
The scientist spittin' flames  
I wrote the thesis this is pyrokenisis startin' fires with my mind  
Hot niggas, yeah we still are  
Me and Staitk show you who the real are  
To the industry we a threat, still politically incorrect  
And I put that on God while I'm chillin' with Bill Maher  
It's King Kong and Godzilla we connect we start illin'  
God willing we givin' ya'll that '94 Large Professor and Nas feelin'  
While we top billin' like audio two and two Audis with the drop ceilings  
Chillin'