

Southside Playaz

"Drama"

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Fuck who, fuck you nigga - 4x

[Hook]

Fuck who, fuck you nigga

(bring on the drama)

Fuck who, fuck you nigga

(bring on the drama)

Fuck who, fuck you nigga

(bring on the drama)

I ain't barring nan nigga, and his mama)

[Mike D]

Lay the fuck down, your blood done stepped down you
sitting fat

Down South, with my dick in your mouth

Lil' Troy I'll whip your buns baby cuz, so come with it

Wet your friendly ass up, and watch this HK start

zipping

Your boys look like a comma, when I come through

dipping

Light up that whole block, when this Playa start spitting

Boy you get no love, playing tag-team snitching

Dump that boy in a ditch, and let him sleep with the

fishes

Maybe in the streets, gon get a little vicious

We know you wired up, and got the FED's snapping

pictures

We well up on our toes, do this thang not split us

I can't chill wit ya, so I guess I'll deal with ya

[Hook]

[Mr. 3-2]

2000 popped off, and it's war in the streets

Friends turned enemies, the game don went deep

So ready I have my heat, for all you niggaz plotting

Pumps and AK's spray, when the cops start dropping

Southside body rocking, shit bout to get bloody

I'm on endo, and my drank still muddy

You hoe ass niggaz is funny guddy, bitch so take it like

that

Cause I'm still wondering what happened, to my nigga
Fat Pat
It's our way and respected these streets, and big
heads
While snitches crossed the line us, and working with
the FED's
In the sight of the infrared, now you marked for death
So be your ever fucking cool, you better watch your
step
Love and go left, now the Boss got plex
I'ma bring the drama, and put your mama in a dress
Hollow tips to the chest, body wounds you dead
Should of watched what you said, now I got prices on
your head

[Hook]

[Clay-Doe]

Can't no motherfucker tell me bout drama, cause I
lived it
Niggaz jumped off of that line, back in it
Toe to toe, I'll sneak a hoe and straight steal him
Bitches gotta accept the cards, that we dealing
Tired of these motherfuckers, talking down and
grinning
Prop tint, represent expo spinning
First affiliation we see, slugs in him
Lord forgive us we sinning, street life we in it
That's the price you gotta pay, if you wanna stay
independent
Four star Laf-Tex, ride gorgeous in it
If it's on come on nigga, let us know that it's on
Cause they know we ain't barring nan nigga, or his T-
Jones
It's bitches out here helping FED's, set up or phone
For that I'm strapped, under your bed up at your home
Your orders, you so suck a fucking gang of dick
You better watch for the hit, and who you hanging with

[Hook]

(*talking*)

Look out nigga it's on, Mike D is home nigga
It's official nigga, the war done just started nigga
You might as well get your pairs, and load em up nigga
Load your raggedy motherfuckers up
Cause it's on on sight nigga, and I ain't barring nan
nigga and his mama nigga
You lil' snitch bitch, telling on every motherfucking
rider here
You god damn K-Mart, Puff Daddy "Wanna be a Baller"

motherfucker
You wanna be a baller so bad, motherfucker
That you told on everybody, get your lil' eighteen
months
You lil' bitch, the war is on Laf-Tex riders nigga and it's
on
Get your bitch ass, across the state line or somewhere

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