

**Too \$hort F/ E-40****"You Can't Play With My Yo-Yo"**

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[Ice Cube]

Yo Jinx man, we gotta find somebody thats down for  
hers, man

All these girls simple man, who you think fit the  
category?

[Yo-Yo]

Its me, the brand new intelligent black woman Y-O-Y-O  
Which is Yo-Yo, but I'm not to be played  
Like I was made by matell  
But this Yo-Yo is made by woman and male  
I rhyme about uprights upliftin the woman  
For that are superior to handle by any male  
Any time, any rhyme, any flow, and any show  
And if you ask my producers that we fly and you know

(Chorus: repeat 2x, Ice Cube)

You can't play with my Yo-Yo

"Don't try to play me out, don't try to play me out"

[Verse 1]

My name is Yo-Yo, I'm not a ho  
I like to flow so swift, its got to be a gift  
So yo, let the beat lift, as I rip and rhyme  
And rap and slap all the girls who came to dap  
To the fact I get the 8-ball, or the jam  
The earrings I wear are called dophins  
Check the booty, yo its kinda soft and  
If you touch, you livin in a coffin(word to mother)  
I'm in the 90s, your still in the 80s right  
I rock the mic, they say I'm not lady like  
But I'ma lady, who will pull a stunt though  
I kill suckas, and even hit the block  
So what you wanna do?  
Ya must play it wrong(ay yo)  
Cause to me, you simply can't get none  
You wetter, then a hotter ho in snow  
Tell em Ice Cube,  
(Ice Cube)  
No, you can't play with my Yo-Yo  
Suckas

(Chorus: 2x)

(Ice Cube)

Whats yo name baby?

[Verse 2]

Thats right, my name is Yo-Yo, but know I'm not a dunkin

As I rap, chilly chill bringin the funk and

I steal yo man, as if he was a hawk and

He'll call me baby, yo, or even pumpkin

I may be buttercup, or even Ms.Yo

We had dinner, and know we drinkin Cisco

Hit the slow jams, its gettin cosy

Your home alone, so now you gettin nosy

Your kinda young, so of course you had to call replace

Hang up in my face, its a sad case

So who ya man dippin the dollars, what

Yup, for puttin lipstick on his collar

At home, hes gotta listen to ya holla

But he'll slap ya, and sock ya, so why bother?

But if you come knockin at my do'(ay yo)

I'll smoke you, tell em Ice

(Ice Cube)

You can't play wit my Yo-Yo, sucka

(Chorus: 2x)

(Ice Cube)

Fool, 1990 and stand sucka free, yeah

Tell em whats up

\*Yo-Yo Rhyming Over Females Voice As She Did Earlier  
In The Song\*

Yo, I hope you realize one day

That ya week is Monday threw Sunday

So listen to my Y-O, heres my bio

And next to me, ha, your not fly yo

Ya lack skills to be a woman thats black

Fake hair in the back, plus green contacts

Yo-Yo, is just tryna to stop ya

Because the world ain't a big soap opera

It only takes one punch to drop ya

And then the I.B.W.C. will come mob ya

But no, I'm not livin like that first

Although I pack, a real small gat in my purse(right,  
right)

But no, its not to cause corruptions

Just to fight back on the structions

Just thought you wanna know about the Y-O-Y-O

Yo, should I tell em Ice  
(Ice Cube)  
They know what time it is

(Chorus: 2x)

(Ice Cube)  
Yo-Yo, the brand new intelligent black lady  
Stompin to the 90s!  
For all y'all suckas  
Aye Jinx, I knew they couldn't fade it  
You Can't play wit my Yo-Yo

[Verse 3]

The simple to a methaphor, make someone to yell on  
To keep it at a latest while they're yellin, "more, more!"  
I am very versatile, changin my ways to diffrent styles  
Knowledge is the key, expense is for my backround  
Label me as a woman, and sometimes I feel imperior  
Follow me on the hands of time, makes no man  
superior  
Should we jam and take the stand, and disback all the  
Men who know no more the slang, slang  
And thinks wit his ding-a-ling?  
I think its time that we defeat  
And stand on our on two feet  
If we wanna live wit justice and harmony  
How many more rounds must I go  
In order to let my people know  
Times were hard, things have changed  
"Don't try to play me out"

{\*female singing\*}  
Ladyyyyyyyyy("don't try to play me out")  
Yayyyy, yay hey("don't try to play me out")  
Yay, yay, yay, yay

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