

## **Cypress Hill F/ Kurupt**

### **"Don't Try To Play Me Homey"**

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Yeah youknowwhatl'msayin' muthafuckas in the world  
tryin' to  
play niggas out these days. Can't fuck around and play  
no  
niggas out these days niggas is smarter'n a  
muthafucka man  
we gotta make cash. Only thing that's ruling this  
muthafucka  
right now, this strap, this weed, and this money I got in  
my pocket  
finna go get mo' money. youknowwhatl'msayin' Ha Fuck  
'em.

#### Verse 1

I hear some niggas comin' 'round  
talkin' 'bout what the fuck they can do  
but the only thing I do is  
realizin' in my crew  
Fuck these snitches fuck these bitches  
ain't worth the jail time bro'  
you know these streets is a muthafuckin' joke  
and that's the way it goes  
Playa playa got caught up  
brought up the wrong way  
But he say the white man  
fucked me up and got me acting that way  
You know the homey who be  
ballin' with the squad (squad)  
Little Y.G. trynta practice acting hard  
talkin' 'bout money talkin' 'bout bitches  
talkin' 'bout fancy cars and all that shit  
Cocaine a pound of weed  
and bitches sucking on his dick  
He used to win it to live that way  
ever since them Chronic days  
The big homeboy C-style put him on  
Nineteenth Street got him on his way  
It was cool 'cause he was finally one of us  
someone we can trust later on  
someone we couldn't trust  
Niggas got greedy seen us clockin' dough

in this rap game threaten to snitch  
if he wadn't rich in a matter of days  
Should we kill him or let him starve? (Kill him!)  
Make him get real broke (Kill him!)  
hell naw this nigga gotta die right here  
we ain't no joke. (hell yeah nigga)  
Check it!

Chorus (3X)

Don't try to play me homey  
Don't try to play me what (what)  
Don't try to play me homey  
Who the fuck you think I was? (was)

Verse 2

8:30 in this evenin' I cop the sack gettin' me set  
get some Orange getting me on my mind state just at  
rest  
Cruise the neighborhood proudly and I'm throwin' up  
my set  
Dogg Pound Gangsta homeboy and don't you forget  
I crack a forty of that Eight fuck St. Ides I love the taste  
and my system bumpin' down the street with nothin'  
but bass  
and the homeboys flossin' we tossin' up the scene  
lookin' clean as fuck makin' green  
mashing as a muthafuckin' team  
it seems the homies notice me who I am  
Goddamn tires hoppin' pullin' up pop on the jam  
niggas started hoping showin' stereo on three chromes  
and the situation just went so fast  
Daz Dillinger kickin' ass  
steadily movin' making cash  
Later on I bounce to the club  
me and my cousin Rico Snoop  
Tai cousin Supafly, Big Style, E and Hershey too  
Cruisin' up ? like fools don't understand my thang  
come around here homeboy &  
you won't see daylight ever again  
Come tow me bitch come get me rich  
you know my way my game we spit  
you down wit this? (you down wit this)  
Told ya what told ya twice  
told ya why told ya somethin'  
it ain't nothin' but a gangsta party bumpin'

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