

Yung Joc f/ Big Gee "Don't Play Wit It"

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[Yung Joc]

What it is man (sup?)

Yung Joc, Block Entertainment

Yeah, you wan' know somethin? (What'chu wanna know nigga?)

I'ma take this motherfuckin time to let y'all niggaz know
I'm tired of playin games.. I'm tired of playin wit'chu
man

(Preach on) Y'all niggaz comin up short on your money

Your re-up shit ain't right (nope, nope)

Your grams off nigga, get that shit right

(Tell 'em shawty) Let me talk to y'all

This ain't make believe so why the fuck is you playin

You better listen close to what the fuck I'm sayin

Cause really all it takes is a couple grand

Like AT&T I reach out and I touch a man

Or I can let it go cause it ain't nuttin man

But naw it's the principle so fuck what you sayin

E'ry dollar I want it, e'ry dime I need that

So when it's time to break bread gimme no feedback
(shhh)

Cause you don't want to piss me off

And I get to poppin like we poppin Cristal

See I cain't help it, that's just how we get down

Let off a couple rounds, turn your smile to a frown

Yeahhh I know, you think I'm bluffin

'Til I kick the do' and the goons they rush in

Lay down on the flo' where you keep the coke in

You say "I don't know" then your blood start gushin

[Chorus 2X: Yung Joc]

I done told your ass once (once) told your ass twice
(twice)

Fuckin with my paper, you're fuckin wit'cha life (wit'cha
life)

Don't play with it **{*blam*}** don't play with it **{*blam*}**

Don't play with it **{*blam*}** nigga don't play with it
{*blam*}

[Big Gee]

Here he come once again Mr. Murder Man
Smokin on the purple bad, pistol in my other hand
Fuckin with my rubberbands get your ass murdered
fast
Chop you up and chop ya, then stuff ya in a duffel bag
Ride wit'cha in the trunk 'til ya smellin bad
Get your daughter after class, ride by snatch her ass
I know a pussy nigga owe me a couple stack
Pop him like he never had, but the nigga holdin back
(nah)
I ain't trippin now I'm lettin 'em pass, got that ass
So I'm in the good, nigga smokin like a thermostat
Flashin hella stacks, pie nigga Pontiac
Actin for these hoes with my money, what kinda shit is
that?
I ain't feelin that, pay me for my fuckin pack
E'ry dime off e'ry zone, don't gimme that (nah)
See it time for the chrome, go on pull it out
Sad Sunday service for the sucker in the parking lot

[Chorus]

[Yung Joc]

Better know the repercussions fuckin with my
dividends
Yeah I got a hitman for the hitmen
Leave your baby momma numb and I touch many fans
If ye ain't tryin to see it I suggest you start prayin
All I'm sayin; don't try to play me like I'm soft
Treat you like mosquitoes when I skeet you with that
Off
That Joc crawl blood, nigga call me Red Cross
Leave your wig leakin like you spilled spaghetti sauce

[repeat 2X]

Fuckin with my paper - ye ain't right
I'ma send them gators - in the middle of the night
Let 'em split your tater - in front your wife
No one can save ya - put out your lights

[Chorus]

[voice speaking over Chorus to end]

C'mon man
That ain't how you do the shit bruh
Out'chea playin with a nigga money and shit
That ain't the shit to be fuckin with
It's hard out'chea in these streets nigga
Fuckin people fuckin wit'cha
Niggaz rattin and shit
That ain't what's up dawg

It's the big dawg Diesel
Yung Joc in the building, ya heard me?

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