

Blondie

"Play Witcha Mama"

Visit "[Play Witcha Mama](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Ice Cube]

Hey, didn't your mama tell you to shut up when grown folks is talking?

Well you need to shut up when grown folks is talking

Yo we don't play that

You know what I'm saying?

So you need to go in there and play witcha mama

Willie D

Verse 1:

[Willie D]

The Gangster of Love is on the go once more

I've been solo two in a row

Still got a bank full of money, fancy cars, a big crib

And bitches on my knob (that's right)

But some motherfucker's counting me out

I'm giving my real fans a big fat shout out

Source Magazine dissing niggas' records

I go to New York and kick they ass back to Texas

And write a song about it they better like

Scary motherfuckers probably give a nigga twenty mics

I'm more dangerous than Jeffrey Dahmer

you wanna play with somebody, play witcha mama

[Ice Cube]

Hoe, yeah

[Willie D]

If you're fronting on that South Central 5th Ward connection

You better speed on before you get peed on

Cube tell 'em

[Ice Cube]

Play witcha mama, huh

It don't stop

[Willie D]

It don't stop, yeah, cause we won't stop

Verse 2:

[Ice Cube]

Warriors, come out and play with yo gay ass vest

You can't shoot 'em up with the wild west

And I hold a pistola, brown as Coca Cola
Coming from the shooters with the 1, 2, bang, ping
Make your ears ring (with the supernatural thing)
It's like I got a 12 gauge when I'm walking
Shut the fuck up when grown folks is talking
Cause I don't play with kids, I shut eyelids
Forever and a day, nigga what you say?
Bailing down a street in my Chuck Taylors own brand
Niggas mad dumb but they can't fade us (never)
Wishin they could be like me and Willie D
Not just a punk ass trick silly gee
You better take that little shit to your mama
(Westside rolling) Fool with the drama

It don't stop, uh, yeah
You better play witcha mama

Verse 3:

[Willie D]

I'm going out like a soldier, I thought I told you
Homie don't play that, so don't make me peteroll you
When you see me in the public, don't try to act big
Cause I'll split your fucking wig
Just give me some dap and I'm a give you some dap
back
Cause I'm down to earth black
But if a nigga or a bitch try to show off
I hit 'em dead in their motherfucking mouth
And don't talk about suing me
Cause your ass won't live to see a D-I-M-E
Talking 'bout how you knew me when I wasn't shit
Mad cause I won't speak to you bitch
Now you want to cause a scene, well that's fine
Cause I do this shit all the time (that's right)
Here's a motherfucker that don't mind the drama
You want to play with somebody play witcha mama

[Ice Cube]

Play witcha mama, punk
Play witcha mama, hoe
Play witcha mama, punk
Play witcha mama, hoe
Willie D, Ice Cube, that's all she wrote
That's all she wrote
It don't stop, 'til the panties drop
Fool play witcha mama
Put a comma on that motherfucker Willie D and let's
break

[Willie D]

My mama, your mama hanging on the cut

My mama beat your mama ass up, now get somewhere

Visit [Blondie](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.