

## Climax Blues Band

### "Homie Don't Play That"

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(Willie D)

Don't say I didn't warn ya  
About playin' them hoe games  
Like callin' me out on my name  
Some a y'all are still gonna try to show off  
And get busted in ya goddamn mouth  
I won't undetstand how a man can call a man  
A bitch or a hoe and be playin'  
In my book that's a no-no  
Your mouth don't write a check that your ass can't cash  
bro  
Pop you on the (?????) for what  
Niggas done got when they played too much  
Willie D'll tap a bitch and that's it  
Anything else is punk shit  
I'll give you some a this \*shots\*  
And some a this \*shots\*  
Their just special effects but you can bet  
I got something to make them hoes ease up off me  
black  
Cause homie don't play that

A lot of suckers got they as kicked  
Cause hard and rankin don't mix  
But if you gonna cap on each other  
You gotta know when it's gettin personal sucker  
Instead of eatin up your homeboys grill  
See that's how a nigga gettin killed  
Fools like to joke when your serious  
So to kill the bullshit I stopped fuckin wit her, period  
Don't snatch my hat off my head like we're homies  
And greet me wit a (????) cause you don't know me  
Play with your mother or your father  
You ain't got no pussy I don't even wanna be bothered

And you bet' not act like you wanna swang  
Cause I'm pretty good with them thangs  
So call my bluff, do what you like and  
I'ma make you read these Nikes  
Wrastlin' ain't masculine

You say you wanna go to war B  
Instead of tryin' to test me  
Horse playin' like an adolescent  
Will get your ass wrapped up like a present  
Your compliments ain't nutthin' but a racket  
Your whole conversation is plastic  
You say you like my new jacket  
Jealous motherfucka even sound sarcastic  
(????) your (????) when we shootin' the shit  
Maytag ass nigga ain't nuttin but a bitch  
Ain't got no back cause your always frontin' black  
Man homie don't play that

I don't play that

Lets take it all the way back

Niggas say I'm crazy  
When I say keep your comments about my lady  
They say "Your lucky, I wish I had a girl like that"  
I never smile cause I know where they hearts is at  
All in front of my girl sayin' how pretty she looks  
Game recognized, I wrote the book  
"Got a good thing, hold tight, don't lose her brother"  
You may as well straight up say you wanna fuck her  
Still waters run deep man  
And ain't nothing worse than one who fronts like a  
friend  
Call your crib when they know you ain't home  
Tryin' to rap to your girl on the telephone  
Snake in the grass I see him comin'  
From a mile away I start gunnin'  
And everytime one drops  
You can see a card wit they face on it in the mailbox  
See we ain't that cool  
Where you can play wit my girl  
And try to get a free feel fool  
Or conversate wit us alone  
Then I have to step in and stop ya from goin' on and on  
With that idle chatter  
You say your just bein' friendly ain't that a bitch  
You used to be my brother, I'm a father, but the fact  
Is homie don't play that

I don't play that

Man homie don't play that

