

**Daz The Dilinger****"Don't Try To Play Me Homey"**

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Intro- Yeah, you know what I'm sayin. Mutha fuckas in this world tryna play niggaz out these days. Can't fuck around and play niggaz out these days niggaz is smart as a mutha fucka. A nigga gotta make cash. Only thang that's rulin' this mutha fucka right now is this strap, this weed, and this money I got in my pocket. And a nigga gone get mo' money. You know what I'm sayin'. Huh, fucc that.

Verse 1- I hear some niggas come round here talkin' 'bout what the fuck they can do, but the only thang 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 mutha fuckin' 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 him up and got him actin' that way. You know the homey who be hangin' with the squad, lil' rassi's tryna practice actin' hard. Talkin' 'bout money, talkin' 'bout bitches, talkin' 'bout fancy cars and all that shit. Cocaine, a pound of weed, and bitches suckin' on his dick. He used to wanted to live that way, ever since them chronic days, the big homey C-Style put him on 19th street, got him on his way. It was cool 'cause he was finally one of us, someone we could trust, later on someone we couldn't trust. Niggas got greedy seen us clockin' dough in this rap game, threatened to snitch if he wasn't rich in a matter of days. Should we kill him or let him starve (kill him)

Make you get real  
broke (kill him)-hell naw- this nigga gotta die right here  
we ain't joke  
(hell yeah)Check it.

Chorus-Don't try to play me homey, don't try to play me  
what, don't try  
to play me homey, who the fuck you think I was.(repeat  
twice)

Verse 2-8:30 in the evening I got the sack gettin' me  
set, some orange  
to get me on my mind and stay the 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 8 fuck St.Ides, I love  
the taste,  
and my system bumpin' down the street with nothin'  
but bass. Me and the  
homeys flossin, we tossin' up the city lookin' clean as  
fuck, makin'  
green, mashin' as a mutha fuckin' team. It seems they  
always notice me  
who I am, got damn, tires poppin'. Pullin' up bumpin'  
the jam, niggas  
strted hopeless shootin. Scavion three chromes- and  
the sit-uation, it  
switched so fast, Daz the Dilinger, kickin' ass. Steadily  
movin' makin'  
cash. Later on I bounced to the club me and my cousin  
Rick and Snoop,  
top cousin Supafly, Big Stali and Hershay too. Cruisin'  
up with enough  
fools don't understand my thang, come around here  
homeboy and you won't  
see daylight ever again. Come tote me bitch, come get  
me rich, you know  
my way, my game,let's split, you down with this? Told  
you once told you  
twice told you somethin' ain't nothin' but a gangsta  
party bumpin'.  
Dumpin' on some niggas after the club, some niggas  
started  
trippin,niggas start set trippin', niggas started cripplin',  
started  
bloodin', started doin'-whatever thAT THEY WAS DOIN' i  
WAS BLASTIN' THEY  
WAS BLASTIN' THAT nigga Daz was outcastin'. Those  
that try to get up and  
do they thangswang, bangin' is my thang, pat-pat,

niggas tryna jack,  
niggas try to fuck my game. How the fuck I feel  
homeboy get that 8 and  
drink some mo' niggas won't stop mashin' 'til we knock  
down every niggas  
do'.

CHORUS:(repeat til end of song)

OUTRO:Uh, yeah, and there you have it, straight  
gangsta shit

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