

Bizzy Bone

"How We Play"

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-Intro-

Ya'll ain't ready for this shit. Ya'll know what it is. Ha ha (Please believe it) Yeah you know what it is nigga. Fuck these niggas who do not believe, in what the fuck the 7th Sign will do. You motherfuckers. I need money, you motherfuckers. Put it on me motherfucker. Put it on me. This how we play motherfuckers. Comin' to get you niggas (7th Sign mastermind in full effect) yeah. All you suckers can eat a dick. All you playa haters, ya'll outta stop that shit, fuckin' around and take yo bitch; Ha ha ha. 7th Sign nigga. DOA nigga. Capo Confucious, Lil Rasuu, Jule Syon, Precious, Baby Seal, Nina Ross. Liealoha, and my sister big Heather)

-Chorus-

This how we play (Yeh) This how we play (Yeh..) That's how we play...

Bizzy Bone

Gimme an ounce for 350, nigga need a quick divorce/
My niggas keep tellin' me what they keep sayin' about B
in the Source/ But I don't read magazines, nigga that's
just irritation/ Bizzy reads the type of books to further
along his education/ Little do they know about what-
what-what/ Little do they know about who-who-who/
Little do they know about me-me-me/ Get these and tell
about you-you-you/ Ain't no time to be trippin' on
women cause women will have you get caught up and
shot/ Lil' niggas them bitches is yours so slap on the
rubber or beat up the cock/ Lil' niggas ya'll so horny/
Only got yo' car for broads/ How could I be hatin' when
ya'll are the fakest niggas I've ever saw/ Ya'll rollin' with
snitches, I don't know no snitches/ I roll with real niggas
till they fall off, God pick 'em up for they loose they
britches/ And I feel my children love me, Daddy gotsta
do mo' better/ By the time we makin' money and
spendin' my time with 'em, with 'em, with 'em, stuck up
in the middle/ Play me like fiddle, filthy like everyday,
don't be fickle motherfuckers

-Chorus-

Bizzy Bone

Would it be better if we could just choose the future,
blood mixed up, call me fuchsia/ Thug picked up by the
people; No Ruthless, no medusa/ See I got jacked in

Beverly Hills, still I keeps it real, very selective, wanna just smoke and chill/ See I'm a veteran, all the grenade launchers wont cost me much/ Anyone could get extorts/ Yeah nigga, you can be touched/ I did all my dirt in the 'burbs/ I was ridin' around with my sisters' babies father/ Double barrel shot-gun say word/ Ready or not here come my words, steady or not, that shit's absurd/ Already got, me all perturbed/ Cop on the block, gettin' on my nerves/ This is the lifestyle of that brick sellin' been falsified/ Niggas don't let 'em lie to yall, I'm a tell the truth on mine/ And I really want no more/ Catch yo' ass security wires/ Open the door, these rappers is scared as hell/ What you frontin' for? He got his entourage, and he got his bag of weed, is this the way it is? Little Bizzy takes the lead

-Chorus-

Bizzy Bone

Whateva, whateva, we gotta get cheddar; I'm better with money/ Been runnin' around, with a gun and a skully/ And one on my buddy's now dippin' tha swisha/ And then again hmm../ Nobody's the best, and ya betta believe it, then leave it alone, lone/ I'm a tell ya'll, all my secrets/ Son of a mistress, carry on outta tha foster home, been raised outta my freaky ways/ Burn my collection of porn, but I don't won't no straights/ What about church folks stressin' that I should change/ Live ya life, I'm a live my life without the lies and let me pray for change/ Now keep the pimp cup, I don't wanna blow the pimps up/ Cause my father's father was pimpin' and he left all of his children checkin' (Fucker!) I don't have to respect it and you don't have to respect it/ Gimmie my space, and I'm a give you yours/ It's my profession, nigga (Nigga!) It ain't a game, yall can pop tha collar, uh/ It'll be some drama in tha parkin lot/ 7th sign poppin' ya column/ One for the money, hollar/ Two for the D, playas/ It's the way we play and police nigga ya'll can swallow

-Chorus-

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