

## Emjay

### "It Ain't For Play"

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(Verse 1-JT The Bigga Figga)

I'm been tryin to get it for so long up in this rap game  
Pushin and grindin, movin tapes to get my stack mayn  
Lovin it, shit get thick you know we thuggin it  
Put our hands in the money playa you know we bubblin  
Tycoonin, tryin to get 'em to see me vision  
Focus the homies on freedom instead of prison  
All the shit that goes on, I have you goin schizo  
Make a playa think he supposed to be up on the sixth  
flo'

New cousin, ain't nothin flopped from bein locked up  
Earn the stripes on the block, gettin yo self popped up,  
imagine that  
Start grindin in 2000 when police set up shop in every  
ghetto public housin  
Cameras in the steering wheels even when you be  
pissin  
Rocks in your looks start havin niggaz is snitchin  
Slippin off the cocaine, blunts, and Remy Martin  
In the projects nigga we start beef in the apartments

(Chorus X2-JT The Bigga Figga)

I got a nine in my pocket when released again  
Gold on my neck my debts close in hand  
What you say-it ain't for play  
What you say what you say-it ain't for play

(Verse 2)

(Telly Mac)

Man you got to get, before you claim the click  
I know you wanna get the chips in this change for bricks  
We in a mix like craze and friend, case the plan  
From the street to the studio we move weight for  
brands  
Thanks to fans, now my click stands with authority  
We put it on the map from Fillmoe to Morrissey  
Put one-three I'm puttin you through this surgin  
I'm West Coast splurgin, techs mo' burnin  
We bad boys servin a verse and for hard earnin  
I ain't tryin to teach, but I'm hopin ya'll learnin  
The world turnin nigga, and it ain't for play

For the Y2K, Get Low take over the Bay  
If you in the way, you better duck cuz we ain't for play  
Plus we smokin dank day to day  
Blaze the J, I got a couple thangs to say  
Keep it real on the one dog it ain't for play

(The Commissiona)

I'm watchin time go by tryin to come up with a master  
plan  
To stack mil and flip hundreds to grams  
Man it's crunch time hard on the grind  
Feelin like I'm on a dead line but really y'all just take  
what's mine  
When my mind focused on the faces here to shake the  
nation  
Anxiously I wanna ball but stand patient  
Trickin CD's and tapes for the meantime  
Hustlin to live lavish out this ghetto life status  
It's all work stuck in a lab  
Plus 20 cowards tryin to earn money, respect, and then  
power  
I want it all but I gotta go to jail  
For the new millennium I'm here to stay mayn I'm after  
my chips

(Cosmo)

Let's put it all on the table  
Rhyme for rhyme, line for line, dollar for dollar and see  
who shine  
I know the word's out and they heard 'bout my team  
Since I was young I had dreams about puddles of  
cream  
And fuckin fine ho's, burnin ounces of hydro  
And prayin that I don't get popped, when the nine blow  
That's what I rhyme fo', to be in this shit 'till my time go  
Cuz rappin and hustlin is all that I know  
Started off cookin this dope, crooked and broke  
Dodgin jail cells lookin for hope  
Learnin my do's and my don't's in this rap game  
It ain't about the fame or rockin phat chains it's just like  
the crack game  
Either you ball or you fall in it  
It's dirty business around my way, and homie we all in  
it  
It's much more than just beats and rhymes  
Hope I ain't dead before I reach my time  
The streets is mine

(Chorus X3-JT The Bigga Figga)

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Gold on my neck my debts close in hand

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