

Fiend

"Why Iz U Playin'"

Visit "[Why Iz U Playin'](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(*talking*)

Yeah, F-I Sleepy Eyed Jones up in here
Mic up mic check, check this out ya heard me

[Fiend]

Take her from the hood, hit em with the wood
Whip em with the jug, send em on they way just like you
should

That's the working, of the Sleepy Eyed Jones
From under water New Orleans, I keep her mind gone
Dropping paper, on my books
Like it was time, and if you don't want it now then want
it noon

Summer time up in June, she was lying with a dude
Said she was buying shoes, she was lying in the nude
In the Playboy mansion

In my bed just jump in and dancing, that's to be old
fashioned

She took no time, to seduce me
Told her head right, I'll take you to Gucci
A purse a hat, fuck it rake up the luggage
Come on the road with me, girl I'll cut your ass off
balling

Stelma, with out all of the Evans
Dressed in C and D, nothing less if she with me

[Hook]

Say bitch, why is you playing with me
I keep the baddest broads, and finer designings with
me

Yeah I break bread, come to the Bahamas with me
Heard of my hood tales, and line under the sticky
So Ms. why is you playing with me
Why is you playing with me, why is you playing with me
So Ms., why is you playing with me
Why is you playing with me, why is you playing with me

[Fiend]

I got em smelling sexy, out of the Southern Ward
Thick in the ass, expensive heels no panties on
Only wanted to do it, when the cameras on

Bad lil' mama no stallion, a amazon
Smoke pine like I do, meet me anywhere
Dressed trench coat Jimmy Choo, can't even lie to you
She licked a lollipop, up and down promise you
Got my homies like man, wish I was you
Growing a cat, I had to buy a mitt
Take a long boo, I'll buy some dick
Hold up, appreciate my arrogance
Some'ing bout me being from the swamps, and
scandalous
Ends up with her saying, I can't handle it
My response, fiend for the money I'm managing
Beat it up for now, later on you balancing
Now rub it where it hurts, now see what you playing with

[Hook]

[Fiend]

I'm the only one in the car, backseat got 18's
Interior trim, the same color as baby shit
I can't lie, the watch make the ladies get
Lying, saying I was always they favorite
Young nigga, with a eighty-thousand dollar truck
Trunk full of speakers, backseat is where a nigga fuck
Underneath me, got four 22's
The truck is one day old, they showing it on the News
Flow is, impeccable
If she close to the speaker baby, it's sexual
Out of her M-60 jeans, get us to fiend
Lay down her Chloe bags, spread it out throw it back
Thick and firm like a stripper, make it burn just to hit
her
I'm just lying, that's the line that I pitch her
Nigga in his prime, and a lil' richer
If she flirt I'ma get her, she ain't fucking I'ma dick her
nigga

[Hook]

(*talking*)

Why is you playing with me
Come on man, you playing girl

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