

Freddy

"Stop Playing Games"

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[Intro: Itchy-Fingas]

Hey grandma, yea, how you feelin'?

Yeah, everything's okay, and yourself?

Oh, grandma, I was just callin' to ask you

If you had a Hooptie that I can borrow, yeah a Hooptie

Yeah, my cars in the shop right now, I have to go see
my girl

Yeah, I can hold it? Thank you, grandma, I appreciate it
so much

You know I love you, so much, okay, I got to go though

Oh, wait, grandma, you got a gun that I can borrow?

[Intro: Itchy-Fingas]

Yo, M.M.O., baby, Protect Ya Neck, baby

The patrol zone, Itchy-Fingas Sha, stop playin' games

Wit the pop, pop, pop, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo

[Itchy-Fingas]

Yo, I stop the press, niggas get hands pump in they
chest

C.P.R. flow, I got ya'll niggas coughin' up dough

Double M to the O, blow like a fifty of 'dro

And splash tracks like never before, we untouched pa

Porsche or a Jaguar, scanner with the radar, start your
shit

Blowin' niggas right where they sit

I spit the flows, but the flows be sick, B.I. ridiculous

We addicted to blow, ya'll, cause ya'll niggas predicted
it

Cheddar's my witness, flossin' like bricks, like brick-
face

Benjamin big-face, around the world like Puff and Mase

Whatever it take, we push weight for high stakes

Tristate, down state, nigga just don't play

I spit the murder, but the radio, just won't play

No Flex bomb threats, it's strictly conflicts up in the
conference

[Chorus 4X: Itchy-Fingas]

Stop playin' games with that dough, pa

We get that dough, pa, we take that dough, pa, M.M.O.

[Ice Grillz]

We rolled up in two bubble-eye 6's, rag to riches
Don't get it twisted, nigga, pop a bottle, snappin'
pictures
Cake like Duncan Hines, we sport, platinum shines
Links, laced in full length minks
Don't be protected, in armor cars like brinks
Valet, park the car, I'm at the bar sippin' drinks, like
Shootin' stars, pass Mars, whatever
Me and my dunn's pack guns roll tougher than leather
Like a wrist, raw spit, with Glaciers of Ice
My whole team's blingin' like a diamond, just a heist
Eyes to the skies, me and my duns bust slugs in it
Like a foreigner G.S., wit the windows tinted
All my Sunz of Man got plans to receive
Hundreds of grands for they body pay beneath the
sand
For real, for real, cats is killed on the hill, but still
Try to stack, teach the seeds and build
We originate, from the Asiatic populate
Nubian state, the Gods hold it down to weight
Six sets, trillion tons, multiplied by
Nineteen million guns, you hear me son?

[Chorus 4X]

[Triggnomm]

I clap in the booth, hydro, Henny and heat
Spit sixteen in the street, dead at the police
Criminals on patrol, killas off parole
The truth unfolds, my flows become horrible
Duckin' forty one slugs, at police clubs and buttocks
Raw, rough and rugged, like the media love it
Hot flows, accumulatin' to a drop rose
As far as I'm supposed, that's how hip hop goes
So we drink, smoke and skeet, til we coke or go broke
Noddin' off in our sleep, like we be dippin' the dope
Robo thugs, wit M.J. millennium gloves
See my vision, can't you tell, we on submission
We gon' get that dough, and we gon' split that dough
And if necessary wit calico's, close the show
I'm certain, it be curtains once your wounds start hurtin'
Your dog start desertin', relatives in a hearsin'
What's worse, then playin' with a black man's dough
That's like fuckin' his queen hoe, or wreckin' his vehicle
Ya'll muthafuckas see the glow in M.M.O.
C.I. cats, now multiply dough times that, stop playin'

[Chorus 6X]

[Outro: Itchy-Fingas]

Yo, M.M.O. Official, Protect Ya Neck Records

The drome zone, Itchy-Fingas Sha, Big Trigg, Iron
Sheik

You heard me, it's not a game, yo stop playin' games
wit that dough pa

We get that dough, pa, we take that dough, pa, M.M.O.

Let me at it, lemme double that..

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