

Brad Martin

"Ain't 2 Be Played Wit"

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[Mia X (1)]

What, what, what, what, what, what, what
Huh nigga, huh nigga what, huh nigga what what what
what
Huh nigga what, what huh nigga what

[Verse 1]

The crime started off, bloody
It's about pistol whippins and kickins
Mama dishin' and blitzin' (Mama Mia)
Cause you hoes gon' listen
Taught to issue the pain
And distribute some cocaine
Can you fuck man, nah nah
I'm known for loosen' brains
Bitch you think that I'm playin'
Go to war by myself, grab that gat off the shelf
Gon' say goodbye to your health
Got heroin in the mail but bet my dollars don't fumble
Stackin' tall like Mutombo, cause a bitch moving
bundles, rumble
It ain't no thang bitch I'm straight off the tank
Niggas second in motion, I'm a fool with that shank
No, I ain't 2 be trusted
When I sneak I'm straight bustin' ya mouth
And ya nose and your eyes gon' close, swole
My kid sister Sherry puttin' big holes, in ya
Po-po's trying to find the next nigga ya kin to
Red dot center, bullets enter ya playa haters
My lace tip split ya fuckin' decision maker
Think you can take the biggest mama, bring the
drama, go on
But make it known, official it's on

[Chorus]

I ain't to be played wit', so fuck around and see what ya
get
Toasting fingers to clips, playa haters get split
I'm running, humping your shit now rock-a-bye you look
tired
So don't fight it baby close your eyes

I ain't to be played wit', so fuck around and see what ya
get
Toasting fingers to clips, playa haters get split
I'm running, humping your shit now rock-a-bye you look
tired
So don't fight it baby close your eyes

[Verse 2]

When I hoo-ride (Tank Dogs) I only ride T-R-U
Niggas out that booty or mister Corey Jalooty
Shoot now, fuck the convo nigga ain't no stoppin'
When it's on we poppin', street sweeper straight
knockin'
What, what cocaine and trains leavin' niggas in gutters
Bringing pain to loved ones, burning up motherfuckers
Plus if ya touch one of mine this is how it's gonna be
I'm choppin' down your whole family tree
Forget me not, it's too hot
Up in that south, bitch you know how dirty
Better act in a hurry or I'ma load it with thirty
Dirty, serve me nigga by the pounds and kilos
And watch the gumbo pot, we breed the fattest rocks
Bag em' after the chop, push em' out the back door
Have the prepiest hoes runnin' buku dough
Yet the game is cold, raw dog to the bone
Gotta love Jones, for whackin' chrome upside niggas
domes
If it's on then it's on ain't no need to delay it
Bout it bout it motherfuckers no I ain't to be played wit'

[Chorus (x2)]

[Mia X 1] to fade

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