

## **Geto Boys**

# **"Homie Don't Play That"**

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Don't say I didn't warn ya  
About playin' them hoe games  
Like callin' me out on my name  
Some a y'all are still gonna try to show off  
And get busted in ya goddamn mouth

I won't understand how a man can call a man  
A bitch or a hoe and be playin' in my book, that's a no-  
no  
Your mouth don't write a check that your ass can't  
cash, bro  
Pop you on the [unverified] for what  
Niggas done got when they played too much

Willie D'll tap a bitch and that's it  
Anything else is punk shit  
I'll give you some a this, and some a this  
They're just special effects but you can bet  
I got something to make them hoes ease up off me  
black  
'Cause homie don't play that

A lot of suckers got they ass kicked  
'Cause hard heads and rankin' don't mix  
But if you gonna cap on each other  
You gotta know when it's gettin' personal sucker

Instead of eatin' up your homeboys grill  
See, that's how a nigga gettin' killed  
Fools like to joke when your serious  
So, to kill the bullshit I stopped fuckin' wit her, period

Don't snatch my hat off my head like we're homies  
And greet me wit a [unverified] cause you don't know  
me  
Play with your mother or your father  
You ain't got no pussy, I don't even wanna be bothered

And you bet' not act like you wanna swang  
'Cause I'm pretty good with them thangs  
So, call my bluff, do what you like and  
I'ma make you read these Nikes, wrastlin' ain't

masculine

You say you wanna go to war B  
Instead of tryin' to test me  
Horse playin' like an adolescent  
Will get your ass wrapped up like a present  
Your compliments ain't nutthin' but a racket  
Your whole conversation is plastic  
You say you like my new jacket  
Jealous motherfucka even sound sarcastic

It's in your voice when we shootin' the shit  
Maytag ass nigga ain't nuttin' but a bitch  
Ain't got no back 'cause you're always frontin' black  
Man, homie don't play that

I don't play that  
Let's take it all the way back

Niggas say, I'm crazy  
When I say keep your comments about my lady  
They say, "You're lucky, I wish I had a girl like that"  
I never smile 'cause I know where they hearts is at  
All in front of my girl sayin', how pretty she looks

Game recognized, I wrote the book  
"Got a good thing, hold tight, don't lose her brother"  
You may as well straight up, say, you wanna fuck her  
Still waters run deep, man

And ain't nothing worse than one who fronts like a  
friend  
Call your crib when they know you ain't home  
Tryin' to rap to your girl on the telephone  
Snake in the grass, I see him comin' from a mile away I  
start gunnin'

And every time one drops  
You can see a card wit they face on it in the mailbox  
See, we ain't that cool, where you can play wit my girl  
And try to get a free feel fool or conversate wit us  
alone

Then I have to step in and stop ya from goin' on and on  
With that idle chatter  
You say your just bein' friendly, ain't that a bitch?  
You could be my brother, my father but the fact  
Is homie don't play that

I don't play that  
Man, homie don't play that

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