

## Goodie Mob

### "Play Your Flutes"

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[Chorus: Sleepy Brown]

People play your flutes  
I hope I get to you  
Hustlers play your flutes  
Players play your flutes  
Gangstas play your flutes  
I hope I get to you

[Kurupt]

My pocket are tripling, banging so many weapons  
It's different, sip on some ripple and here's where you  
stash the nickle  
And baby a little pot of dough, I got fly hoes already  
bitch  
And I started pimping an hour ago  
Uh, I know that you be watching  
Trying to play with my intelligence, I circulate the West  
And what I calculate baby just from you taking up my  
time  
Everything you got in every pocket you want is mine  
Cadillac and Coup DeVilles dipping through the villa  
Teaching the motherfuckers pretending to be realer  
Hang on, and don't you let go  
I got game to make the rain freeze like snow  
Gipp, they just don't get  
Gipp, they can't fuck with us  
Keep it moving in motion we Dungeon Family baby  
And I give to fuckers just the way Los Angeles made  
me  
All my

[Chorus] (only the first third)

[T-Mo]

Listen up little brother, go after anything in this world  
you want to pursue  
You don't have a clue  
To who you might need in the future, so be good to  
everybody  
Execute your plan, to the fullest  
3-4 taking me from coast to coast

Sometimes taking us abroad first class only with my  
tenderoni  
G-Mo-B style, that how we ride to the fullest  
Baby from the bottom to the top  
We be the cream of the crop, rising, grinding,  
everybody shining  
From head to toe, that how it go, to the fullest 'bout to  
blow  
With the Mo-B for life, Goodie Mo-B lumberjacking  
Packing knowledge of self, I hope our lyric help  
Somebody who might need some, inspiration of a  
whole black nation  
Coming together for 2004  
That's how it go, nigga  
You know the Goodie Mo', and you know that nigga Mo'  
That's how it go

[Big Gipp]

Gangstas, you ain't gotta kill a man, try  
Sometimes you gotta let a little homie walk the line  
Just to show him how close he came to get his little ass  
burnt  
Like some honey baked toast  
Walking the hood comatose 21, 24 hours out the day  
In the lord I pray, but the S-K  
Spray a little bit then the police will come  
Holding my nuts everytime I don't run  
Hung in the hood, in the slums, in the PJs  
In the ghetto deep in the country the wood with no  
streetlights  
Slide to the left baby I'mma hit it right  
Came into the front yard, on-on-one fist fight  
O. G.'s from the hood told me to keep my shit right  
And if they try my mama house, I'll take the first flight  
The same niggaz that said they had my back  
They got them folks sniffing 'round my pine, I'm gone

[Chorus] (only the first two-thirds)

[Khujo]

Yeah, uh  
Gangstas, put down your dukes  
Hustlas pick up your flutes  
It's your boy 'Jo Goodie, and people don't shoot  
I hope I get to y'all in one piece  
Cuz tomorrow ain't promised, I hid in the belly of the  
beast  
Folks still digging, in the trash can trying to get  
something to eat  
HIV running rapid in my community  
Teen pregnancies, children having children

People sleeping, on the street  
So it ain't all G-double O-D  
Don't think I got it gravy when you see 'Jo Goodie on TV  
I know this gon be the death of me  
But situations and circumstances got be twisting  
broccoli  
Last year, the devil tried to kill me  
But y'all showed mercy, on him, he pleased  
Now I'm a below the knee amputee, back on the street  
Happily married with four kids, and I'll still split your  
wig

[Chorus]

[Outro: Kurupt] (overlap the chorus)  
Real G'd Up  
Goodie Mob  
Kurupt Young Gotti  
J-Wells, Bonzi J-Wells  
Dungeon...

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