

Helmet

"Young Playah"

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Kick back while I romp, rap, perk, and get keyed
I got a fifth of heem and some hurt ya dick weed
Taking fat sips of the henneseey
And if I aint drunk now, I'm finna be
Its the cold crest capper on the microphone
Making sucka sounding punks straight leave it alone
From the G-H-E-TT-O, land of the freaky hoe
Where niggas get the cock, bust a nut, say beep me
hoe
No time for kickin' it, niggas be dickin' it
No money for movies hoe, so dont even mention it
'Cause times are too rough, its hard to do stuff
The crack'll slack, I need to try some new stuff
I need to start packin', dressin' in black and
Come out after 12 with my gat and start jackin'
Cars with beat, taking money from freaks
And even jack that motherfucka on the corner who
geeks
I gotta survive and try to stay alive hoe
Life is like cracker jacks but money's the prize though
24-7 on a get mail mission
Times are getting crazy but you dont listen
Young brothas grow up, become tight and thangs
Just a few close niggas the rollers call 'em a gang
I cant understand how these devils think
I need to get my nine and cold take me a drink
And get sick wit it, they cant get wit it
They need to eat my ass, and suck some dick wit it...

One more time back at you
With a nice smooth beat to rap to
Its young MD from the romp baby
And I'm on my way to the top baby
I got a one way ticket, theres not return
And sucka MC's better wait your turn
'Cause I'm a fly young brotha with a gift of gab
And bitch dont let it get ya mad
I be straight shift strikin', and never would I be hikin'
Lots of dank, and lots of drank is what a nigga be likin'
Straight romp bandit, the rollers cant understand it
When they run up in my house and come out empty

handed
UGH, they cant touch Dre
'Cause I'm a cold crest creeper makin' much pay
Doin' it the only way I know how
And these many of styles, got me on top of the pile
Makin' M-A-I-L, hear what I spell
Rollers try to keep me in they J-A-I-L
But I B-A-I-L, spending my mail
Just to get out of the C-E-LL...

Last... but not least
Mac muthafuckin' Dre is on the mic G
Listen party people as I get dumb
I got stupid dope lyrics let me spit 'em
It's the riggity riggity riggity romp stizzar
You know hoes wanna ride in my cizzar
But none never ever get fizzar
Maybe 'til there is no stizzar
'Cause its P-I-M-P-I-N-G
Hoe come pay me my money
'Cause the D-I-C-K dont come free
As long as I got you I wont slang the D
'Cause I'm too damn vicious, you cant get wit this
You wont get kisses, you'll just get dick bitch
Its MD on the mic hoe
And never say never 'cause you might blow
For some of you hoes it might take some time
But when I spit that rhyme and cold blow your mind
Fuck you for a while then take a nap
Then you're waking me up blowing me off the map
Put on my clothes and I'm on my way
And you wish you wouldnt've fucked with the mac
named Dre...
"and my number one rule is run up through it"

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