

Bun B

"Stop Playin"

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Stop playin'
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Stop, stop playin'
Stop playin'
Stop playin'
Stop playin'

I'm the one man army, Bun B
I've never been taken out
I keep MCs breaking out
I'll bring the real rap back and taking the fake one out
I've cleaned all the bullshit, have to wait to make a
vacant route
Okay, now let the real niggers roll through
It's gone before you knew
Niggers in the '02
It was some bullshit then and it's some bullshit now
So I'm just tryin' to keep the bullshit down
They say the rap game needs balance to keep in level
Just like the EQ with the bass made to treble
And yea, that's true, but if you want to point blame
Just be careful about the motherfuckin' weight you
weighin'
You blame radio, internet and politics
But since we all really know it's just a pile of shit
You not playin' cuz your music ain't written
The people don't like you, stop hatin' start quitin'
motherfucker

You sayin' you the man, that's the key to you
Becuz we know why what you did and what you didn't
do
It's not the shit you say, it's the shit you're not sayin'
You don't dare to show better, step it up and stop
playin'
Stop playin'
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Niggers be lying, talkin' 'bout their busted heater
Once I see 'em they be more like Justin Bieber
Leave it, my rivals underground like sky zoos ha I do
I have 'em layin' on the crown
Bleedin', but naked with a bullet in his motherfuckin'
head like Erica Badu
I find irony in being in a place where I'm wearing Gucci
Mane, getting white boys wasted
I tell a nigger break bread a ticklin'
I'm tryin' to get rid of this weight, pay fair
Me an Bun got a gangsta pun
We're like that once in a lifetime thing, to you ain't the
prom
I'm not a fan of no man, I'm not Stan
Fall like Niagara that's why they go god damn
I whip it up in the kitchen like pots and pans
I'm godlike, when I'm prayin' I should stand

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No rapper can rap quite like I can
I'll take your best known rapper and make him a fan
I'm the man home boy, we run the block
I make you say go Reggie and do the wap
Ha-ha and I'm doc, the nigger to hate
And my flow and your swag
It don't relate cuz I'm great
Choose like cross the flicks
Light skin, just one shade, darker the drake
I hurray when the camera rollin'
It's like golf how I got the US Open
Nigger I'm nice, I see you scopin'
Think twice before you move that close and
That's my dosage, call me tomorrow
Look so fly when you call me a barber
Everything I write, call me the author
Baby I'm back, sorry I lost ya

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