

Bush**"Play Around"**

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[Puffy]

As we proceed
To give you what you need
B.I.G., mutha fucka's
Lil' Cease, mutha fucka's

[Bristal]

Yo, handsome Hansun
Got dough like the Hanson's
Niggas come fast, went out like Helly Hanson
Mr. Bristal, you will never catch me dancin'
Often prancing, only in a mansion
In the party, I'm high and drunk, I see you glancin'
Never blow my cool, even if it's jammin'
If shit hit the fan then I got the cannon
Cock, lick-shots, leave 'em where they standin'
You can call the cops, I never get ran in
Call Blake C., ya'll get the understanding
Who my man is, who the fam' is
All that bullshit you talk? Can it, we own the planet
It's a definite, niggas over money, reppin' it
Armageddon it, destroy e'rything when we settin' it
You delicate, far away in the country where you better
get
Assets in, nigga
Ya'll need to get wit' some veterans

1 - [Big Harve]

You don't wanna play around
You don't wanna play around
You don't wanna play around with me
No more, I'll kill you

You don't wanna play around
You don't wanna play around
You don't wanna play around with me
No more, I'll kill you

[Lil' Cease]

Yo, yo, yo
Niggas wanna start shit, push the button

See the dough flip from the carpet
Me and Bris' about to lock down the market
Gats be sparkin', they lie too
Not Crips and Bloods, it's Piru
B-Roc I'ma die for you
Till this day, I'mma ride for you
And God forbid, gotta die too
When you pull that gat, I'll be right beside you
To guide you, on who to hit and not to
If a nigga guilty, got to die too
That's the real-la, you're talkin' to the roach killer
For more scrilla
About to upset New York like Reggie Miller
Once they say you turn thug, you turn killer
Man, it's hard to turn back when a nigga feel ya
That's why they tell ya you're nobody 'til somebody kill
ya
That's why until ya play it back, don't get too familiar
Cause if you get too close, my nigga's might fuckin'
killa ya
Nigga

Repeat 1 while:

[Lil' Kim]
Another one
The Queen Bee, extraordinaire
Lil' Cease, commin' at'cha
For the year 2000 and the new millennium, Uh

Fuck all you hoes, I blows like flutes
Bitches don't shake my hand, they salute the lieutenant
Rich men kiss the back of the hand of the royal
highness
Pocohontas, Mafia's behind us, ballin' like Utah
Didn't think a ghetto bitch could come this far
From pushin' Buicks to candy apple red Jaguars
Bitch think I'm rich, I could rock a fool blue suit
A furry Kangol with some cowboy boots
And still be the shit of the night
When I come through
You be on the side holdin' ya cups like the bums do
Waitin' for the Queen to put some change in it
I pull out a 'G' and drop it with a hundred grand left in
my pocket
I promoted this shit, so I got's to make a profit
And all the ends are sins to my men's, down his
prophet
Me and Lil' Cease, it's part two, me partners
Layin' niggas down like carpenters
So pardon us, like Nike's, we just do it

We ain't amateurs to this shit, we used to it
And all the bodies I killed, keep 'em on file
So when they anniversaries come, we pop Cristall
Ask Bristol, the Golden Child, ta-dow
Take it how I gives it, you talk it, you live it
And don't forget it, bitches

[Puffy]

Stop tryin' to sound like her too, bitches

Repeat 1 while:

[Lil' Kim]

Ya'll muthafucka's do not wanna play with us

Ya'll don't wanna play with us

We will fuckin' kill you

Set the fucka's right

I'll fuckin' kill you

I don't give a fuck who it is

You don't wanna play around

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