

Jane Siberry

"I Ain't Playin"

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(Mystikal)

I aint playin!

(Huh)

Yall see me enter this motherfucker SHUT THE FUCK UP

I aint playin

(He aint playin)

(Tell him nigga)

Talk shit behind my back

(But when they see me, they don't wanna see me)

I aint playin

(I aint playin wit you bitches)

I aint playin wit you bitches

BACK yo ass (wooh) FUCK UP

Gimme some fucking room to put my gold plaque up

I fucked all dat up ROLIN I break these fuckin bitches
back open

And watch me turn my dreams realistic

Dat kinda would make you wear black armour or may
handset yo picnic

I'm drinkin but I'm still thirsty

Madder than a motherfucker dats why I'm cursing

Said I'm up here but when I'm live and in person

Whippin yo ass from over to the clothes to the curtain

To each and every other rapper I'm a burden

I keep'em hearin me cause I'm smooth like (?)

YALL niggaz washed up like the turd

SO! Goin straight for your motherfuckin throat

The rhymes that I wrote

Playin is goin to get you fucked up

Bout to let you bitches know

(Chorus)

I aint playin wit u

(I aint playin wit you bitches)

I aint playin wit you bitches

(He aint playin he aint playin)

I aint playin wit yo bitch ass

I aint playin

I aint playin with you bitches

I aint playin

(I aint playin wit yo bitch ass)
(Huh) (I aint playin)
(Whatchu told me?)

I thought I fucking told you
Bitch don't you ever
Think because I'm handsome I'm mild mannered
That you can damn me think my style aint standard
Fucking wit the man gone get you man handled
Mixing my boot camp name up in scandals and
slenderness
Dats the reason niggas got tossed off the stage in
Atlanta
Niggas be actin like they hard to understand
It's bout time for niggas to represent New Orleans,
Louisiana
And them steel toe boots gone stomp yo ass
One hundred some odd niggaz ready to jump yo ass
STOMP yo ass way past the grass
motherfuckers run up but they don't last
I make a lot of cash and you others bought a (?)
Rabbit eyes couldn't see me threw a magnifying glass
I was born in jazz and I shine like brass... (But what?)
(what?)
But I aint playin wit yo bitch ass

(Chorus)

Like class card I aint s-s-studdin it
Dat don't mean I'm bout to take yo shit though
motherfucker (hell no)
I can see it in yo face you can see me comin
You insecure and jealous
Actin bad with yo woman
Already don't got yo money
Can't take shit from me try yo best to put your meanest
face on from me
But I don't need you bitches cause you bad company
The only way you don't get stomped stay the fuck
runnin from me
This motherfuckers coming up lovely
These niggaz cannot run me on nuttin (aint dat
something I'm)
Tight as a button the album cussin the
Whooole fucking up dat nigga and use words like a
deadly weapon
Grab these motherfuckers by they thumb (Owww)
Ball yo stupid ass up and make yo ass look (dumb)
Do pass where I'm standin know wha' I'm sayin?
When I fuck that (?) you betta tell'em
I aint playin!

(Chorus)
I aint playin wit u
I aint playin
(He aint heard me)
I aint playin
Fuck! I'm tired of this shit
Rappin motherfuckers
All them niggaz tryin to use my name to sell there tape
I aint playin
I aint playin wit you bitches
It aint that I don't want to motherfuckers
But I aint got time to
Bitch I aint playin
I aint playin..

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