

Juliana Hatfield

"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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