

Kid Frost**"Play'n and Laugh'n"**

Visit "[Play'n and Laugh'n](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[B.G.]

I try to maintain keep my head straight
But my surroundin' Niggas want half weight
So what the fuck all I see iz niggas heads peeled
I ain't got to many postive relatives people
Try to tell me right from wrong but man I think
I'm grown I ain't resepectin no nigga cuz my daddy gone
I'm on my own so let me be the B.G. I'm gonna be
Its an possiabilty I might see a key off Valence
Street all I want is green in my hand I ain't gonna
Say nothin' because shit doesn't always go as planned
I'm gonna do what I do wit my hustlin cuz I know
Somewhere out here they got a mill I'm gonna get it
I ain't waitin on the bitch to come to me
If that's the case I be waitin til eternity
I'ma struggle and strive drink some wine
Doin bad thas fine I got my hand on my nine
You bests believe I'm goin to get mine
You can take this to the bank nigga I'm gonna die tryin

Chorus: B.G.

Playa can't be played
Playa niggas sittin around waitin on shit to happen
but if ya want somethin do what ya got to do, Gee out
chea
and make yo shit come through playa

[B.G.]

I gots to get mine I'm out for me
Nobody worryin' bout dis little B.G.
I'm gonna get my hustle on I'm in it to win it
I ain't my own Man sittin' round dependin'
I'm The next Nigga to take care of me
Thas weak I wouldn't be showin' responsibility
I'm gonna handle my own weight wit my own skills
Make my own mill backed up by The next nigga grill
Build me an hand hand I'm gonna play it right
To choices to rock the mic on my all night flight
One way or another success is in my future
If Ya talk stupid playa hatin' Im a mute ya

I'm gonna struggle till I make it
I know I'm gonna make it because I'm Tru to the game
No fakin' niggas wonderin why they Can't stop dis B.G.
Standin 5'11 weighin 153 from the streets goin full
speed
To the stars nigga layin down raw smokin big phat
cigars
Nigga I got my hands on my nine I told ya
Take this to the bank nigga I'm gonna die tryin

Chorus

[B.G.]

Nigga I'm all bout da paper been a hustler for life
Always lay down and get mine even if I got to hang all
night
It's like they got to wait for you, they got to wait for me
If I got to bust in disgust I'm gonna provide for the B.G.
I got this million dollar talent and it's all in my mind
I'm gonna work it overtime, I gots to get mine
I hit the block wit real niggas, block cock wit real niggas
Goin' to the top wit real niggas you get chopped from
real niggas
I got skills for double platium I'm an habbit like dat
I pack my gat wit nine put my mac for nine niggas flat
on dey back
Sellin crack for nine I'm tryin to make somethin
Shake get a big break I ain't fake
I got two choices rap or slang yay
It's cool because i'm a real nigga all about da mail
Get the scale weigh the yay got eleven for sale
Belive I don't mind dyin' make a million
I'm tryin stuck in the hood nigga out to get mine

Chorus

Visit [Kid Frost](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.