

Kurupt "Play My Cards"

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(to) (to) (to)
(to the tic)
(to the tic-tic) --> slick rick

Yeah, yeah, yeah-yeah-yeah
Kurupt young gotti
Hell yeah

Raw dawg
You know
You know me
Raw dawg assassin
Comin atcha, baby
Cat, kick it in
Kick it in

[verse 1]
Pull up...
Soon as I park shit sparks
Spit fire, gangbang affiliation, retaliation
Spit sparks till shit's dark forever
What's up, homie
Why you walkin up on me?
Postin up in the shade
We can draw or get paid
You ain't movin not a thing, homeboy
Click em with automatics and automatic toys
Bounce, rock, rollerskatin
Dippin down the streets on platinum daytons
(yo, what up?)
I'm just a gee
Oh yeah, that's me
Don't forget it
Act like you knew it 'fore I set it
I put the needle on top of the wax
Before I turn around
And burn everything to the ground
I seen it comin
A fool over to the right gunnin
The homies whistled
We all draw pistols

[chorus]

Gotta stay in charge
Gotta play my cards
On the grind all day, babe
Oh, gots to get paid

[verse 2]

You got a stash to hid, you got some hash to hit?
Cash to get, glocks to pop and shit
(what you talkin bout?) everybody's got questions and
shit
(hey yo, what's up with...?) muthafuckas questionin shit
(shut the fuck up, homie) worryin bout me and my wife
(my wife) all I wanna do is live my life
(that's all) raise up off me, homie
(yeah) ease back softly, homie
(check it out) I'm a gee from the d.p.g.
And no matter what you say, you can't fuck with me
Hey loco, I see you wanna loc out
Coastin, movin in locomotion
In the cut dippin, the homeboys trippin
Spittin, waitin for a shot to get called
The homie spit a plot to us
Then passed the 16-shots to us

Uh-u-uh
Uh-u-uh
Uh-u-uh

[verse 3]

I got scams for hundreds of gramms
Me and my man, me and my pistol, a plan
For about a
Whole ki load of some powder
Stashin, dippin, dashin, smashin, tryin to cash in
>from the front to the back, and packin
Pull the strap and start clappin
I'm about to move a little somethin
A little sumptin-sumpin
For the homie, pack the pump and get to dumpin
Hit the liquor store, I wanna get paid
A fifth of hen, then back to the shade
What you got, smoke, loc, let's blaze up
Let me get a toke, loc, and let's raise up
Punks stop and get popped when funk pop
I'm worldwide while you thinkin: either he is or he's not
International like [? ? ?]
You can feel me
In the real way

[chorus]

Bitches, get your ride on, on

Kurupt young gotti
Raw dawg

Just get your ride on
Just get your ride on, homie

My nigga battlecat
Ha-ha

Just get your ride on, homie

(to the tic-tic
And you don't quit
Hit it)

This is for the riders
Riders
The riders

Hustlers
Hustlers
The hustlers

This is the one, baby!

(tic-toc)
(ya) (ya) (ya don't)
(ya) (ya) (ya) (ya don't stop) (stop) (stop)
Bitch

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