

Lil' Kim

"Play Around"

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(Puff)

B.I.G,

Lil Cease

(Mr.Bristal)

Sipping Hansun

Got dough like the Hansons

Bitches come fast and out like Helly Hansen

Mister Bristal you will neva catch me dancing

Off the prancing

Only in a mansion

In a party high and drunk

I see you glancing

Never blow my cool even if its jammin

Is the bitch is a feed I got a cannon

Cock, Lick shots, Leave them where they standing

You can call the cops I never get ran in

Call Blake C. yall get the understanding

Who my man is, who the fam is

All that bullshit you talk, can it

We own the planet

Its a definite

Niggas go for money reppin it

Armagedding it

Everything we on we setting it

You delicate

Farr away in the country where you better get

Yall need to get with some veterans

Chorus: (Harve Pierre)

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 Brist about to lock down the market
Gats they spark it
Lie to
Got crips and bloods that pop ???
B.Rock I'm a die for you
Til this day I'm a ride for you
God forbid I die too
When you pull that gack
I'll be right besides you
To guide you
On who to hit and not to
If a niggas guilty he got to die to
Thats the reala
They talking to the roach killa
The most illa
About to upset New York like Reggie Miller
Plus they say you turn thug you turn killa
Its hard to turn back when a nigga feel ya
That's why they say don't nobody know you til somebody
kill ya
That's why I say stay back, don't get to familiar

Cause if you get to close my niggas might fucking kill
ya

Chorus: (Harve Pierre)
You don't wanna play around
You don't wanna play around
Lil Kim: another
You don't wanna play around...with me
Lil Kim: da queen b
No more.....I'll kill you
Lil Kim: the extraodinaire
You don't wanna play around
Lil Kim: Lil Cease
You don't wanna play around
Lil Kim: Coming at ya for the year 2000, the new
millenium
You don't wanna play around...with me
Lil Kim: uh
No more.....I'll kill you
Lil Kim: uh

(Lil Kim)
Fuck all yall hoes I blows like suits
Bitches don't shake my hand
They salute, the leutenant
Rich men kiss the back of the hand of the royal
heiness..pocanhantas..mafia behind this

Balling like Utah
Didn't think a ghetto bitch could come this far
From pushing buicks to candle apple red jaguars
Niggas think I'm rich
I could rock a fubu suit...a furry kangol and some
cowboy boots
And still be the shit of the night
When I come through
You be on the side holding your cups like the bums do
Waiting 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 to make a profit
And all the ends I sends to my mens down in Scarfett
Me and Lil Cease in partuni partners
Laying niggas down like carpenters
So pardon us
Like Nikes, we just do it
We aint ameteurs to this shit
We used to it
And all the bodies I killed
I keep them on file
So when there anniversaries come
We pop Cristal
Ask Chrystal, the golden child Tow dow!
Take it how I give it
You talk shit
We live it
Don't forget it

(Puff)
Stop trying to sound like her too

Chrous plus ad libs from Lil Kim and Puff till fade

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