

Lil' Wyte

"We Ain't Playin'"

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[Chorus: repeat 4X]

We ain't playin' (hell naw) we ain't playin' (hell naw)
We ain't playin' motherfucker we ain't playin' (hell naw)

[Verse 1]

Alright, I got a bunch problems throbbing in my noggin
that ain't stopping me
You pooping slugs from your glock on your block I'm
staring killing sprees
I'm 23's you 17's on vogues you can't weigh up to me
You flex on me but really it's that hate driving
incorrectly
I'm on the road get the fuck up out my way I'm coming
hoe
You thinking we playing with the words we saying
We ain't playing for all who didn't know
Keeping it real I'm laughing at cha' I ain't laughing with
cha'
I'm glad to get your full attention comprehension listen
to my opposition
Make some money fuck the honeys twist a blunt and
pass it to me
Got no time no weak rhymes so when I write it comes
out ebonics
That's the way it's gotta be dirty south to vow with me
Suddenly thousand miles per hour Renzo's on and out
of me
Ain't hit my peak but I'll keep climbing til' my lungs give
out on me
Won't take my seat but I'll keep standing flaming til'
you feel the heat
Competition is what the world revolves around so know
the score
I'm man the lil' mo tasting your plate fuck it we ain't
playing hoe

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

You ain't scared we ain't scared so let's take this out
the doe
Got your unit let's go do it I ain't got no time for hoes

Think we playing we ain't playing and we can do this 10
on 4
With all this animosity around me I'm about to explode
And if I blow it's for show the outcome is gonna be
crucial
Feeling neutral and if you say I'm useful and that
truthful
Bringing it brutal every time pass the fucking mic to

Then your soul and giving music that's you guarantee
to like it
Ain't no stopping there nothing but air and opportunity
every where
Stop and stare or just take a peek at all that isn't fair
Think I care yes sir cause all this shit is effecting me
I'm gone keep on speaking my mind until these folks
start respecting me
Neglecting me no more taking that motherfuck what
cha' say
Tough as nails growing up in mempho living in the bay
Mady Gray pick the rapping yes this nigga had to write
No more joking legally roasting you up on track is tight

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I got a million categories on my shit to do list
And plus my anna that's been bottled building up
through out this
It's gone combine with the bad and the goods gone get
great
Be sad that you ain't make this far I can't help it that is
fake
And plus my legacy been charted through untraveled
planet
My prophecy got me to where I be I know you can't
stand it
My shit be slamin' like orgasms jamin' up in your throat
Open up your read this vowels so you can get a breath
fo' you choke
I'm bout to give it like some stitches doctors place in
sessions
Bring up nothing but some fucking pain on every thang
that I'm given
And I got no love for them haters tryin to stop what I'm
doing
This shit goes on I rap po long and bet's believe I'm
pursuing
A higher ground on lert and that's so hard cause man
ain't got wings
See every one on nursery puppets dancing round on

strings

You got to grab life by it's neck and rip it's bones out of
socket

Cause if you don't you'll might slip up and you'll end up
out of pocket

[Chorus]

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