

## Lil' Wyte "We 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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