

# Mims

## "They Don't Wanna Play - Bad Seed, Bun B, MIMS"

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(screwed up)  
they talkin big baby  
they they talkin big baby  
they talkin big baby  
they they talkin big baby

chorus:  
they ont wanna play  
they ont wanna play  
they ont they ont they ont wanna play  
they ont wanna play they talkin big baby  
they ont wanna play  
they ont wanna play  
they ont wanna u can get the fuck up out of trill niggas  
way

verse 1:  
say u a killa killa  
say u bout that skrilla skrilla  
watch out wen them bullets spray  
(braaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaat)  
jus might get fill up fill up  
Mr. Potatoe Head  
u gone make me kill this nigga  
u claimin yo flow is sick?  
yea well mine is illa illa  
catch me in that dirty dirty  
feed up in that villa villa  
so live im the 05 thrilla in manilla  
come thru with the triple village  
straight from the bottom to the top of the buildin  
nigga im about my bread!!!!  
my flow is yo ceilin ceilin  
nigga pop off  
finna get popped my word is boooooorn  
wanna shoot the head up  
meet me in the ring lets go its oooooon  
aint affraid wut u niggas got to offa  
got killas in the mit that'll off ya  
yawl niggas aint on the same level  
pull up pull off in the vocsha

one day in my life it el cost ya  
look away look back i lost ya  
i aint a killa main  
but i will thats word on my son and my up boan  
daughter  
you meet me by the creek by the crawler  
im the on sippin weight cruch the balla  
you niggas is hustlin backwards  
(they talkin big baby)

chorus:

verse 2:

i tried to told em not to act up  
but he didnt listen  
now his colla bone and rib cage  
out of position

ima big dude  
trapped in a lil nigga body nigga  
i ont know karate but ill body ya whole party  
he aint see shit all he seen is a shottie  
next he seen jesus  
pick up the putisis  
im the shit mattafact in shiesest  
dont make me show u wut a beast is  
nigga get on ya grind stoop ya  
slackin on ya day to day  
u know wut time it is and i aint flava flave  
but ima new york nigga spittin razor blades  
ill leave u hurt like u label paid  
u was tough last wee but u soundin real gay today  
so get the fuck up out of trill niggas way  
man i will lean u like a kick stand  
rock u like a wristband  
cut chu then i switch hands  
(they they talkin big baby)

chorus:

verse 3:

now all u pussy niggas  
fuck boys snitches and hoes  
make way for the trill slammin cadillac does  
represent for pop trunkers  
wit the trues and the voes  
chunkin deuces out the roof fuckin up the side shows  
from the pros to begginers  
L 7's to the winners  
southern course steakas  
to the chicken dinnas

and grind all the binnas  
and need to get it out  
find a tight trap  
and then i said it out  
bet cha bout them dolla  
on the best cause im back  
im the true and certified who resided pimpin back  
fat joe is cood coke and the crack and the flesh  
young jeezy the snow man  
but i pack is the best  
so wen u see the 8 and the A  
put the hatin away  
joey is back and we been waitin to play  
trigga finga waitin to spray  
leavin ya punched  
and u ont wanna see any trill niggas at a conjunction  
(they talkin big baby)

chorus:

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