

## Rage Against The Machine

### "Play Around"

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[Puffy]

As we proceed  
To give you what you need  
B.I.G., mutha fucka's  
Lil' Cease, mutha fucka's

[Bristal]

Yo, handsome Hansun  
Got dough like the Hanson's  
Niggas come fast, went out like Helly Hanson  
Mr. Bristal, you will never catch me dancin'  
Often prancing, only in a mansion  
In the party, I'm high and drunk, I see you glancin'  
Never blow my cool, even if it's jammin'  
If shit hit the fan then I got the cannon  
Cock, lick-shots, leave 'em where they standin'  
You can call the cops, I never get ran in  
Call Blake C., ya'll get the understanding  
Who my man is, who the fam' is  
All that bullshit you talk? Can it, we own the planet  
It's a definite, niggas over money, reppin' it  
Armageddon it, destroy e'rything when we settin' it  
You delicate, far away in the country where you better  
get  
Assets in, nigga  
Ya'll need to get wit' some veterans

1 - [Big Harve]

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 Bris' about to lock down the market  
Gats be sparkin', they lie too  
Not Crips and Bloods, it's Piru  
B-Roc I'ma die for you  
Till this day, I'mma ride for you  
And God forbid, gotta die too  
When you pull that gat, I'll be right beside you  
To guide you, on who to hit and not to  
If a nigga guilty, got to die too  
That's the real-la, you're talkin' to the roach killer  
For more scrilla  
About to upset New York like Reggie Miller  
Once they say you turn thug, you turn killer  
Man, it's hard to turn back when a nigga feel ya  
That's why they tell ya you're nobody 'til somebody kill  
ya  
That's why until ya play it back, don't get too familiar  
Cause if you get too close, my nigga's might fuckin'  
killa ya  
Nigga

Repeat 1 while:

[Lil' Kim]  
Another one  
The Queen Bee, extraordinaire  
Lil' Cease, commin' at'cha  
For the year 2000 and the new millennium, Uh

Fuck all you hoes, I blows like flutes  
Bitches don't shake my hand, they salute the lieutenant  
Rich men kiss the back of the hand of the royal  
highness  
Pocohontas, Mafia's behind us, ballin' like Utah  
Didn't think a ghetto bitch could come this far  
From pushin' Buicks to candy apple red Jaguars  
Bitch think I'm rich, I could rock a fool blue suit  
A furry Kangol with some cowboy boots  
And still be the shit of the night  
When I come through  
You be on the side holdin' ya cups like the bums do  
Waitin' 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's to make a profit  
And all the ends are sins to my men's, down his  
prophet  
Me and Lil' Cease, it's part two, me partners  
Layin' niggas down like carpenters  
So pardon us, like Nike's, we just do it

We ain't amateurs to this shit, we used to it  
And all the bodies I killed, keep 'em on file  
So when they anniversaries come, we pop Cristall  
Ask Bristol, the Golden Child, ta-dow  
Take it how I gives it, you talk it, you live it  
And don't forget it, bitches

[Puffy]

Stop tryin' to sound like her too, bitches

Repeat 1 while:

[Lil' Kim]

Ya'll muthafucka's do not wanna play with us

Ya'll don't wanna play with us

We will fuckin' kill you

Set the fucka's right

I'll fuckin' kill you

I don't give a fuck who it is

You don't wanna play around

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