

## Dee dee Bridgewater

### "Quit Playin Games Hoe"

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I pull up with my niggas  
You know what song we poppin  
I'm the fatest mack  
So everybody watchin  
My timbos aint scuff'd  
Hydro I got enuff  
The kind that make you choke  
Everytime you take a puff'  
The real players cheefin'  
Notin' but ballas keepin  
You can smell it on my clothes  
So it aint no secret  
Rag on my head  
Braids to the back  
Gimme that grey goose  
And put that yak back  
I'm on another level  
Bitches I got several  
Don't try to rob me  
I got that heavy metal  
You in the dirt now  
You on the ground now  
Can't make a sound now  
You wanna clown now

\*Chorus\*

Stop playin games ho  
It's about that money you makin  
You playin games ho  
Aint bout no talkin no fakin  
Stop playing games ho  
It's about that life you livin  
You playin games ho  
Look at all this money you missin

So what's the deal pimpin  
I'm so for real pimpin  
I get my cinderella  
With unbroken seal pimpin'  
I flip the big truck  
With some big rims

I get my dick sucked  
When I pull out the benz  
Switchin' cds  
Watching dvds  
Down MLK in my suvs  
Pigeons jockin' me  
They wanna ride with me  
You gotta be down ho  
Like bobby brown and whitney  
I'm not gorilla pimpin'... but I keep them killas with me  
Yo u 4 reel nigga... think u can deal with me??  
You gotta couple of gunz... you know a couple of dudes  
You need to shut your mouth  
That's what u need to do

Chorus (x2)

Listen carefully... let me tell u somethin'  
This song is dedicated to niggas out there bumpin'  
Talkin 2 much... fakin', shakin', frontin'  
You got a lot 2 say and aint nobody ask u nuthin'  
Might get your jaw broke might get yo wig split  
Might get yo car shot up might get yo door kicked  
Might get u kidnapped might get yo neck snapped  
Might get yo feelins' hurt thinkin this is juss a rap  
To all u lil mama's who wanna get my number  
After the show is over... u wanna come on ova  
U wanna sip mo u wanna smoke dro  
Ask me 20 questions... this aint no talk show  
I'm not ur boyfriend... I'm not ur hus-band... I'm not ur  
sugar daddy  
I'm not ur best friend... don't need no best man... don't  
need no wedding band  
Close ur mouf and listen close 2 what I'm sayin'

Chorus

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