

Dee dee Bridgewater "Stop Playin' Games"

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(feat. Jadakiss)

[Jadakiss talking]

Trust me on this one Jerry

I know a little bit about the engineering thing too ya
heard me

I'm bigger than self, I'm bigger than self

Live one baby, ha ha

Expect the unexpected, Eightball good lookin' out

[Jadakiss]

Uh yeah, uh yeah, uh yeah,

Stop playin' games ma (Stop playin')

You know my name ma (Mwa!)

Ain't nothin' changed (Ah-uh)

Shit is real still the same ma (Yeah)

I still live it up (What)

Still kid it up (Ooh)

I still rock the big R piece glittered up (Let's go)

Might fuck you up (Nah)

Might cut you up (Yeah)

Might take the clip out and gun butt you up (Oh)

I love gettin' brains (Uh-huh)

I love flippin' caine (That's right)

Love all my niggas and they love me the same (What
up)

This is D-Block (Yeah)

Keep ya heat cocked (Uh-huh)

Or pull ya knife out and make a nigga meat drop (Let's
go)

I'll never cuff a bitch (Ah-uh)

I'll get another bitch (Uh-huh)

And on the spot make her eat another bitch (Ha ha)

Let's take it Down South (Let's go)

Let's take it Midwest (Come on)

I know where you stay (Yeah) and where ya kids rest
(Yeah)

You know my name yo (Kiss)

Stop playin' games ho (Ha ha)

Cause I ain't afraid to put fifty on ya brains ho (Ha)

[Eightball]

I pull up with my niggaz, you know it's on and poppin
I'm the fattest mack, so everybody watchin
My Timbo's ain't scuffed, hydro, I got enough
That kind that make you choke, everytime you take a
puff
Them real playaz chief it, nothin but ballers keep it
You could smell it on my clothes so it ain't no secret
Rag on my head, braids to the back
Gimme that Grey Goose, and put that 'gnac 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 underground now
Can't make a sound now, you wanna clown now?

[Hook: x2]

Stop playin games ho
It's about that money you makin
You playin games ho
Ain't 'bout no talkin or fakin
Stop playin games ho
It's about the life you livin
You playin games ho
Look at all this money you missin

[Eightball]

Yo what's the deal pimpin, I'm so for real pimpin
I get my Cinderella with unbroken seals pimpin
I flip a big truck (big truck) with some big rims (big
rims)
I get my dick sucked (dick sucked)
When I pull out the Benz (pull out the Benz)
Switchin CD's (CD's) watchin DVD's (DVD's)
Now MLK (MLK) in my SUV (SUV)
Pigeons jockin me, they wanna ride wit me
You gotta be down ho, like Bobby Brown and Whitney
I'm not gorilla pimpin, but I keep them killas wit me
Yo you for real nigga, think you can deal wit me?
You got a couple of guns, you know a couple of dudes
You need to shut your mouth, this what you need to do

[Hook: x2]

[Eightball]

Listen carefully, lemme tell you somethin
This song is dedicated, to niggaz out there bumpin
Talkin too much, fakin, shakin, frontin
You got a lot to say and didn't nobody ask you nothin
Might get yo' jaw broke, might get yo' wig split
Might get yo' car shot up, might get yo' dough kicked
Might get you kidnapped, might get yo' neck snapped

Don't get your feelings hurt thinkin this is just a rap
To all you little mamas, that wanna get my number
After the show is over, you wanna come on over
You wanna sip Mo', you wanna smoke 'dro
Ask me twenty questions, this ain't no talk show
I'm not ya boyfriend, I'm not ya husband
I'm not ya sugar daddy, I'm not ya best friend
Don't need no best man, don't need no wedding band
Close ya mouth, and listen close to what I'm sayin

[Hook: x2]

Stop playin games ho
You playin games ho [x8]

Stop playing games ho..
Now stop playin (I ain't playin wit y'all!

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