

## 8 Ball "Stop Playin' Games"

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(feat. P. Diddy)

[P. Diddy]

Shit nigga.. A ho is a ho

A ho a-, shit, heheh

I'm strictly referring to them ho-ass niggaz, feel me?

I go by the name of that boy Diddy

This is my man Fatboy, you know

Eightball niggaz, that's right, heh

[Eightball]

Yea, 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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