

**Big Pokey & Chris Ward****"Don't Play"**

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(\*talking\*)

I don't play, make way

AK, Sensei

[Big Pokey]

Pimping ain't a thang, so I swang on these youngsters

I bang on these heffers, and make these hoes swim

The bitch can't swim, she's bound to drown

A crock might lock on, and spin her round and round

Thirteen can't find me, I drowned the hounds

Put the weed in the commode, and drown the pounds

Fo' hundred rounds, two two-hundred clips

Whoever my target is, gon do two hundred flips

My 15's bang, like two hundred Crips

On your block, sounding like two hundred whips

My pockets swoll, like they done two hundred dips

And I don't use money clips, just plastic bags

These niggaz jumping fly, but they crashing fast

Don't make me tell my set snipers, to blast the Mags

I'm a toe tagger, move 'fore that ass get dagged

Pistol whipped, stomped and whipped I don't play

[Hook - 2X]

I don't play, one deep I'll rock your block

Make way, it's the cat that they got to stop

AK, that's for cats that don't like to box

Sensei, I'm a crock bull I got's to lock

[Big Pokey]

Hard times and pain, got a nigga mind locked

I'm frustrated, about to pull that iron out

I'm trying not, to lose my cool

But I'ma grind it out, I refuse to lose

And I'm a hog dog, and do what I do

You better watch out, 'fore I do it to you

Cause when I come through, your do' on the lake

It's feather weight, letting off eight in your chest plate

Might choke your scwol, till the tramp suffocate

Then C4 the place, cause that'll close the case

I rock glocks, I don't fuck with beepers

I pull boulders out my sneakers, and feed deakers

I rap now nigga, I bleed speakers  
Majors trying to peep us, FED's trying to keep us  
Treat us how you meet us, real know real  
Take it how it come, nigga move up the field

[Hook - 2X]

[Big Pokey]

M.O.B. me, I'm the Boss of the click  
I'm in the kitchen tossing a brick, my ounces are thick  
All I need is pyrex gaws, to fork all with  
I'm throwing hard to the block, like Bret Favre or Vick  
I got a mean gauge game, my Revolver sick  
It keep throwing up bullets, my Revolver sick  
Don't involve your click, them niggaz'll get it  
I run with a mobbish click, them niggaz is with it  
Niggaz get hit, when I cock my fo' back  
Franko chain and a fitted, when I rock my throwback  
I keep it gutter, ounces of yay like toast  
I keep it butter, big ol' slab when I cut her  
I come from the street nigga, in a hard way  
Is how I eat niggaz, so you know I might cheat niggaz  
Light on my feet nigga, hands like pipes  
Break niggaz off, and it's on on sight nigga

[Hook - 4X]

(\*talking\*)

Make way nigga, straight up  
I'm coming at ya, I ain't stopping  
You know me, M.O.B.  
I don't play make way, AK Senei

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