

**Brandy F/ Ray J****"We Play"**

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[Intro]

Seventh sign mastermind in full effect, please believe  
it

All you suckas didn't need his death, all you playa  
hata

Yell out Q-Tommy's shit, fuck a ravance angry bitch  
Seventh Sign nigga, DOA nigga, Capo Confuscious,  
Little Razul

Josiah, Patience, Baby Fil, Nina Ross, Olay Aloha and  
My sisters in heaven

[Intro-Background]

Y'all ain't ready for this shit, y'all know what it is  
{Laughs} That's, that's, that's, that's, that's how we  
play..

How we play...ooh we, ooh we, ooh we, ooh we, ooh we..

That's how we play, that's how, that's how we play..

Yeah...ooh we, ooh we, that's how we..

That's how we play

[Intro-Background]

Y'all know what it is nigga, fuck these niggaz

Who do not believe in what the fuck

The seventh sign, who do, you motherfuckers, I need

None of you motherfuckers, put it on me motherfucker

Put it one me, It's how we play motherfuckers

Comin' to get you niggaz

[Chorus]

It's how we play, yeah

It's how we play, yeah (that's how we play...)

It's how we play, yeah

It's how we play, yeah (that's how we play...)

It's how we play, yeah

It's how we play, yeah (that's how we play...)

It's how we play, yeah (that's how we play...)

It's how we play, yeah

That's how we play..

[Verse 1]

Give me an ounce for three fifty

Nigga need a quick divorce, my niggaz keep tellin me  
What they keep sayin about being the source  
Well I don't read magazines  
Nigga that's just erentation  
Bizzy reads the type of books to further along his  
education  
Little do they know about wha, wha, wha  
Little do they know about who, who, who  
Little do they know about me, me, me  
Eaze, and tell about you, you, you  
Ain't no time to be trippin the women  
Cause women will grab you get caught up 'n shot  
Little niggaz them bitches are yours, so slap on a  
rubber  
And beat up the cat, little niggaz y'all so horny  
Only got your car for broads, how could I be hatin  
When y'all are the fakest niggaz I've ever saw  
Y'all rollin with snitches, I don't know no snitches  
I roll with real niggaz 'til they fall off  
Gotta pick them up 'fore they lose they briches  
And I feel my children love me  
Daddy gots to do more better  
Balance help me makin money, and spendin more time  
with them  
With them, with them, stack up in the middle  
Play me like fiddle, feel "B" like everyday  
Don't be fickle motherfuckers

[Chorus]

It's how we play, yeah  
It's how we play, yeah (that's how we play...)  
It's how we play, yeah  
It's how we play, yeah (that's how we play...)  
It's how we play, yeah  
It's how we play, yeah (that's how we play...)  
It's how we play, yeah (that's how we play...)  
It's how we play, yeah  
That's how we play..

[Verse 2]

Wouldn't it be better if we could just choose the future  
Blood mixed up common fusion, thug picked up outta  
people  
No Ruthless, no medusa see I got jacked in Beverly  
Hills  
Still I keeps it real, very selective  
Wanna just smoke and chill  
See I'm a veteran all the grenade launchers won't cost  
me much  
Anyone can get extort, yeah nigga you can get touched  
Hot did on my third in the burbs

I was ridin' around with my sisters baby's father  
Double barrel shotgun say word  
Ready or not here come my words  
Steady or not that shit's absurd  
I already got me all prater  
Hop on the block hittin all my nerves  
This is the life style of that prick sellin been forcified  
Niggaz don't let him lie to y'all  
I'm a tell the truth on mine, and I really wanna war  
Catch us in early wires, open the door  
These rappers is scared as hell  
What you frontin for, he got his entourauge  
He got his bag of weed, it's just the way it is  
Little Bizzy takes the lead

[Chorus]

It's how we play, yeah  
It's how we play, yeah (that's how we play...)  
It's how we play, yeah  
It's how we play, yeah (that's how we play...)  
It's how we play, yeah  
It's how we play, yeah (that's how we play...)  
It's how we play, yeah (that's how we play...)  
It's how we play, yeah  
That's how we play..

[Verse 3]

Whatever, whatever, we got to get cheddar, I'm better  
with money  
Been runnin around with a gun in the skull  
And yo one of my buddies not dippin the swisher and  
none (?)  
Nobody's the best and you better believe it  
And leave it alone, 'lone  
I'm a tell y'all all my secrets, son of a mistress, carry on  
Out of the foster home been raised all of my freaky  
ways  
Burn my collection of porn but I don't want no strays  
What about church folk stressin that I should change  
If you life I'm a live my life  
Without the lies and let me pray for change  
And I keep the pimp cup, I don't wanna blow the pimps  
up  
Cause my fathers father was pimpin  
And he left all of his children checkin  
I don't have to respect it, and you don't have to respect  
it  
Give me my space, and I'm a give you yours  
It's my profession nigga, it ain't a game  
Y'all can pop the collar, it'd be some drama in the  
parkin lot

Seventh sign poppin your column  
One for the money, holla  
Two for the deep, playas  
It's the way we play impalas nigga y'all can (?)

[Chorus-Until fade]  
It's how we play, yeah  
It's how we play, yeah (that's how we play...)  
It's how we play, yeah  
It's how we play, yeah (that's how we play...)  
It's how we play, yeah  
It's how we play, yeah (that's how we play...)  
It's how we play, yeah (that's how we play...)  
It's how we play, yeah  
That's how we play..

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