

Dschinghes Khan

"We Ain't Playin"

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[Pastor Troy]

We-we ain't playin (ain't playin wit ya)

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[Verse 1:Lil' Flip]

Uh, I'm smoking blunts with my niggaz-I'm pullin
triggers for cash

promoters comin up short we put that heat on they ass
'cause when that shot gun blast, it ain't no stoppin the
shells

you doing shows everyday but you ain't clockin no mail
I'm in the A-T-L fuckin with killers and thugs
just book me for a show and watch me fill up the club
I gets nothing but love-I ride nothing but dubs
you steadily talkin that shit but you want box me with
gloves

don't make me fuck up ya mug, don't make me wire ya
jaw

I'm never scared like Bone Crusher so go hire a law
so he can watch yo back, I hope he got yo gat
you ain't sound scannin so how you got yo plaque?
(niggaa)

[Chorus: Pastor Troy]

We ain't playin' (what they stressin nigga)

we ain't playin' (what they yellin nigga)

We ain't playin' (what they stressin nigga)

we ain't playin' (what they yellin nigga)

[Verse 2: Pastor Troy]

I'm bout to bust me a head, I'm bout to hurt me a hoe
I'm in the club on this riddlin nigga and puffin the dro'
you already know bitch it's PT!

and ain't naan nigga in here (bullet shots) gon' fuck wit
me

I roll with Little'Flip lettin them hollows rip
straight at yo chest plate I can't fuckin wait
until a nigga cross my path you do the math
I got thirty in my clip, tell them niggaz Little'Flip

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Killer Mike]

Nigga roll wit ya self bring more drama then a
Shakespeare play
when I pull that K-up off the shelf
shot the deputy and the chief got my crew need no one
else
lose my crew smoke by myself, drink by myself
sit at the crib and plot by myself
back to the block serve rocks by myself
back to the block nigga break yo self
got somethin I need don't play yo self
you can freestyle I'm a pay myself, money over bitches
I'm a stay myself
you love hoes-I love myself wake up in the mornin and
hug myself
when I hang with Flip we leanin left
with a flock of hoes like we some pimps

[Verse 4: Baby D]

When I step in the club everybody gettin up
cause they know I came to make 'em jump
from the North, to the South, to the East, to the West
put 'em up, represent it, and get it crunk
throwin bows when ya bouncin on the flo'
let me ask ya lil'shawty what you really, really wanna do
I know you got 50 niggaz
but I got 50 niggaz matter-of-fact me and Flip make 52
stay ready to act a fool, throwin them blades up on the
stage
give me three step back my nigga or get hate
delay my mind state, you get (??)up fa sho
it's goin down tonight and you know, kickin in do's
givin 'em hell, makin 'em second bout the rhicter scale
A-T-L keepin 'em bouncin off the hook leavin haters
shook
and we ain't playin my nigga we'll fuck you up

[Chorus] - repeat to end

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