

## **Frayser Boy f/ Crunchy Black, DJ Paul**

### **"Pistol Playa"**

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(Crunchy Black): You ain't gon' believe what happened to me man.

[Frayser Boy]: What happened?

(Man I just had to whoop this nigga man) [For real?]

(Yeah man)

Man: Crunchy, Crunchy! What's up, what's up, what's up nigga?

(What's up wit' you nigga?) What's up with that shit in the club nigga?

(Nigga it's whatever) Huh, what you wanna do now nigga?

I got this tone now nigga, got this tone now nigga

(I got the same thing nigga, it's whatever nigga)

Smack you upside yo' motherfuckin' head nigga

(All you gotta do is do what you gotta do nigga)

Huh? Get buck nigga! Get buck drunk now nigga!

(Nigga I been buck nigga, nigga I been buck nigga)

Huh what you wanna do now nigga?

(Whatever dog)

[Chorus: DJ Paul]

Nigga talk how you would talk if you ain't have your gun

You's a weak ass nigga I think your ass would run

'Cause you a pistol playa, (pistol playa), pistol playa

(Pistol playa), pistol playa, (pistol playa), 'ol fucker ass

sucker

Nigga talk how you would talk if you ain't have your gun

You's a weak ass nigga I think your ass would run

'Cause you a pistol playa, (pistol playa), pistol playa,

(pistol playa)

Pistol playa, (pistol playa), fucker ass sucker

[Frayser Boy]

I hate when niggaz talk shit, when they know they some hoes

They nuts plump, 'cause they got a tone under they clothes

But you can see it in they eyes, when niggaz bitch made

But my gun's a lil' bigger, it's like you got a switchblade

If you pull it, better use it, or be dead young nigga

Pull a gun for fun that sound a lil' dumb nigga  
It can get a lil' tragic, end up with deadly cost  
You'll make a nigga circle back and blow your ass off  
Old coward ass boy, keep it real, what's the deal  
You the type that'll slip up, make mistake and kill  
I can show you better than I can tell ya, so what's the  
biz  
You gon' hear my fuckin' tone, gon' pop like a quiz  
Boy pussy ass niggaz get fucked in the butt  
When I get back bitch, best be tryin' to catch a cut  
Coming back like 'nigga what?', I ain't gon' play, I'm  
gon' bust  
Fuck with me, and you're fucked, then I'm slum on that  
'Tuss, what nigga

[Chorus]

[Crunchy Black]

I'ma tell you what happened to me one day  
I was chillin' out with one of my padres  
We was hanging in a tree, I needed some weed,  
instead my nigga pulled a gun on me  
But that's okay nigga, I'm makin' paper, all y'all other  
niggaz out catchin' vapors  
You have to rape a, hoe to get pussy, Crunchy Black  
leaves shit so mushy  
Locked and load, jump up out the bushes, I told y'all  
niggaz y'all ain't nothin' but pussy  
This ain't no pistol play, niggaz need bullets  
And if I got mine, nigga I'ma pull it  
You'll think Crunchy Black is a bully  
'Cause I leave niggaz stankin' like pussy  
So gone on nigga with that fuckin' bullshit  
CB and Frayser Boy we let them guns click

[Chorus]

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