

Heinz Rühmann & Oliver Grimm**"Niggas Ain't Playin'"**

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As a youngster, I slanged cain, gangbanged
Not a worry in the world, I'm all about money, man
Getting my grind on was all my mind was on
Making a grip, nigga, my money was on
Double back pulling nothing but mail, fuck a briefcase
Rolex watch with the diamond-studded face
More Benzes than a dealership
Slant-nose Porche with the whole damn kit
Slanging more keys than the older players
D.A. was on my dick but a real nigga didn't care
They kicked in my door a million times
And fine-ass bitches was all that they'd ever find
Treated me like Vaseline, but quick as a fox
Drop a key for 25 like they was hot
Fools was jealous, I had too many tricks
Fuck a playa hater, cause I was all about real niggas
Niggas like John-John, the boy from the deuce side
O.G. motherfuckers like Daddy G and Clyde
They gave me the game to survive, oppenents gonna die
Fuck him and his family, let the motherfuckers cry
Nigga caught a bullet cause it wasn't my dope he was selling
So I shot him behind me, death was trailing
Always asking myself, who would be next, bitch?
Gotta wear a vest cause I paranoid as shit
I gotta survive, I gotta survive, I gotta survive
Who wants to know I wanna die?
But the only way I'm going out is spraying
Because the niggas from the deuce ain't playing

>From my way up in the dope game, I met a lot of stops
I got into some funk, one of my boys got shot
Some fool was on my turf selling dope that wasn't mine
I'm a gangsta, I mean problem with nines
It never mattered that I knew the fool a long time
Cross me once and death is all you'll find
But this here will be my last hit
To use a gun, it really didn't take shit
We did it, we did it, we did it, we done it

Mossberg street sweeper, I pumped it
Unloaded all 15 rounds
As I shot and I shot, niggas went down
Bullets flying, niggas dying, but I ain't trippin
I caught a fool with the back bitch slippin
Pulled out the nine and I popped him 4 times
Now let's see your black ass cry
He looked at me with on his ass and said
"Fuck you!" (gunshot) Nigga fuck you, too!
The hit was on and it was time to go
So I stood in my stide, jumped in the K5
Come on niggas, come on niggas, come on niggas
I'm a business man, I can't stand bullshitters
I hate to cause your family dismay
But plain and simple nigga, we don't play

I went 5150 when we lost my nigga Bruce
27 shots from a clip, getting loose
For real motherfuckers, I was sharpening my shooting
skills
Hella mad nightly, shooting motherfuckers at will
CTE, I got nothing to lose
And a hell of a lot to gain, by killing you
A thrill killa from the heart of real killers know
In order to give I might have to take a blow
It's kind of cold that you lost your brother
But we still lost Bruce, motherfucker
Tomorrow ain't promised a gangsta good luck
Just a bullet motherfucker, cause death is a must
As I bust, squeezing on my nine on your block
Doing what I feel I gotta do to watch your ass drop
And if your punk-ass bitch is in my way
Let the stanky-pussy bitch meet my motherfucking AK
Making moves for money, ain't no delaying
It's '91, and the nigga named Pooh, he ain't playing

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