

Ich Lieb Dich...

"Why Y'all Wanna Play"

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(Verse I)

Yo, we the killer kids
And everything we spit be the most extraordinary
Tremendous, rap come in flurries
Outbreaks of violence enhance the bars
We all generals and claim status, we five stars
Been goin' hard since the growth in the womb
Album comin' soon we gon' show niggas the tombs
That we call apartments, use you consciencness
Q.B. the graveyard we the harvesters, to this
(?) and raw lyrics
Create a mosh pit and thug niggas and ban all
beginners
Crud be the cry for my niggas in arms
Military style, is little dolls runnin' wild
World full or war lords and barbarians
We at the top of the list so who you better than?
High-violetules street full of (?)
Back down bitches with brain, the crud logical

(Chorus)

Aiyo, why y'all wanna play with my team
Why y'all think everything just a motherfuckin' game
For the haters I advise you to zip your lip
Or you might get hit with some shit thats spit is kildren
Why y'all want to play with my team
Why y'all think everything is just a motherfuckin' game
It's Q.B. crud love; who want what
Act up for real spit slap mouth out ya grill

(Verse II)

Aiyo why you watchin' me close for
You don't know that I'll blow four
Leave you in a casket with a closed door
Jealousy; why, 'cause you ain't likin' a kid?
Soon my wrist be lit, like the lights on a bridge
You in trainin' now, what'chu fightin' your bitch
You can act real good who writin the script
It ain't no problem when gettin' low
And the only milk that I ever spilled is when I missed
the 'bow

So don't re-talk it nigga like it's war when you see me
Crudded out, all tall when you see me
You doin' your bird, tryna skip the line
I hope she don't wait a whole year
'Cause she tellin' me the kid is mine
Aiyo my life ain't shit of course
And I'm depressed, with gray hair face down to my
chest
Let's get it poppin' you plottin
Nigga it won't work
It'll only get you stomped out till it don't hurt

(Chorus)

(Verse III)

Yo, the '86 throw back
Muna better than ever
To equalize under the level, who want it?
Shit bow niggas get flushed down the toilet
For them slick talkin' niggas that order it
Parties - we spoil it
Have promoters closin' the clubs
Blowin' on dubs quick to disperse let out a slugs
Muenas from the heaven above
Crud love, add on, and get your math right
Rhyme flow tight some laminate thugs
Lose eyesight triple-O sanikes
Have you weaken at the beekend
Heat seakin' scope you out
Kildren the nicest; street word of mouth
Curbing you out on the four front
of the orange lure import new ports and we scowin' 'em
out

(Chorus)

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