

Jam % Spoon F/ Plavka

"Playing Hard"

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Yeah uh, let me speak on it (Yeah, yeah)
Like this

[Verse 1]

Livin' my life on the streets nigga, completely a hustle mission
It's do or die, no doubt we tryin' to get it nigga
Read about the slick Gambinos
Keepin' it locked on both sides of the globe, sunshine is no
It's kind of crazy in these streets
Where killers will grab the heat
Nigga listen to the shit that I speak
Y'all know the outcome, from Filmore to Third
It's crucial on every turf
They ride and skird off
Until the next day they plot and let the gats burst off
I've seen it with my own eyes
A witness to this sick life
Where niggas will kill to flip some vice
Or a Vette, Viper, or Lex to floss around the West
Shit I'm nothin' nice so out on these streets keep a vest

[Verse 2]

I'd rather ball than be on these streets hustlin' for mine
It's dirty out here so I'm only trustin' the nine
And I'm knownin' this money ain't worth my freedom
My homie caught a case back in 88 and ever since I ain't seen him
I live the life of crime, affiliated in this dangerous times
Where you either bangin' rhymes or sellin' dimes
And jail time ain't nothin' new to thugs
Movin' drugs, takin' it one time and duckin' slugs
Fuck the love cause it ain't none and never will be
Ya shake my hand call me ya man but probably wanna kill me
I still be one of the realest to spill it
And all that shit that you talkin' about doin' I been did it

[Hook x2]

This is playin' hard, involved in the streets

Bailin' from bars, street stars playin' for keeps
Bullin' pants saggin' straps under the seat
Hustlin' instead of gettin' caught in all the beef

[Verse 3]

I stay tucked on my way to the block
The gunshots keep the turf on hot
Crack rocks and fat knocks
All the homies in the jeans ya tryin' to get it
Better keep ya cabbage man them niggas be tryin' to split it
Dirty ones, dirty thugs and then niggas
Head full of drama and everybody wants vengeance
Smokin' on blunts and conversatin' over E's
Sippin' on Seagrams cup and plottin' on some G's
Moves get mad, crews get sprayed and the bodies get left
Every fuckin' move you make you gotta watch ya step
And the streets is like a time bomb, know the facts
Never speak business about murders and pullin' jacks
With the shake of the dice you ballin' or either broke
If ya stay in the drama might live or get smoked
Cause it's fifty-fifty, laugh now cry later
And funk'n' is for keeps and they comin' back with the prayer

[Verse 4]

It gets low, we keep it locked until we sittin' on top
But I'm the chief of the squad, callin' shots
It's nineteen-ninety fever
It's Tha Commissiona, representin' the Gamblaz
But confidentialy we goin' platinum
We feel the truth until the world listen up to hear the real
Cause it's for certain we keepin' it locked and holdin' it down
It's definetly not a get rich quick scheme
That's official, it's our time to shine we takin' over
It's one of the many, I'm playin' by my own rules
Constantly I'm tryin' to stick and move
Avoidin' the block, providin' for the rest of the fam
And I'm a made man
That's why I'm tryin' to execute this major, master plan

[Hook x4]

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