

Manhattan Transfer F/ Smokey Robinson

"Don't Play"

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You over did it homes
(laughing)

(Chorus)
Don't play games with J cause you'll see
On the sidelines your fans be on mine (Repeat)

It's been a long time coming
But the blood doesn't flow with the wait
As we dead all the damn debate
Anticipate this change gon come
You damn straight
Non stop till my name preceded by the great
I get around like digital Pac
And been around like the ice cream truck on your block
And hold it down with a squirt gun deep in your sink
Spittin around tight wisdom making you think
If you around light sweetheart you can reflect
Don't put it down cause you need art you can respect
I know it sound not quite like what you expect
Type underground meaning not just after the check
If you predict this mist you can hardly detect
Will draw you up plus six then you stand correct
Lost and found no joke if you sleep or neglect
Then suck a dick till it's poking out the back of your
neck
Now bring it in

Chorus

I heard nice guys finish last
But see this theory doesn't quite explain the reason I'm
Letting y'all rat racers leave the gate ahead of time
And still politely waiting for you at the finish line
Some people find it so amazing how I put a rhyme
Together and bring it to life like Dr. Frankenstein
I hope you can handle the truth cause see I'm frank
with mine
So it be seeming like I'm actin kinda stank at times
But see my lines are built for battle like a tank design
Runnin through obstacles like popeye through spinach

time

I got some rules and regulations to diminish crime
And if you follow em you could become a friend of
mine

Some catch amnesia with their lyrics and remember
mine

Then they forget that it's a tool I use to speak my mind
But then they even got the nerve to try to freak my
rhymes

But they get ate like they was paint and I was turpentine
Now bring it in

Chorus

It's been a long time going
But you still got a bounce in your neck
Till your problems feel neglect
It's incorrect if you still detect all of the stress
From the folks that expect to divide your check
See that's the shit that be making you think
Soon as your ship comes in you'll be ready to sink
The mind state got some scared of leaving their block
Phobiotic they'll be going out like Biggie and Pac
Now meanwhile some will swing it and it come out
great

Find a shorty give you wop till you can't see straight
Tell her bounce in the morning she won't even debate
Call her back next night and she just can't wait
Peep the former home alone now he feel irate
Trying to front upon the style that the Live create
You hear the same word twice and wanna file a
complaint
Well check the order of the line that'll set things
straight
Now bring it in

Chorus

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