

Mr. 3-2 f/ Frosty

"Play No Games"

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(*talking*)

Uh-huh mo'fucker, it go down

ha-ha-ha, ain't nothing funny bout it busy boy

[Mr. 3-2]

Big Bossing flossing, putting niggaz in line

Respect my mind, or respect the trusty glock nine

Lay you down in a nasty bitch, made bastards

Consider me a hazard, send fools to they casket

Mashing, keeping my foot on a nigga's neck

Slap em all Texas, keep mo'fuckers in check

Right fuck you off, leave you for the tow truck

Best raise up, cause you bound to get touched

Clutch on triggers, and hit niggaz with lead

Grieving over my homies, I put guys to bed

Ahead on top, calling all the shots

Rather free on the streets, with my eyes on the plot

Burn not if you scared, you know you ain't hard

Bitch made like a broad, hoe niggaz they get scarred

I don't barred, for all that plex you talking bout

Looking for protection, from the Boss of the South

[Hook - 2x]

I'ma hurt me a nigga, merk me a nigga

Let his ass have it, and take all his figgas

I don't play no games, with boys for the bread

I start thinking bout killing you, busting your head

[Mr. 3-2]

Get em up hit you up, with the pitchforks

Put the flame to the torch, I hold my own court

In the street with the heat, and burn you to the cross

Put holes in your body, to straight fuck you off

Big Boss, G-O-V tre deuce

I'm winning pop off, it get ugly and gruesome

Houston T-E-X, I ain't scared of no jacker

Deep in the underworld, don't consider me a rapper

Slap a nigga face, catch a case like what

When I bust the mack, it's like busting a nut

Pimp a slut, and get nothing but cash up out her

Drop her, like a brand new top on a Eldorado

I dot her for fool, come up at me wrong
Cause I'll end his life, and talk about it on a song
Microphones, another way I release some stress
Besides fucking a bad bitch, or putting holes in your chest

[Hook - 2x]

[Frosty]

Hey mayn, you know it's me
It's that killer, of the F-L-A-T
Double L gangsta, say brah
Late with my change, and I'ma have to bang ya
Take no shorts, or no losses
You fuck over Freeze, you'll be picking out your coffin
Bullets they coming fast, and they coming often
Who, wants to try me
Pick a number, you might win the lottery
To get your ass whooped, or your face stomped
Ask the Flats, I go hard
Head nigga in charge, H-N-I-C
Everytime I touch the mic, I go hard
And, I do not bar
Small coming fast, I'll have you screaming oh Lord
Stop him, get him away
Mayday mayday, gunplay gunplay
What, Black Sunday Sunday
Going against me, is like a one way one way
I live by the gun, and I die by the gun nigga

[Hook - 2x]

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