

**Mr. 3-2 f/ H.A.W.K., BZE****"Don't Play"**

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(\*talking\*)

Y2K-1, the game has just begun  
Go down, S.U.C. don't play won't play  
All day hogging, better get it  
Go get it, and come back with it

[Mr. 3-2]

2001, living in big houses big Benzes  
Mr. 3-2, gon get paid to the ending  
Mind on winning, big faces spending  
The thug life of men is, mashing but no chicken  
Yellow bone women, or the sugar browns  
Sweet blacks, bring my stacks back from out of town  
You know how I get down, real down and dirty  
Mafia lifestyle, I don't think that you heard me  
We gangstas still moving birdies, till thangs get better  
Cheddar recognize cheddar, I'm a big head go-getter  
In any kind of weather, cause I'm a universal playa  
Able to blend in, in the ditch or anywhere  
Baby I'm a baller, you ain't recognize that  
I stay looking good, and my bank account fat  
So pull out the red plack, I'ma take my respect  
Cause I'm real to this game, a true O.G. vet

[Hook]

Won't play, don't play  
Never did, ever since a little bitty kid - 2x  
Mob with us, or get mobbed over  
You should of listened, to what your mama told ya  
Mob bosses, accepting no losses in the struggle  
Let your mouth overlook your ass, you in trouble

[H.A.W.K.]

Don't play, won't play never did  
Split your wig, smoke a cig  
Do you dig, what I'm saying I ain't playing  
I'll get the gat and start spraying, so start praying  
Gun in my lap, as I quietly creep  
I'm bout to roll down the window, and put the whole  
block to sleep  
I'm playing for keeps, I'm in this shit to win

Like a gauge spinning slugs, straight through your  
abdomen  
A right cross through your chin, God forgive me for my  
sins  
But niggaz don't comprehend, that I don't have no  
friends  
Representing Dead End, till the casket close  
And real playas get chose, but fuck these nothing-ass  
hoes  
H-A-Dub-K, till I'm old and grey  
And if you get out of line, it's may-day may-day  
You better move out my way, when you cross me in  
these streets  
Or back-back back-back, and give me fifty feet

[Hook]

[BZE]

Won't play don't play, never did my nigga  
Hogging since a kid, my nigga  
In your face with Street Game, B-Zo got official  
Gulf Coast Texas raised, rich nigga  
That's that nigga untamed, with my partna Jack Tripper  
That really don't play, run around with a gauge  
To get that AK, nigga top done raised  
Put on them Gucci shades, up on it displays  
We don't play never did, pop the lid it soothes the soul  
H-A-W-K, make 'em pay the toll  
Southside still hold, you niggaz and bitch no friends  
That's straight from my T. Lady, straight to my kid  
I won't play cocked and ready, from my partna Hard  
Boy  
For realer life Street Game, nigga that's my entourage  
Don't forget about my click nigga, they stay on the  
thoed  
I won't say your name nigga, you know how it go we  
don't play nigga

[Hook]

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