

Mr. 3-2, Don't Play

(*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 sooths 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)