

Play N Skillz, You

(Chorus)

YOU, you, YOU, you
You don't know bout my crew (my crew)
You don't know how we do (we do)
If I was you I'd back the fuck up

If you're talking that shit (Back the fuck up)
You better run to your clique (Back the fuck up)
If your trying to hit a lique (Back the fuck up)
Bitch (Back the fuck up)
Bitch (Back the fuck up)

(Verse 1: Play)

He say she say I don't care what they say
Front on pla-zay
Get your white-T sprayed
With every minute, every hour, yeah I'm getting better
I keep my mind on my money, gotta grind for the cheddar
Suicide doors, and we riding on 4's
Act like you know when you see a G-4
Fish tank, big bank, big thang, candy paint
We smoke, we drink, my clique, top rank
You got a rhymebook, you some punchlines
I got a mean hook, now thats a punchline
And you a better rapper, ha, thats funny
Same clothes as high school, ha, thats funny
Better yet, get money
Cause we ain't getting younger
It wasn't the money
It was haters that gave me hunger
You got five albums, but none in stores
You never had a single, you never done a in-store

(Chorus)

(Verse 2: Skillz)

You don't know shit about me and my crew
And how we almost split a meal before the haze and twenty-two
Don't act like you do, let me break the news
Keep my name out your mouth cause you gon lose
I got the beat knocking, you would think Dre did it
Give props to take best, but you know Skillz and Play did it
It ain't about no blue or red
I rather chose a dead Pres, no offence to the feds
I never half ass when it comes to the cash
Better yet I speed up and I don't never come last
Them hoes is kind of when I say I come first
But they know what I mean when I come first
Skeet skeet on a bitch
But never hit a bitch
I'm rich than a bitch, never kick it with a snitch
Make you fold like a bitch
I'm thrown like a pitch
Come roll with my clique, they done sold them bricks bitch

(Chorus) 2X