

Geto Boys, Homie Don't Play That

[Willie D]

Don't say I didn't warn ya
About playin' them hoe games
Like callin' me out on my name
Some a y'all are still gonna try to show off
And get busted in ya goddamn mouth
I won't undetstand how a man can call a man
A bitch or a hoe and be playin'
In my book that's a no-no
Your mouth don't write a check that your ass can't cash bro
Pop you on the (?????) for what
Niggas done got when they played too much
Willie D'll tap a bitch and that's it
Anything else is punk shit
I'll give you some a this *shots*
And some a this *shots*
Their just special effects but you can bet
I got something to make them hoes ease up off me black
Cause homie don't play that

A lot of suckers got they as kicked
Cause hard and rankin don't mix
But if you gonna cap on each other
You gotta know when it's gettin personal sucker
Instead of eatin up your homeboys grill
See that's how a nigga gettin killed
Fools like to joke when your serious
So to kill the bullshit I stopped fuckin wit her, period
Don't snatch my hat off my head like we're homies
And greet me wit a (????) cause you don't know me
Play with your mother or your father
You ain't got no pussy I don't even wanna be bothered

And you bet' not act like you wanna swang
Cause I'm pretty good with them thangs
So call my bluff, do what you like and
I'ma make you read these Nikes
Wrastlin' ain't masculine
You say you wanna go to war B
Instead of tryin' to test me
Horse playin' like an adolescent
Will get your ass wrapped up like a present
Your compliments ain't nutthin' but a racket
Your whole conversation is plastic
You say you like my new jacket
Jealous motherfucka even sound sarcastic
(????) your (????) when we shootin' the shit
Maytag ass nigga ain't nuttin but a bitch
Ain't got no back cause your always frontin' black
Man homie don't play that

I don't play that

Lets take it all the way back

Niggas say I'm crazy
When I say keep your comments about my lady
They say "Your lucky, I wish I had a girl like that"
I never smile cause I know where they hearts is at
All in front of my girl sayin' how pretty she looks
Game recognized, I wrote the book
"Got a good thing, hold tight, don't lose her brother"
You may as well straight up say you wanna fuck her

Still waters run deep man
And ain't nothing worse than one who fronts like a friend
Call your crib when they know you ain't home
Tryin' to rap to your girl on the telephone
Snake in the grass I see him comin'
From a mile away I start gunnin'
And everytime one drops
You can see a card wit they face on it in the mailbox
See we ain't that cool
Where you can play wit my girl
And try to get a free feel fool
Or conversate wit us alone
Then I have to step in and stop ya from goin' on and on
With that idle chatter
You say your just bein' friendly ain't that a bitch
You used to be my brother, I'm a father, but the fact
Is homie don't play that

I don't play that

Man homie don't play that