

# Kurupt, Play My Cards

(to) (to) (to)  
(to the tic)  
(to the tic-tic) - [slick rick]

Yeah, yeah, yeah-yeah-yeah  
Kurupt young gotti  
Hell yeah

Raw dawg  
You know  
You know me  
Raw dawg assassin  
Comin atcha, baby  
Cat, kick it in  
Kick it in

[verse 1]  
Pull up...  
Soon as i park shit sparks  
Spit fire, gangbang affiliation, retaliation  
Spit sparks till shit's dark forever  
What's up, homie  
Why you walkin up on me?  
Postin up in the shade  
We can draw or get paid  
You ain't movin not a thing, homeboy  
Click em with automatics and automatic toys  
Bounce, rock, rollerskatin  
Dippin down the streets on platinum daytons  
(yo, what up?)  
I'm just a gee  
Oh yeah, that's me  
Don't forget it  
Act like you knew it 'fore i set it  
I put the needle on top of the wax  
Before i turn around  
And burn everything to the ground  
I seen it comin  
A fool over to the right gunnin  
The homies whistled  
We all draw pistols

[chorus]  
Gotta stay in charge  
Gotta play my cards  
On the grind all day, babe  
Oh, gots to get paid

[verse 2]  
You got a stash to hid, you got some hash to hit?  
Cash to get, glocks to pop and shit  
(what you talkin bout?) everybody's got questions and shit  
(hey yo, what's up with...?) muthafuckas questionin shit  
(shut the fuck up, homie) worryin bout me and my wife  
(my wife) all i wanna do is live my life  
(that's all) raise up off me, homie  
(yeah) ease back softly, homie  
(check it out) i'm a gee from the d.p.g.  
And no matter what you say, you can't fuck with me  
Hey loco, i see you wanna loc out  
Coastin, movin in locomotion  
In the cut dippin, the homeboys trippin  
Spittin, waitin for a shot to get called  
The homie spit a plot to us

Then passed the 16-shots to us

Uh-u-uh  
Uh-u-uh  
Uh-u-uh

[verse 3]

I got scams for hundreds of gramms  
Me and my man, me and my pistol, a plan  
For about a  
Whole ki load of some powder  
Stashin, dippin, dashin, smashin, tryin to cash in  
from the front to the back, and packin  
Pull the strap and start clappin  
I'm about to move a little somethin  
A little sumptin-sumpin  
For the homie, pack the pump and get to dumpin  
Hit the liquor store, i wanna get paid  
A fifth of hen, then back to the shade  
What you got, smoke, loc, let's blaze up  
Let me get a toke, loc, and let's raise up  
Punks stop and get popped when funk pop  
I'm worldwide while you thinkin: either he is or he's not  
International like ??  
You can feel me  
In the real way

[chorus]

Bitches, get your ride on, on

Kurupt young gotti  
Raw dawg

Just get your ride on  
Just get your ride on, homie

My nigga battlecat  
Ha-ha

Just get your ride on, homie

(to the tic-tic  
And you don't quit  
Hit it)

This is for the riders  
Riders  
The riders

Hustlers  
Hustlers  
The hustlers

This is the one, baby!

(tic-toc)  
(ya) (ya) (ya don't)  
(ya) (ya) (ya) (ya don't stop) (stop) (stop)  
Bitch