

Lil Flip, We Ain't Playin

We ain't playin
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I'm smokin blunts with my niggas, im pullin triggers for cash
When Mogas comin up short, we put the heat on they ass
Cause when the shotgun blasts, there ain't no stoppin them shells
You doin shows everyday but you ain't glockin no mail
Im in the ATL fuckin with killas and thugs
Just book me for a show and watch me fill up the club
I get nothin but love, i ride nothin but dubs
You steady talkin that shit but you won't box me with gloves
Don't make me fuck up your mug, don't make me wire your jaw
I ain't never scared like Bone Crusher so go hire a lawyer
So he can watch your back, I hope u got your gat
You ain't south standin shit so how you got your black nigga?

Chorus:

We ain't playin (What they stressin nigga?)
We ain't playin (What they yellin nigga?)
We ain't playin (What they stressin nigga?)
We ain't playin (What they yellin nigga?)

I'm bout to bust me a head, I'm bout to hurt me a hoe
I'm in this club on the rim and nigga puffin this dro
You already know, its P.T.
And aint now nigga in here, come fuck with me
I roll with little Flip, lettin them hollows rip
Thats at your chest plate, I can't fuckin wait
Until a nigga cross my path, you do the math
I got 30 in my clip
Tell them niggas Little Flip

We ain't playin (What they stressin nigga?)
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Play with yourself

Bring more drama then a Shakespeare play, when I pull that K
Up off the shelf, shot the deputy and the sheriff
Got my crue, need no one else
Lose my crew, smoke by myself, drink by myself
Sit in the crib and pop by myself
Back to the block sir rock myself
Back to the glock nigga break yourself
Keeps tellin me don't play yourself
You can freestyle, Im'a play myself
Money over bitches Im'a hate myself
You love hoe's I love myself
Wake up in the morning and hug myself
When I hang with Flip, we leanin left
With a floc of hoes like we some pimps

When I step in the club everybody gettin up
And the north gonna make them jump
From the north to south to the east to the west put them up
From every city and get it krunk
Go go when your bouncin on the floor let me ask a little shawty
What you really really want to do?
I know you got 50 nigga but i got 50 nigga
Matter fact man Flip make 52
Stay ready to act a fool

Throwin they bags up on the stage
Three step diamond nigga get hate
Then later in my stage come and buck up a show
It's goin down in the bitch with a 19 o
Kick in the nose, givin em' hell
Makin em', shakin em' off the Richter Scale, ATL
We keepin em' bouncin off the hood
Leave the hater asuss
And we ain't playin me and my niggas will fuck you up

We ain't playin (What they stressin nigga?)
We ain't playin (What they yellin nigga?)
We ain't playin (What they stressin nigga?)
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Yea, this is another big obidextrix
Dj Mike tape, Freddy B, MC assault, biggel
We doin this shit with Lil Flip, Baby D, Killer Mike, Pastor Troy
You know it's goin down! Yea!

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