

Lil' Kim, Play Around

(Puff)
B.I.G,
Lil Cease

(Mr.Bristal)
Sipping Hansun
Got dough like the Hansons
Bitches come fast and out like Helly Hansen
Mister Bristal you will neva catch me dancing
Off the prancing
Only in a mansion
In a party high and drunk
I see you glancing
Never blow my cool even if its jammin
Is the bitch is a feed I got a cannon
Cock, Lick shots, Leave them where they standing
You can call the cops I never get ran in
Call Blake C. yall get the understanding
Who my man is, who the fam is
All that bullshit you talk, can it
We own the planet
Its a definite
Niggas go for money reppin it
Armagedding it
Everything we on we setting it
You delicate
Farr away in the country where you better get
Yall need to get with some veterans

Chorus: (Harve Pierre)
You don't wanna play around
You don't wanna play around
You don't wanna play around...with me
No more.....I'll kill you
You don't wanna play around
You don't wanna play around
You don't wanna play around...with me
No more.....I'll kill you

(Lil Cease)
Yo Yo Yo
Niggas wanna start shit
Push the button
See the dough flip from the carpet
Me and Brist about to lock down the market
Gats they spark it
Lie to
Got crips and bloods that pop ???
B.Rock I'm a die for you
Til this day I'm a ride for you
God forbid I die too
When you pull that gack
I'll be right besides you
To guide you
On who to hit and not to
If a niggas guilty he got to die to
Thats the reala
They talking to the roach killa
The most illa
About to upset New York like Reggie Miller
Plus they say you turn thug you turn killa
Its hard to turn back when a nigga feel ya
That's why they say don't nobody know you til somebody kill ya
That's why I say stay back, don't get to familiar

Cause if you get to close my niggas might f**king kill ya

Chorus: (Harve Pierre)

You don't wanna play around

You don't wanna play around

Lil Kim: another

You don't wanna play around...with me

Lil Kim: da queen b

No more.....I'll kill you

Lil Kim: the extraodinaire

You don't wanna play around

Lil Kim: Lil Cease

You don't wanna play around

Lil Kim: Coming at ya for the year 2000, the new millenium

You don't wanna play around...with me

Lil Kim: uh

No more.....I'll kill you

Lil Kim: uh

(Lil Kim)

F**k all yall hoes I blows like suits

Bitches don't shake my hand

They salute, the leutenant

Rich men kiss the back of the hand of the royal heiness..pocanhantas..mafia behind this

Balling like Utah

Didn't think a ghetto bitch could come this far

From pushing buicks to candle apple red jaguars

Niggas think I'm rich

I could rock a fubu suit...a furry kangol and some cowboy boots

And still be the shit of the night

When I come through

You be on the side holding your cups like the bums do

Waiting for the queen to put some change in it

I pull out a g and drop it

With a hundred grand left in my pocket

I promoted this shit

So I got to make a profit

And all the ends I sends to my mens down in Scarfett

Me and Lil Cease in partuni partners

Laying niggas down like carpenters

So pardon us

Like Nikes, we just do it

We aint ameteurs to this shit

We used to it

And all the bodies I killed

I keep them on file

So when there anniversaries come

We pop Cristal

Ask Chrystal, the golden child Tow dow!

Take it how I give it

You talk shit

We live it

Don't forget it

(Puff)

Stop trying to sound like her too

Chrous plus ad libs from Lil Kim and Puff till fade