

# 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