

# M.M.O., Stop playing games feat. Ice Grilz

[Intro: Itchy-Fingas]

Hey grandma, yea, how you feelin'?

Yeah, everything's okay, and yourself?

Oh, grandma, I was just callin' to ask you

If you had a Hooptie that I can borrow, yeah a Hooptie

Yeah, my cars in the shop right now, I have to go see my girl

Yeah, I can hold it? Thank you, grandma, I appreciate it so much

You know I love you, so much, okay, I got to go though

Oh, wait, grandma, you got a gun that I can borrow?

[Intro: Itchy-Fingas]

Yo, M.M.O., baby, Protect Ya Neck, baby

The patrol zone, Itchy-Fingas Sha, stop playin' games

Wit the pop, pop, pop, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo

[Itchy-Fingas]

Yo, I stop the press, niggas get hands pump in they chest

C.P.R. flow, I got ya'll niggas coughin' up dough

Double M to the O, blow like a fifty of 'dro

And splash tracks like never before, we untouched pa

Porsche or a Jaguar, scanner with the radar, start your shit

Blowin' niggas right where they sit

I spit the flows, but the flows be sick, B.I. ridiculous

We addicted to blow, ya'll, cause ya'll niggas predicted it

Cheddar's my witness, flossin' like bricks, like brick-face

Benjamin big-face, around the world like Puff and Mase

Whatever it take, we push weight for high stakes

Tristate, down state, nigga just don't play

I spit the murder, but the radio, just won't play

No Flex bomb threats, it's strictly conflicts up in the conference

[Chorus 4X: Itchy-Fingas]

Stop playin' games with that dough, pa

We get that dough, pa, we take that dough, pa, M.M.O.

[Ice Grillz]

We rolled up in two bubble-eye 6's, rag to riches

Don't get it twisted, nigga, pop a bottle, snappin' pictures

Cake like Duncan Hines, we sport, platinum shines

Links, laced in full length minks

Don't be protected, in armor cars like brinks

Valet, park the car, I'm at the bar sippin' drinks, like

Shootin' stars, pass Mars, whatever

Me and my duns pack guns roll tougher than leather

Like a wrist, raw spit, with Glaciers of Ice

My whole team's blingin' like a diamond, just a heist

Eyes to the skies, me and my duns bust slugs in it

Like a foreigner G.S., wit the windows tinted

All my Sunz of Man got plans to receive

Hundreds of grands for they body pay beneath the sand

For real, for real, cats is killed on the hill, but still

Try to stack, teach the seeds and build

We originate, from the Asiatic populate

Nubian state, the Gods hold it down to weight

Six sets, trillion tons, multiplied by

Nineteen million guns, you hear me son?

[Chorus 4X]

[Triggnomm]

I clap in the booth, hydro, Henny and heat

Spit sixteen in the street, dead at the police

Criminals on patrol, killas off parole

The truth unfolds, my flows become horrible

Duckin' forty one slugs, at police clubs and buttocks

Raw, rough and rugged, like the media love it

Hot flows, accumulatin' to a drop rose

As far as I'm supposed, that's how hip hop goes

So we drink, smoke and skeet, til we coke or go broke

Noddin' off in our sleep, like we be dippin' the dope  
Robo thugs, wit M.J. millennium gloves  
See my vision, can't you tell, we on submission  
We gon' get that dough, and we gon' split that dough  
And if necessary wit calico's, close the show  
I'm certain, it be curtains once your wounds start hurtin'  
Your dog start desertin', relatives in a hearsin'  
What's worse, then playin' with a black man's dough  
That's like fuckin' his queen hoe, or wreckin' his vehicle  
Ya'll muthafuckas see the glow in M.M.O.  
C.I. cats, now multiply dough times that, stop playin'  
[Chorus 6X]  
[Outro: Itchy-Fingas]  
Yo, M.M.O. Official, Protect Ya Neck Records  
The drome zone, Itchy-Fingas Sha, Big Trigg, Iron Sheik  
You heard me, it's not a game, yo stop playin' games wit that dough pa  
We get that dough, pa, we take that dough, pa, M.M.O.  
Let me at it, lemme double that..