

Noreaga, Play That Shit (We Don't Play That)

(Lil' Wayne)

They call me the youngest headbuster walkin'
Thugged out in all black, calicole sparklin'
A guerilla till I die bless me when I'm dead
But for the bread I bring ya anybody head
That's how I play it I don't hold back
I tote gats be on the spot were ya sold crack
Nigga feel played then ya f**kin get blown back
I burn 'em twice with a black rusty old mac
Now BLOCKA nigga get off me

(Juvenile)

Get some off that cocky weed and roll that bitch up
Won't play with me like I'ma choke that bitch up
Keep it on the turf I might be killin' to get mine
New prints on the back I make a million in big time
I'll always be a thug until I'm crippled and crazy
I'ma always stay close with Suga Slim, Wayne and Baby
Runnin' with a team off cut-throats and backshots
All day bullshittin neglagince and homicides

(Noreaga)

Cash Money niggas they don't play that shit
Thugged Out niggas we don't play that shit

(Noreaga)

Thugged Out, Cash Money ha
B.G Juvenile ain't funny ha
We try to, get that paper like Bugs Bunny ha
Yo we in the projects with my little honey ha
Yo what up Kiko it gets real check it
We got's this chicks to slauve that right out of Kansas
Heyyo these countless bitches
We used to f**k 'em on campus
You my roley ha ha
I'm your roley ha ha
F**k with us we leave you nigga f**kin' holy ha

Semi-Latin cruise down to Baton Rouge
Then I got a Hummer that's sittin on 32's
But for the hood we got the eastcoast locked
Magnolia and Iraq now that's my spots
Come anywhere near there and still be shot
Prat Niggas shot Niggas shot Niggas shot Niggas
Shot shot

Chorus

(Musalini)

>From N-Y to N-O Thugged Out and Cash Money
I'm a thug B how you gonna stop hungry
We eatin' pop bubbley in beef we pop dummies
Run up in hood honey's it's all good sonney
Throw your sets up nigga
Throw your side up nigga
Ride or die young nigga
Get high young nigga
Stay fly young nigga
Do what you gotta survive young nigga

(Maze)

Live we fly down in New Orleans
Get it purpulatin

You smell me keep that fire green circulating
Thugged Out with Cash Money
Thugs we stash your arms
Weeds get blazed from your face till feet
With us all we stay deep got beef we're surroundin
My Niggas cock back Macs from here to some 'the houses
Get rocked or get it on if you bout it
Cause boy you're in the zone
You take routes quick like Roy Jones

Chorus

Play that shit, play that shit, play that shit