

Pooh-Man, Niggas Ain't Playin'

As a youngster, I slanged cain, gangbanged
Not a worry in the world, I'm all about money, man
Getting my grind on was all my mind was on
Making a grip, nigga, my money was on
Double back pulling nothing but mail, f**k a briefcase
Rolex watch with the diamond-studded face
More Benzes than a dealership
Slant-nose Porche with the whole damn kit
Slanging more keys than the older players
D.A. was on my dick but a real nigga didn't care
They kicked in my door a million times
And fine-ass bitches was all that they'd ever find
Treated me like Vaseline, but quick as a fox
Drop a key for 25 like they was hot
Fools was jealous, I had too many tricks
F**k a playa hater, cause I was all about real niggas
Niggas like John-John, the boy from the deuce side
O.G. motherf**kers like Daddy G and Clyde
They gave me the game to survive, oppenents gonna die
F**k him and his family, let the motherf**kers cry
Nigga caught a bullet cause it wasn't my dope he was selling
So I shot him behind me, death was trailing
Always asking myself, who would be next, bitch?
Gotta wear a vest cause I paranoid as shit
I gotta survive, I gotta survive, I gotta survive
Who wants to know I wanna die?
But the only way I'm going out is spraying
Because the niggas from the deuce ain't playing

&gt;From my way up in the dope game, I met a lot of stops
I got into some funk, one of my boys got shot
Some fool was on my turf selling dope that wasn't mine
I'm a gangsta, I mean problem with nines
It never mattered that I knew the fool a long time
Cross me once and death is all you'll find
But this here will be my last hit
To use a gun, it really didn't take shit
We did it, we did it, we did it, we done it
Mossberg street sweeper, I pumped it
Unloaded all 15 rounds
As I shot and I shot, niggas went down
Bullets flying, niggas dying, but I ain't trippin
I caught a fool with the back bitch slippin
Pulled out the nine and I popped him 4 times
Now let's see your black ass cry
He looked at me with on his ass and said
"F**k you!" (gunshot) Nigga f**k you, too!
The hit was on and it was time to go
So I stood in my stide, jumped in the K5
Come on niggas, come on niggas, come on niggas
I'm a business man, I can't stand bullshitters
I hate to cause your family dismay
But plain and simple nigga, we don't play

I went 5150 when we lost my nigga Bruce
27 shots from a clip, getting loose
For real motherf**kers, I was sharpening my shooting skills
Hella mad nightly, shooting motherf**kers at will
CTE, I got nothing to lose
And a hell of a lot to gain, by killing you
A thrill killa from the heart of real killers know
In order to give I might have to take a blow
It's kind of cold that you lost your brother
But we still lost Bruce, motherf**ker

Tomorrow ain't promised a gangsta good luck
Just a bullet motherf**ker, cause death is a must
As I bust, squeezing on my nine on your block
Doing what I feel I gotta do to watch your ass drop
And if your punk-ass bitch is in my way
Let the stanky-pussy bitch meet my motherf**king AK
Making moves for money, ain't no delaying
It's '91, and the nigga named Pooh, he ain't playing