

# 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

&amp;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