

Popa Wu, I Ain't Playin No More

(Intro: Lady Raw)

Uh, see this right here
This is for niggas who think I'm playin
I'm not playin no more
I'm leavin niggas on the floor
What the fuck you expect? It's Raw
Come on nigga, come on and shit

(Lady Raw)

This world got me not knowin, what the fuck to do
I'm locked up, on the block, with no air to move
I drink booze to keep my head off the bad news
Fake friends become enemies, never walked in my shoes
I give vex with the tech, nigga make a move
You choose to lose, I plan to be a winner wit ya Pre-K rhyme
Ya cats is beginners, get served to my dog for dinner
And let my nine get up in ya, while the bullets dig thru ya
You cats is incubator raps, hard for you to attack
You're trapped, can't even move
Still sippin simalac, I've been a lyrical fat
Till the pussy crack, ten-five, 80 shots, hold that
Your dead like a roach, sway with blackjack
Run you over with the black ack, niggas gettin blood sap
I'm kill tracks, panties sippin conignac
Stay tense, hectic thoughts, pullin guns out my trench
Momma said they put a jinx on me
The only way you kill it off, murder everything
And leave nothin to breath

(Chorus 1.5X: Lady Raw)

And when you speak, speak up
Messin wit this, keep up
This means war, a lot cats gon' get left on the floor
I ain't playin no more, you gon get what you askin for
And I'm rippin 'em Raw

(Lady Raw)

My gats lift souls just like Stigmata
I've been waitin for the nigga who killed Big Poppa
Bring him on, 4th and Ave, let the nigga get popped up
Give ya rocks up, I'm blowin ya balls to ya guts, nigga
You're straight up butt, you gets gun fucked
These shiesty cats, make this bitch wanna shrive, shells to taste
Make me wanna smack ya fucking senses off ya face
These fake ass rap cats, I put 'em in place
Takin they space nigga, when you rhyme, shit's a waste
These steamin ass nigga, take my pump in they waist
On your carpet, I leave a blood trace
Leave your body found someplace, they call No Place
Never had a friend, lift these homos with the ten
Cut his baby moms throat, fuck that hen
Fuck ya flow, fuck ya trap, fuck you again
Shit is serious, niggas got me walkin around fed
Last time the doctor see you, there's a hole in ya head
Dead on the bread, niggas hidin from Raw, give a fuck what you said
Ya some livin walkin blackheads, that wordin my tread
Workin my tread, word is bond, sportin my dread

(Chorus 2X)

(Lady Raw)

Every time ya niggas say my name
Ain't nuthin you can say, but she Raw, just simple and plain
Fuck what you playin, you ain't for me, anyway

Half ass, you pray, get it straight, any fuckin day
Ya foolgetti's thinkin ya can play, get played
Get laid, 'cross the pave, wit my blood gauge
You garglin blood, ain't nobody hearin what you say
Fuck what you said nigga, you dead
I laugh when the red spread
I'm puttin dem holes in your ho's head
Wanna be down with me, yeah, you must be fuckin stupid
I'm the bitch that cha don't wanna have shit to do with
Buckin 'em duck, leavin they piece clueless
Shootin spaces in the heart of they vest, I'm fuckin loveless
That's why I wrote for delf, tag alongs made me vexed
I don't wanna have to make a mess
Make heads get splashed 'cross the glass when I compress
These streets got me stressed, blowin tees
Puttin your wives and kids to rest
I'm up to guns, money, the upset life, switch to the lovely life
Thousand dollar boots, six hundred grand ice
For me to stay broke, I'm just too nice
See the sunrise, see the gun side, you kill for the life

(Chorus 2X)

(Outro: Lady Raw)

Bitch, rip 'em raw, rip 'em raw
Leave 'em bodied on the floor
Peace to my nigga Bliss, my Doo-Doo, I love you you, ooo-ooo
This for the niggas that hated on me
Even though I ain't playin no more
I'm rippin 'em raw, hold that, take that
Hold that, look back, get clapped, blaa, hah