

Willie D, Play Witcha Mama

(Ice Cube)

Hey, didn't your mama tell you to shut up when grown folks is talking?
Well you need to shut up when grown folks is talking
Yo we don't play that
You know what I'm saying?
So you need to go in there and play witcha mama
Willie D

Verse 1:

(Willie D)

The Gangster of Love is on the go once more
I've been solo two in a row
Still got a bank full of money, fancy cars, a big crib
And bitches on my knob (that's right)
But some motherfucker's counting me out
I'm giving my real fans a big fat shout out
Source Magazine dissing niggas' records
I go to New York and kick they ass back to Texas
And write a song about it they better like
Scary motherfuckers probably give a nigga twenty mics
I'm more dangerous than Jeffrey Dahmer
you wanna play with somebody, play witcha mama

(Ice Cube)

Hoe, yeah

(Willie D)

If you're fronting on that South Central 5th Ward connection
You better speed on before you get peed on
Cube tell 'em

(Ice Cube)

Play witcha mama, huh

It don't stop

(Willie D)

It don't stop, yeah, cause we won't stop

Verse 2:

(Ice Cube)

Warriors, come out and play with yo gay ass vest
You can't shoot 'em up with the wild west
And I hold a pistola, brown as Coca Cola
Coming from the shooters with the 1, 2, bang, ping
Make your ears ring (with the supernatural thing)
It's like I got a 12 gauge when I'm walking
Shut the fuck up when grown folks is talking
Cause I don't play with kids, I shut eyelids
Forever and a day, nigga what you say?
Bailing down a street in my Chuck Taylors own brand
Niggas mad dumb but they can't fade us (never)
Wishin they could be like me and Willie D
Not just a punk ass trick silly gee
You better take that little shit to your mama
(Westside rolling) Fool with the drama

It don't stop, uh, yeah

You better play witcha mama

Verse 3:

(Willie D)

I'm going out like a soldier, I thought I told you
Homie don't play that, so don't make me peteroll you
When you see me in the public, don't try to act big
Cause I'll split your fucking wig
Just give me some dap and I'm a give you some dap back
Cause I'm down to earth black

But if a nigga or a bitch try to show off
I hit 'em dead in their motherfucking mouth
And don't talk about suing me
Cause your ass won't live to see a D-I-M-E
Talking 'bout how you knew me when I wasn't shit
Mad cause I won't speak to you bitch
Now you want to cause a scene, well that's fine
Cause I do this shit all the time (that's right)
Here's a motherfucker that don't mind the drama
You want to play with somebody play witcha mama

(Ice Cube)

Play witcha mama, punk
Play witcha mama, hoe
Play witcha mama, punk
Play witcha mama, hoe
Willie D, Ice Cube, that's all she wrote
That's all she wrote
It don't stop, 'til the panties drop
Fool play witcha mama
Put a comma on that motherfucker Willie D and let's break

(Willie D)

My mama, your mama hanging on the cut
My mama beat your mama ass up, now get somewhere