

# Master P, Stop Playing Wit Me

HOOODY HOOOOO! Knuckle up nigga  
When we catch y'all..  
WE GON' BUST Y'ALL AND Y'ALL DICKS UP  
ALL BITCH ASS NIGGAZ

Bitches STOP PLAYIN well y'all better stop playin wit me [repeat 6X]

[Master P over repeated line from 3X on]  
Tear da club up nigga! [2X]  
Whassup NOW?? HUH!  
Tear da club up nigga! [2X]

Now y'all didn't know that I was a 3rd Ward psycho  
I grew up kinda crazy drink a fifth my uncle bought  
Ask Michael and at ten, I was a motherfuckin fool  
And at the age of eleven, I was already - packin that tool  
Now y'all couldn't feel me, cause I was a killer, at twelve  
And at thirteen, I ain't give a fuck, if I died and went to hell  
See I'm vicious, fuck it, nightlight's on  
And at fourteen, I hit a nigga, with that chrome  
Now y'all want mercy, but y'all bitches, can't hurt me  
Cause I used to sell dope, with my daddy, big Percy  
And at sixteen I was headed straight to juve'  
for a hot fuckin car, some dope, and a uzi  
And then at eighteen nigga I'm back on the streets  
Hooked up with my cousin Jimmy now I'm back on my feet  
I'm back to slangin rocks, rollin coke and pushin powder  
Thangs is goin good, bought moms a Caddy me an old school Impala  
Came nuttin fade me now I'm chillin  
with my lady, she bought to have a baby  
That's when shit got shady, I mean it got crazy  
Niggaz rolled through and bust (HA?) we hit the dust  
They killed the old man but the bitches missed us

Bitches STOP PLAYIN well y'all better stop playin wit me [repeat 4X]

Pick up the paper, couple of niggaz, deceased  
(Man did you kill em P?)  
Who the fuck are you -- the Feds or the police?  
I changed my fuckin life and moved to Cali  
No mo' standin on the corner, no mo' slangin, in no alleys  
When you try to do right, that's when shit, goes wrong  
I got a phone call sayin you gotta come home  
My little brother dead, and I'm back, on the streets  
And I'm cryin to myself, cause it shoulda, been me  
Now I gotta ride with the homies once again  
And I don't give a fuck, if I go, to the pen (ya heard me??)

Bitches STOP PLAYIN well y'all better stop playin wit me [repeat 4X]

Now in the rap game, well it just like the dope game  
Cause niggaz jack and kill for lyrics and beats  
like it's crack, or cocaine  
But thugs die screamin East and West  
That's why me and these soldiers pack pistols  
and wear bulletproof vests  
And to you rookies talkin shit, and fuckin wit No Limit  
Now y'all niggaz can start, but we gon' ride and finish it

Bitches STOP PLAYIN well y'all better stop playin wit me [repeat 4X]

Y'all better stop playin with these motherfuckin veterans rookies!  
(Tear the club up nigga! [2X])  
With some motherfuckin hands on flats

(Tear the club up nigga!)  
Stop playin wit me  
(Tear the club up nigga!)  
Stop playin wit me  
(Where the bitches at? Where the niggaz at?)  
Stop playin wit me  
(Where the bitches at? Where the niggaz at?)  
Y'all better stop playin wit me  
(Where the bitches at? Where the niggaz at?)  
(Where the bitches at? Where the niggaz at?)  
(Get em up nigga.. get em up nigga..)  
(Get em up nigga.. get em up nigga..)  
(Nigga we a started this, and we a finish it)  
(Nigga we a started this, and we a finish it)  
(Nigga we a started this, and we a finish it..)  
(Don't make us enemy nigga)