

Play Wit Yo Bitch

Young Dolph

Pass me a lighter man.
Aye I'm in the booth right now right
And I look around and I finally realize...
That I done turned myself to a motherfckng self made millionaire you digg
Everybody love me except for one group of btch ass niggas...
Aye don't play with me, play wit yo bitch.
Let's go. Don't play with me, play with your btch
Young nigga on some multi million dollar shit
Fur coat, half a million worth of ice on
I'm lit up like a nigga cut the Christmas lights on
Why the fck do you be so fresh Dolph?
Why you keep your foot on these niggas neck Dolph?
Cause we at the top, but we really from the bottom
Tell them pussies fck em and that's how I feel about them
Heard your intro your last two mixtapes
I hear you sleek dissin' but that shit lame
All that make believe rappin' about cocaine
Don't play with me Ho Gotti you a hoe mane
You went from my biggest fan, to my biggest hater
Begging me to sign with you, but I had too much paper
Still that same nigga that used to front your big brother
Found that he a btch too now I call him your big sister (btch)
You still that same nigga that was beefin' with a dyke (But you a gangsta tho?)
How can I take you serious? Aight
They said them pusy niggas on your team iron your draws
They say you make them pusy ass niggas call you boss
But they can't call you King (why?)
Because that's Dolph
I can't drink out that two liter, because that's raw
The streets ours
That new 488 came with a lot of power
My lil niggas banging and let them send some scattered showers
Don't play with me, play with your btch
Matter fact when I fcked her she told me you a btch
And tell that old nigga from my hood with you that he a btch
You make the city look bad, that's the truth
fck nigga I be in North Memphis more than you
I shot my first twenty videos in my hood
You a pusy I heard they never see you in your hood
Nigga quit playin'
Ten M's up, what the fck, I'm just sayin'
Oh you must be mad cause they call Memphis Dolphland

I'm at the Super Bowl my money on the Falcons
Aye you big head motherfcker
Why you hatin' so much?
Oh I forgot you came up rappin' dissin' Three 6 Mafia
Sleek dissin' and dodgin' me nigga let's get it poppin'
Old pusy ass nigga
Old pusy ass nigga
Was talking 'bout me in your song prior to the side
Found my number in her phone and it hurt your pride
Found my number in her phone and it hurt your pride
When they hear this shit, they gon play it five times
Got a lot of foreign cars, that I get too high to drive
Don't play with me, play wit yo bitch
Don't play with me, play wit yo bitch.
So, so I told myself a long time ago right
I said "I ain't gonna expose this pusy ass nigga man, cause we from the same city"
You know, and your whole pusy ass team knows nigga
I've been sparing your btch ass for the past 5 years nigga
You know that shit man, come on man
CM who?
CMF
The Cocaine Musik Faggots
I know, you know, the whole motherfckin' city know
You's a btch
Don't play with me man, play with your btch
Say what you want
I'm the same lil nigga bro,
that was helping your big pusy ass brother put food on his table when you wasn't fcking with
him bro
Put it like this, ayo
You was ridin' in the city beefin' with a dyke my nigga
I don't know no gangsters that beef with motherfckin' dykes, my nigga
That motherfcker saw that, touchdown, reload it
All that shit, whatever the fck it was nigga
Nigga you was talkin' boutta dyke nigga
Nigga you was beefin' with a dyke out there in North Memphis were you from nigga
Nigga you a btch nigga
Ho Gotti I'm dissapointed in you man
Stay in your place homie, you know what's up with me
Tell your fat ass big brother man I said he a btch too
Matter fact your big sister
Tell your fat ass big sister that I said he a btch too
Naw mean
Aye you's a btch nigga
The whole city know that, streets know that
Stay out my way fck nigga
Aye, young nigga, self made, rich shit, fast cars, fast btches, yeahhh.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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