

# Play It Cool

Grand Puba

Play it cool and move it slow  
The nature of these humans is to wanna see rip  
Is to wanna see a fight and say should not write  
I say let bygones be bygones and let's make this cash  
Let's get this doe and still let niggaz know  
It's a lot of bad bitches in Atlanta  
New York is there and it's ripe for the killing  
I say hit me wit' a stack, let me live, let me do mine

Let me be aight when I rest in the night  
If you want it, you can get it  
Don't make theatrics if you got soft tactics  
There's a lot of actors out there in the movies  
And even more actors in the rap game  
I keep my shit in place so I can reach all my people  
So I won't confuse the words that I choose

The Brand Nubian combo, Grand Puba ensemble  
Will make a nigga hungry, give him a piece of fried fish  
Known Alamo for 25 years  
So when I say pass the beef, then Ali passed the beef  
Wack rappers be sliding by the skin of they teeth  
No label could ever be able to stop me

They might try to prop me, put me on promotions, but yo, f\*\*k that  
Just give me my money, ain't a damn thing funny [unverified]  
(Real lust)  
[Unverified]  
Life is a 3 ring circus, all of the ups and downs of the carousel  
That I knew so well, check it out  
'Cuz money's what the two's all about

Play it cool and move it slow

Keep it going, no doubt, no doubt, no diggedy  
Hey, me and Doogie bag mad doe  
Wit' that nigga 'Mo, niggaz try to see it but they moving  
(Move slow)  
So tell me what the f\*\*k is it  
Weak cyphers can't wait for the God to come and visit  
Niggaz don't know on the D-low  
Me and my man Sadat is mad and we bagging doe  
(Cool)

So save the boo for Betty, I shred niggaz like confetti  
Bagging loot and I'm jetti, so are you ready to learn  
Of putting niggaz on ruin', coming stronger than Ewing  
I put the tic wit' the tac 'cuz I'm the knick wit' the knack  
So save the patty for the wack and it'll stem from the crack  
You know what, I don't hit guts of no nasty sluts  
Or get strung on butts, I just hit 'em wit' the roach deluxe  
'Cuz Doogie, you know how shit do  
So Sadat, let's bag this money, then push back to the bungalow

Go and tell your mother, it's return of the blues  
(We can do it better)  
So f\*\*k them others 'cuz I ain't trying to hear it

Then if time and giving loot, I be f\*\*king five women  
The location now, we don't even ask while  
Lyrics so deep they keep passing you by  
I'm cutting niggaz down like drive by  
Niggaz can't keep, 'cuz yo, money, your shit is dry  
Grand Puba, Stud Doogie  
This is how we flow it on, Big Jeff, let's get it going on  
  
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