

Project Pat f/ Pimp C

"Cause I'm a Playa"

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[Chorus]

I keep my cup raised up my nigga 'cause I'm a playa
Nigga 'cause I'm a playa, nigga 'cause I'm a playa
My dollars stay stackin' nigga 'cause I be mackin'
Nigga 'cause I be mackin', nigga 'cause I be mackin'
I keep my cup raised up my nigga 'cause I'm a playa
Nigga 'cause I'm a playa, nigga 'cause I'm a playa
My dollars stay stackin' nigga 'cause I be mackin'
Nigga 'cause I be mackin', nigga 'cause I be mackin'

[Verse 1]

I'm just out here slangin' CDs nigga like rock for
rockers
Still rollin' Hypnotize, we quick to knock off yo' blocker
Blastin' nothin' but choppers, nigga we non-stoppers
Whippin' up this cream, real mean, like Betty Crocker
The guts, icy white-tin, leather is what I'm lik-in'
Pull up, chrome rims, didn't holla, she must be dykin'
Like she didn't see the colors change colors on my
paint job
Just like all the colors on my ice in my wrist watch
Pimps scarred, nothin' but some conversation for some
dough
Slangin' these words out my mouth, like I'm sellin' snow
Tellin' no, lies, compromise, only cheese wise
If ya try to cross, real killers then you must, die

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Pimp C]

Mackaroni Pretty Tony Snow keep it poppin'
Movin' to the internet, keep that pussy droppin'
Mob it up, slop it up, see the ball chop it up
Whip it up, sit down on that meat I'm fit' to push it up
If that game was over I'd get some work and cook it up
Wanna show let's rook it up, you want a beat I'll hook it
up
We run the streets I seen a part up in the shit I took it up
She wanted me to hit her pussy I'ma go off in her butt
What you gon' do, when that thang go to fightin'?
I'ma lay ya deep off in them hoes, them hoes be

boppin'

Tellin' me to stop but bitch, I ain't fit' to stop it
Ya pussy is a pitbull bitch, gon' and lock it
Fuckin' 'round wit' me I knock ya thang up outta socket
Ya ho wanna look at me ya bitch is outta pocket
Flyin' in the Bentley gettin' it sucked just like a rocket
Pimp C bitch I got a zoo off in my closet

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Cruisin' Chelsea Avenue, in the hood, it's a sunny day
Junts out, walkin' miniskirts, let them bunnies play
Money stay, in a nigga's pocket wrapped in
rubberbands
Seven hundred ones wit' 'bout seventy Benjamins
Understand, couple hollow jackets in the bar-ra-rel
Make a wild nigga wanna walk a straight and nar-ra-
row
My dogs strapped, on point, God we like the phar-ra-
roah
My hundred shots, comin' out the mouth, of the calico
Yean' know? Mayne a nigga do's what he gon' do
I'm lookin' for some beef, but the kind, at a barbeque
Comin' through, flickin' old school, Box Chevy thang
Ridin' twenty two's, on you fools, let the system bang

I keep my cup raised up (echoes out)

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