

Vixen

"Imaginary Player"

Visit "[Imaginary Player](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah
I mean like
I gotta be like the pioneer to this shit, you know
I was popping that Cristal
when all y'all niggaz thought it was beer and shit, you
know
Wearing that platinum shit
when all y'all chicks thought it was silver and shit
I got to be the pioneer of this shit
Bottom line
I'm going to show you how to do it
Check it

Verse One:

I spit that other shit
That's the nice motherfucker shit
Fed time follow me around, deep cover shit nigga
You beer money, I'm all year money
I'm popping, you ain't got to count it, it's all there
money
I never change money 'cause niggas got strange
money
Knocked up, marked up, fucked up in the game money
I got bail money, XXL money
You got flash now, one time we'll reveal money
I spit the hottest shit, you need it I got it shit
That down South Master P, Bout It Bout It shit
I got blood money, straight up thug money
That brown paper bag under your mattress drug
money
You got show dough, little to no dough
Sell a bunch of records and you still owe dough
I got 900 and 96 plus 4 more dough
You crazy, you full gazy, and loco with dough papo

Chorus: (4x)

Imaginary Players

Verse Two:

And now you got these young cats acting like they
slung cats
All in they dumb rap, talking about how they funds
stack
When I see them in the street, I don't see none of that
Bad playboy, where the fuck is the hummer at?
Where is all the ice with all the platinum under that?
Those ain't rolex diamonds, what the fuck you done to
that?
Y'all rapping-ass niggas, y'all funny to me
Selling records, being you but still you want to be me
I guess for every buck you make it's like a hundred for
me
And still you running around thinking you got
something on me
But I done did it
And y'all want to take my flow, and run with it
That's cool, I was the first one with it
Original, jiggas the future flow digital
Still busting a gat when she gets critical
Sit it down, I don't want y'all to get it confused
I rip it down, like I ain't got nothing to lose

Chorus

Verse Three:

Groupies I leave them all fucked
Niggas - all struck
Your single was 99 cents, mines was 4 bucks
Last year, when niggas thought it was all up
But this year I've done it again, jigga!
What the fuck
Nigga stop whining, jigga, still shining
Niggas kept complaining so I copped more diamonds
Rock more Versace, ain't nothing sweet
I still throw t'ree in your body, fleeing the party
Y'all can't go with me, nope, flow with me
Bet 50, not dollars either I brought some dough with
me
I flow like the 5 series, in various areas
And blow holes in your weak niggas theories
It's funny how one verse can fuck up the game
You bought a 4.0 you better get your change
Ain't no platinum in those Cartiers, switch your frame
Ain't no manicures on board, then switch your plane

Chorus

