

## White Zombie

### "Playa Tip"

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Is this muthafucka on?  
(Check-check 1-2  
Yeah bitch, go check your muthafuckin puss  
Yeah, this's your homeboy Jay from the Romper Room  
Crew  
We just lounge here in the Country Club right about now  
You know what I'm sayin?  
But now I'm gonna pass this to my young dog Mac Mall)

[ VERSE 1 ]

Passin Mac Mall the mic is like lighting a fuse  
To a fat pipe bomb in a packed-ass room  
Full of broke pimpetrators who be all tryin to dis  
And them hairshop hoes playa-hatin for the dick  
Now naw, I can't forget all them rumour-spreadin tricks  
Chocolate nuts for your mouth when this dope album  
hits  
Like a ??hoe?? out of China, ballers say I am a timer  
Cause I was shootin game since I was a minor  
Some of these rappers is liars, candy-coated and shit  
Counterfeit-ass nigga, you can't blow up in this shit  
I went from bein broke to havin fat accounts  
>From Ben Davis to wearin clothes you can't pronounce  
>From spittin lines to the ladies to bust the game to a  
bitch  
First they hung up in my face, now I got em doin flips  
So when my cuddies ask, "Mall, you stress offa what  
suckers say?"  
I tell em, "Naw folks, it's all in the game"

[ CHORUS ]

I'm comin up on the playa tip  
Your boy done bubbled, so be prepared for some  
major shit  
Nigga, we comin up on the playa tip  
(So shake them squares and start chosin on some  
playas, bitch)

[ VERSE 1 ]

Still got a Tec-9 in my cream creased Dockers  
Hang with big timers, hustlers and bank-robbers

Players who be real about they money, you know  
My dick get harder with every dollar, so who needs a  
hoe?

But sometime I like to get my tip ate  
And if you ain't careful, it might be your bitch, mayn  
V-Town hog, so I dog her like a doorway gap  
I'm from the Crestside, partner, and fool, we do em like  
that

One-time, they be on me, cause my pockets is paroley  
Sippin Hennessy not 40's, stayin far from the phoneys  
Fuck a homie, nigga, but you can be my cuddy, though  
You got a microphone, some money, or a sack to roll  
In the Country Club Crest we can have a choke fest  
Them six figure-digits got a young mac possessed  
To the point, if it ain't about money, then it ain't  
mandatory

I keep my business and pleasure in different  
categories

Cause once they mix, then you trip, man fool, you lost  
control

Went broke behind a punk-ass hoe  
Nigga

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 3 ]

Dome loaded, ripped off Hen'  
Hell of g's addin up in my countin machine  
I count them endless dollars before I have a dream  
Of a muthafuckin heist or a gafflin scheme  
P-89 Ruger with the red beam  
Is the tool I use when I let off steam  
I'm out here gettin famous, and you're just a fiend  
That's why everytime you see me you be muggin me  
Is your system on that morphine?  
Now did your your lungs get sprung on the ice cream?  
Now playa-hatin niggas, this rap's for y'all  
You know I got a middle finger and a cap for y'all  
As long as my name is young Mac-ass Mall  
This game won't stop, won't pause, won't stall  
Now nigga, get rich, read a bitch and kill a snitch  
But make sure your actin's on the playa tip  
Nigga

On the playa tip  
You know

Yeah nigga  
We live from the muthafuckin Country Club  
You know what I'm sayin  
Smokin the dank down to a nud

Ain't even trippin  
We got bitches all out here  
[Name] and shit, you know  
Ant Banks all around this muthafucka burpin and fartin  
and shit  
I don't know  
We just live it, boy

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