

Z-Ro "Playa Don't"

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(Chad Jones)
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Don't hate, don't hate yeah

[Hook: Chad Jones]
Playa don't hate me, hate the game
Cause you see me coming down up on your slab,
swanging thangs
Playa don't hate me, hate the game
Cause you see me coming down up on your slab,
chopping blades

[Z-Ro]
Playa don't hate me hate the game, ain't got no time
To be out here bullshitting, I'm out here trying to make
some change
Be solo twisting I'm a Mo City soldier, I thought I told ya
Roll with us, or get your ass rolled over
See we all about our feddy, pulling up on chrome
Nigga for real ask G.I.N., or you can ask Chad Jones
Baby we Presidential playas showing up, all these gon
mind
Everyone of us diaomoned down, bet you all them hoes
gon shine
We living lovely sipping Bubbly, all the cars are foreign
Ain't no jackers we barring, cause we ready for warring
I'm the king like Tarzan, but mine is swinging on a vine
We swanging on 84's, and chopping in a line
Houston Texas the origin, of a baller's paradise
It's going down, I can smell it in the air tonight
So when you see us pulling up, dressed looking like a
million
Balling permanent, keep our figgas changed like
chameleon

[Hook]

[Mr. Gott Damn]
Niggaz be hating for no reason, ain't no secret how I'm
living
Escalade switch screens, is how you see your boy
dipping

Blowing weed on the freeway, not giving a fuck
Getting my dick sucked doing eighty, bout to hit me a
cut
20 inches of chrome, keep they mouth wide open
Toking cash and hoping, they can shine like me
Get out and put it down, and then grind like me
Leaving them haters and bitch niggaz, behind me
I hit the block, representing paper
4-4 safety off for them violators, and fake playas
Gott Damn be like go, too hot to hold
The weight up on my ice, keep me looking real swoll
So don't be mad when I show up, smoke something
and po' up
I told you motherfuckers, what's gon happen when I
blow up
Now hold up, I got one more thang to mention
I'm riding out Presidential, swinging lanes on a mission

[Hook - 2x]

[Lyrical 187]

I got my first piece of ass, at 13
And I prolly done ran up in every chick, that you done
seen me with
I'm associated with playas, with green and shit
Bad bitches in Jeeps and Lexus trucks, and shit
I'm that nigga see come and get, on blunts weights
and shit
Serving head in the parking lot, giving me fits
Now if you knew I meant your Ms., would you make me
kill you person
Or would you deal with this broad, that got you into this
shit
Would you peep the situation, or go crazy and start
tripping
Like pulling off your shirt, and tossing your jewelry in
the dirt
I'ma hit you where it hurt, and wreck shop like bad cops
On niggaz in the ghetto, for working they block
So stop watching me, with all that animosity
Cause your baby mama's spending, your earned dollas
on me
Sad shit for two partna, it's all on you
Don't be mad at the playa, hate the rules

[Hook]

(Chad Jones)

See me rolling in a Presidential side man

