

## Z-Ro "They See A Playa"

Visit "[They See A Playa](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(feat. Big Hawk, Big Don, & Pup)

[Z-Ro:]

Playa don't hate me, hate the game  
Ain't got time to be out here bullshitting, I'm out here  
trying to make some change  
Please don't get it twisted, 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 hoes  
gon mind  
Everyone of us diamond down, bitch and all them hoes  
gon shine  
We living lovely sipping bubbly, all our cars are foreign  
Ain't no jackers we barring, cause we ready for war'n  
I'm the king like Tarzan, but minus swinging on a vine  
We swanging on 84's, and chopping in a line  
Houston Texas, the origin of baller's paradise  
It's going down, I can smell it in the air tonight  
So when you see us pulling up, plus looking like a  
million  
Balling permanently but fakers change, like chamileon

[Hook x2:]

They see a playa  
They see a playa  
They see a playa  
They see a playa in the mix, so they jump on dick

[Big Don:]

They see a playa in the mix, so they jump on dick  
They see the kid and painted six, and the wrist frost bit  
They see a nigga on the grind, and he just won't quit  
I keep pumping and keep em jumping, on the tip of my  
dick  
It's going down, baby  
These hoe ass niggaz, trying to roach our shine baby  
But I don't give a motherfuck, just pay me mine baby  
And I'ma show you why we repping H-Town baby,  
where we grind on the daily

Just pay me, don't delay me I need stacks  
Don't be tripping sideways, cause a 40 what I pack  
Cause they see a nigga grinding, see a nigga shining  
See a nigga elbows, bumper kit reclining  
In the mix, I done moved crumbs to bricks  
And everybody worldwide, know that Crest is the click  
On some Presidential shit, when we hitting the stage  
Get off dick we in the mix, just to get paid

[Hook x2]

[Pup:]

They see a playa in the mix, and a broad under my arm  
Got the bomb squad with me, and a glock up under my  
charm  
Better recognize nigga, I cause bodily harm  
I got a tommy gun, I call that bitch body-be-gone  
See I'm a playa slash murderer, you know the name  
nigga  
Straight out of Pud Park, bringing the flame nigga  
The aim is superior, mack game flawless  
I pull a bitch without even talking, I'm the rawest  
I pull up in the Lac, with the woofers in the back  
And the windows kinda cracked, sitting fat like a mack  
With your broad on my lap, bout to take her to the trap  
When her ass come back, I'ma be sitting on a stack  
See that's how playas do it, dog the pimp game fluid  
Some niggaz turn pop, but I'ma stay true to it  
The pinky ring bluest, and the wardrobe sick  
And that's the reason, why I got these niggaz bitch on  
my dick

[Hook x2]

Visit [Z-Ro](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.