

Carly Simon F/ Roberta Flack**"The Player Way"**

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

[MJG]

No one expected the unexpected (uh uh)
Nawumsaying?
Something real, something you could feel (that's right)
Straight from the Suave House (Bad Boy)
Representing (no doubt)
Put a little soul in here
And we don't stop

[Eightball]

No one has to ask who be actin' bad
Eightball and MJ pimpin' G be all up in that ass
From Memphis Tenn, around the world and than back
again
Make non-rappin' weak MC's go home practicing
I flip a Benz, will Lorenzo play and plenty Benjamins
Low key, plenty ends makes plenty friends
Baby, I got all the herbs that I need to chief
Smoke up a pound and leave you bitch niggas in
disbelief
Inhale the smoke and every word I wrote came out
dope
Not like that crack, I being lyrical dope above tracks
Not sayin' I won't pull the Rueger and put hollow to ya
Have yo mama on her knees screamin' Hallelujeh
Lay it down playa, Suave House, Bad Boy, Fat Boy
And her friends the Rat-A-Tat boy
Matter of fact boy, this is not a act boy
The player way, keep the player makin' stacks boy

[MJG]

1 - Everything that I do be all about the loot
I been kickin' up dust in my Polo boots
Gettin' blowed on the droll, takin' smoke up my nose
I give the world to a woman, but I don't love hoes
I'm a player, baby and don't you forget
You need to get with it, let me hit it and split it
In the bed, on the floor, hot tub, everyday
The player way, the player way

[Mase]

Now on, on, break o' dawn, can't stop, I'm too hot
Look shit, my niggas rock, hype man be in the drop
Me no care if the B's be tinted, you won't see me in it
'Less there's TV's in it
I can tell by the way you talk and the way you chit-chat
You foul and if you had styles you wouldn't get back
You thinkin' you invincible, you ain't hard to get at
I know everywhere you go, everywhere you live at
I be wanna click-clack and you be ready to get back
I be ready to go to war, you ain't gon' be with that
You be the same cat that I run up on and spit at
Bleedin' all crazy and don't know where you hit at
I'm dead up, niggas doin' drama better shut up, I'm
fed up
Know for my Roley I was set up
I can't let up, you in some shit that don't concern you
Send a bullet through your thermal, you know crazy

Repeat 1

[Eightball]

I've been waiting 20 minutes baby
Now drop yo drawers
And do something outstandin' with yo jaws
After all this waitin' I can see clean through yo
forehead
You mo' said than done, give mo' head than some
Throw my jacket down in the puddle, hell no
If you don't know a pimp, somebody besta tell y'all
Yeah the women say it's good to have a confidant
But yet and still they give it up to pimps, once a month
See a lot of these pimp lovers, they took they K-man
Front like they real and hold a fake in
You wastin' the time
Serious ballas and ready hoes, got da women walkin'
Dibs on da strip with steady toes
As I pull up, cranking is thinking the bigger fat, natural
expertise
Plenty money workin' for G and whoever next to me
And I ain't gonna rest till we made a statement
I'm straight up you want it down? It's time for a
replacement

Repeat 1

Visit [Carly Simon F/ Roberta Flack](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.