

Chamillionaire f/ Famous "Gotta Be Playa"

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[Intro - Famous - talking] (Chamillionaire) Man, know what I'm sayin? Hold up (hold up) I-10 connected Know what I'm sayin? (know what I'm sayin?) S.A. Town to H-Town (H-Town) Holla at me when I touch down [Chorus - Sample - 2X] - w/ ad libs Gotta, gotta be playa, gotta be a star Gotta be playa, gotta be a star Gotta be playa, playa, star Gotta be playa, playa, star [Chamillionaire - talking over Chorus] Got to be playa, playa, star Hold up baby Chamillitary, hey (hey) [Verse 1 - Chamillionaire] Your broad lookin chocolate, broad showin me boppin this Autograph her pad and now she tellin me "you forgot my chest!" Sittin high on top of this (uh), ready steady choppin it's (uh) Taller than a Webster, you could call it Papadapolis (man) Ain't nobody stoppin this, bootleggers jockin this Flow that I got like Block E-N-T was droppin this (Joc) Take my time to drop with it, never come with sloppiness A million dollar swagger, you should pay me for my cockiness (yeah) Even at the Swishahouse, was still, still tippin They say Koopa like Jordan and Chamill like Pippen (ballin) Steel wheel grippin, hit the curve, my wheel chippin Still pullin up on you boys like Chamill ain't trippin (trippin) Know the city, know the state, hit the club to show my face Know the haters is gon' hate, streets tell me I'm old and great Take your woman on a date, bone your Mrs. on the lake Ego gettin large and I don't really think that it's gon' deflate (hold up) [Chorus - Sample - 2x] [Break - Chamillionaire talking over Chorus] Gotta be playa made Gotta be playa, playa, playa, playa made Gotta be playa made Maybe I'm a crawl on fours Gotta be playa, playa, playa, playa made Famous! [Verse 2 - Famous] Huh, I gotta be playa (though) They say I'm a dog, get a broad and I play her (a ho) They say I'm a star, so I'm sharp as the razor (bro) Crease in your jeans, button up and a blazer (damn) Me I keep it gangster, real playas ride chrome (chrome) Still tall T with some Locs like Tone (Tone) Them fours not threes and they poke like moan (moan) With the 'E' in the middle (oh), now you caught on (slow man) I'm throwed off the dome (dome), bad with a pad (pad) Them monkeys on my ass and them hoes gon'

sag (yeah) Say you get money and them hoes gon'
laugh Say you with Chamilli (-tary mayne) and them
hoes gon' smash I'm from a city you ain't heard about
(210) Soon as the word get out, like Mixtape Messiah
Trey, +Get Ya Burners Out+ Huh, I'm from the 'Ton
('Ton) And I'm fittin to be a star like Joan (Joan) [Chorus]
[Break] [Verse 3 - Chamillionaire] Tippin down, payroll
lookin swoll, you don't want to be my nemesis (no) Man
I'm as cold/Cole as the sole on some Kenneth kicks
(huh) Vehicles and rims in all black like the Jena Six
Vehicles is black and got buttons like a Genesis (Sega)
First we put the silver, then the apple on the fender
Refrigerator automatic, curtains on the wind-a (for real)
Intercontinental, still grippin on the timber Plus the
pinky ring is the equivalent to Denver (huh?) Ballin like
a mother that's a real large Nugget Carmelo yellow
pinky, cost a real large budget Stack the 26's and it still
not rubbin Passed on a million yesterday and I'm still
not budgin (mayne) Texas players love to brag, Texas
players love the slabs Pull the car from off the lot,
Ernest 'bout to color that Gators slap another bath,
lookin like a hovercraft Kick the groupies out but they
keep comin back [Chorus] - w/ ad libs [Break] [Outro -
Chamillionaire - talking] (Chopped and Screwed Voice)
(Got diamonds, got to be exposed, you know I) Gotta
be playa, playa, playa, playa made (Throw, throw some
candy on my doors, you know I) Gotta be playa, playa,
playa, playa made (Drop, drop the top when I crawl
slow, you know I) Gotta be playa, playa, playa, playa
made Maybe I'm a crawl on fours Gotta be playa, playa,
playa, playa made

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