

Pimp C f/ Bun B, Twista

"I'sa Playa"

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(Pimp C)

Uhh

Hold up

Comin' down

Hold up

Mm

Smoke somethin'

(Verse 1, Pimp C)

Lately he been flippin' and, stayin' on the grind

Tellin' you that you fine, but he ain't spendin' no time

I be pourin' wine, tryin' to, knock out your spine

Make you mine, from behind, to some slowed down

"Bump n' Grind"

His thang like a dirty Sweet, from off the street

My thang like a O' of indo, from Sacramento

Lately y'all been monkeyin', he, call you a bitch

Keep me all up in yo' shit, tryina dig you a new ditch

Now I admit, that he rich, and that his money is good

Got my dick sucked in his 'Six, I'm fuckin' on leather
and wood

I'm just a yougin' from the hood, with some dick if ya
good

With him, you know that you shouldn't

With me, you know that you should

Go pussy thug, like a glove when I push and I shove

Knock a dime out the climb, cause I ain't makin' love

See yo' man the type of guy, to get jealous and hit'cha

But me, I lick ya where he don't, and suck real hard on
yo' nipple

My game is sharp as a cicle, she love my pickle

And if you gave her a dime, nigga she gave me a
nickle

So while you thinkin', she done jet, she got my dick on
her mind

Keep on neglectin' yo' gal, young Pimp C be spendin'
yo' time

Time

(Hook, girl singing)

It's, liike

Sooome-thing's goin' wrong
Something's goin' wrong

Guess, we've
Been apart, too long
Beeeen, aaa-paart

(Verse 2, Bun B)

Well naturally, I have to be, dead serious, maybe not
Let me tell a tale about this broad that thought she
played me out
Yes, I was impressed, by the sex in her ass
W-U-I-S her, Versacci, down like Fran, dress her, bless
her heart
She was a sweet-tart, but'cha never understood her
point in our duo
Talkin' smart wit' all that "you know", comin' wit' he-
say, she-say
From what she heard at the club, bout some chick that I
had played on
Well bitch, you should have stayed home
She mad cause I done told her girl off, but the bitch
was wrong, and you
You gon' let these messy ho's fuck yo' world off
I tried to love her man, but see love is one thang, and
dumb is anotha
Brotha, I'd be dumb to let her run thangs
I should've passed, but I was gassed, super-unleaded
And her nappy-headed ass gon' regret it, remember I
said it
Cause I'm, in a sublime, new state and frame of mind
Cause it'd be a crime, for me to waste my time
My time

(Hook)

It's, liike
Sooome-thing's goin' wrong
Something's gooooooin' wrong

Guess, we've
Been apart, too long
Beeeen, aaa-paart

(Verse 3, Twista)

Did you ever think about who's ass ya girl's was
Before the booty had became yours?
If a nigga's sane flows, you know everythang goes
Fuckin' in it til' it's colorful as rainbows
Sportin' furry Kango's, she can't go, rockin' paid shows
Paper hard to fold, plus I roll slick, keep talkin' shit
If you don't like me, it's most like-ly, cause I done

holla'd at yo bitch
Why she so thick? Tellin' lies and ya said to be believin'
'em
But I make her feel like "Uh-huh", can you do it? "Uh-huh"
But when I scoup her up, she know that I'm the one to
make a slut-cum
Gotta man, he a lame anyway, mother-fuck that stuff
Mad cause I snuck that love, baby don't bust that slug
So go on head roll up that bud, so we can fuck
So wassup? Now we in the Suburb', submerged, watch
a movie
Or bumpin' U-G, K shit, scoop a bitch or hit the booty
How the man, yea I knew g, but she don't usually, say
shit
Cause the pussy make a motherfucka wanna ball up
and cry
Chicka-pow-pow, I love them thighs when I'm rollin'
aside
I ain't gon' up and die, like the guy that we got high
Take away more than two hits, two blows
She heard my new shit, it was new clothes
New golds, carefully Herringbones, and cell-phones
But her friend home, now I'm freakin' two ho's
If ya girl be wit' me, somethin' nifty, she prob'ly wanna
lick me
I'm the Twista, I flame a ho pissy drunk and drippy
Damn skippy, gamin' it from a shot of Mississippi, now
pimp on

(Hook, to fade)
It's, liike
Sooome-thing's goin' wrong
Something's gooooooin' wrong

Guess, we've
Been apart, too long

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