

## Pharrell f/ Slim Thug

### "Keep it Playa"

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[Intro - Slim Thug) + (Pharrell)

Say P, man the other day foolin at the club

Mane wit this broad or whateva

I walk in see her talkin talkin to some dude or whateva

You know what I'm sayin, so I holla at her I say

"Ay man check this out, man I seen ya over there

hollin at ole boy, I ain't hatin on that

You know what I'm sayin, but I got a friend comin  
through too

So when you se her, don't trip, you know what I'm sayin

Keep it playa man, you know what I'm sayin"

So my broad show up or whateva man (Word)

This girl wanna try and take a swing at her man (Turn  
that shit up)

(That ain't right, this my man favorite record right here)

(Haha, yessir, beat that shit)

[Verse 1 - Pharrell]

Before you say, it's cheaper to keep her, we consider  
and read her

Man she might be the type that won't pea you the  
feeder

She wants a little cheeba, a lil margarita

Man them drawls comin off, when she see the two-  
seater

So put ya Porsche up, get ya divorce up

I'm sure she'll sign it when she see me pull my doors  
up

Man them mansions on the water, motherfuck a hill

She through her heels in the ocean, so she stuck to chill

The truck is steel, hopin somethin between ya

And now she laughin how she took yo ass to the  
cleaners

Man I'm on ya side, not tryna inconviene ya

Just now we get them million keys, and them plastic  
ninas

So keep it playa dawg, don't make me say it all

Do something drastic, know that plastic's everywhere  
dawg

If it ain't music, all this money, I don't play at all

And she ain't either, so that mean she doesn't weigh it

all

[Chorus - Pharrell]

Now we can both post sip, and keep it playa mayne  
(yup)

Now we can both pull the misses, keep it playa mayne  
(uh huh)

Or we could both right our wrists, and keep it playa  
mayne (yup)

Or you could scram cock sucker, if you're a hater  
mayne

I keep them ladies goin.... Uh.... Uh.... Uh.... (uh)

.... Uh.... Uh.... Uh.... (haha)

.... Uh.... Uh.... Uh.... (yup)

.... Uh.... Uh.... Uh....

[Verse 2 - Slim Thug]

I'm a grown man, Thug ain't the one that play no  
games witchu

Thug the one to call, to come get off the chain witchu

And hang witchu, when you full of Patrone

And oh yeah, brain wanna get two partners alone  
(That's right)

Because I'm only 25, and still going live

Got the estate by the pool, by the lake outside

I wake up, and gotta pick which car I'ma drive

The Double R 760, or the 645

I'm, having thangs mayne check out the chain

Money ain't never been a thang, you see the watch and  
the ring

Rocks the nicest, never seen none like this

I'ma boss, I don't ask what it cost, my life priceless

Baby girl you might just, get the share this shine

Long as you not selfish, and learn to share some times

And of course I'm still yours, and you're still mine

But you can't be a hater mayne, gotta keep it playa  
mayne

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Pharrell]

You don't stop, they say J.Lo {???} show her ass and all  
Knowin the worst thing could happen, is a nigga could  
palm

Now my agent saying the only way that he could be  
calm

I put a hundred mil on each arm, like my name was  
LeBron

What, not the ice, my beats is worth more

The track is like a whole damn Jacob Store

See niggaz hate you more, when they take they broad

But his girl looked at my hands, seen a "Matrix" door  
What, jewels is foolish, they hues is {???}  
I mean the smurfs look green, the rocks are so bluish  
You can't out bling me, or BBC jean me  
You ain't got no vought, you can go and ask Me-Me  
I think and relay it (uh), I blink and PJ it (uh)  
You wanna make fast bucks, take this and e-Bay it  
And all you Phantom owners know you can't stand me  
Got one in Virgina, 'nother one in Miami, yessir

[Chorus]

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