

## **Big Moe**

# **"Confidential Playa"**

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I'm still a playa, a confidential playa  
I'm just tryin' to do somethin' right, so let me live my  
life  
Even though I'm still hustlin', I know you want to see me  
strugglin'  
But at least I'm tryin' to do somethin' right so let me live  
my life

Lord knows I had my share of doin' the wrong things  
But a bonafide playa that finds the life in me  
Casualties make us cry but still we got to mash  
Keep my eyes up on the sparrow and mind up on my  
cash

Penetrate, finish last, maintain a steady pace  
Keep the busters out your business and haters up out  
your face  
In this last rat race, the lord some's got to come  
Shrivel my signature, I call it rapping refunds

The ones that criticize be the ones you call your friends  
The ones that ride it out ain't gone always be your kin  
But then you got to know, if it's yours you gone get it  
But also you got to know that everyday ain't terrific

Specific about your plans, keep it real with your fans  
Watchin' my baby boy grow to be a young man  
My daughter got to know from the jump, you a queen  
And fuck what them niggas say you, tell them your  
daddy is a king and

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Every time I look around  
These haters, they be talkin' down  
Big Moe doesn't bring more light

I even had a, had a harder time

But I'm still here, still goin' strong  
You can't believe what you hear in the song  
About the year two, triple O, three  
Whole wide world sippin', drank with me

I got money but I'm still a little stressed  
I thank the Lord 'cause you know I'm the best  
A little love set with the press  
Why you want less 'cause through [Incomprehensible]

I guess it's best for me to stay calm  
And hold it down till the day that I'm gone  
I got a white cup in my palm  
Feel what a peach crush, Mo Yo's just a

Playa, playa, playa, playa

Money, the rule to all evil, that's what I need  
Between the hours of 3 to 7, that's when I bleed  
Motherfuckers gone makin' the block hot, so I stay and  
move around  
Tyte Eyez and Z-Ro stackin' paper, it's goin' down

Break the shop of a nigga that's short stoppin' my  
change  
But me and him to the fullest, duckin' bullets at close  
range  
Feelin' crazy like I'm a lose my life to a bitch nigga  
But while I'm here, I be a rich nigga

Nephews and nieces, nice, cool clothes and chains and  
pieces  
I break bread with my family when my record releases  
Besides skills in the west, nigga got mouths to feed  
Anythin' against the grain, just light a finger spot over  
seas

Saturday mornin' as a youngster, I ain't have no bike  
And I ain't have no Nikes but in the triple I'ma have  
more ice  
Around my neck and my wrist with fern doors  
Z-Ro, confidentially your's a playa

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