

Ekamatra

"V.I.P"

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[ad-libs]

Now, check this out.. Touch, Mr. Rossi.. (whassup)
I gets a page from the breezy, right? (right)
She like "eh yo, yo, can you put me on the list plus
four?"
HEEEEEELLLLL NAAAAWWWW
No, no, no... no, no.. that's right
Don't even trip.. here's the song

[Mr. Rossi]

Everybody wanna live lavish
But it's not possible unless you really got cabbage
Me, I'm a savage, so I'm gonna have it
Everybody wants V.I.P. wit the baggage
Me, plus one (NO!) Me, plus two (NO!)
Me, plus three, can you get us in the door? (NO!)
When I was a patron, all I got was hatin'
Now, everybody wanna smile in my face, but...

[chorus]

Not everyone can be V.I.P
Some of y'all just can't ride wit me
Don't even trip when we hit the do'
And if you act funny, better give 'em some dough
(2X)

[Livio]

When I step up in the place, people recognize my face
They don't even check to see if there's a weapon on my
waist
And remember.. I'm doin' what I told you before
Man, I ain't waitin' in this line, I'm bout to go through
the door
Now, I don't mind sippin' Mo, but I love the 'Yac
Mami, the line here is long and the club is packed
I'm breakin' the dress code while sippin' the X-O
Now I'm ready to unload, come on, ma, let's go, whoa

[Mr. Rossi]

Lifestyles, kinda crazy, lazy
Chickenheads see me, actin' like I'm Jay-Z

Change the game, say my name, platinum chain
Can't wait in line, plus you know it's bout to rain
Ask the man at the door, is it cool?
And if not, slide him this, you know just what to do
But uh, I don't trip, it ain't all about me
'Cause not everyone can be V.I.P

[chorus: (2X)]

[Playa Lo]

When I'm at the club, fools wanna be like me
Spendin' they rent dough, just to match my cheese
Hennessey, Hennessey, Long Island iced tea
If you buy one mo', you'll be out on the streets
I'm Playa Lo, baby, and that's the gang
I'm V.I.P. status just because of my name
I steps right in wit a devilish grin
I told you cats last time I like to stay on cloud ten
Sippin' bumpy face water, at the club freakin' ya
daughter
If she takes one mo' drink, sorry, man, I got her
I'm wearin' Prada, sike, nigga, I ain't
But the clothes that I wear just might make ya faint
I'm iced out, rollin' candy paint
Hey, put me on the list, dog! Naw, dog, I ain't!
Paid him a couple dollars and getcho ass in
If you ain't got no gold, there goes ya girlfriend, I'm a
playa!

[Livio]

I came to get a hoe, I rock that big ice
My name is Livio, I got to live life
I got this thick chain, I kick that sick game
I make my own ends, I ride on chrome rims
A bunch of chickenheads outside kickin' eggs
My dogs is feelin' hungry, that's why we gettin' fed
Believe it, I run this, you cannot be by me
And don't even bump this if ya not V.I.P., woo

[chorus: (2X)]

[Mr. Rossi]

So many chickenheads, we can't get you in, we can't
get you in
So many chickenheads, we can't get you in, we can't
get you in
So many playa haters, we can't show you love, we can't
show you love
So many playa haters, we can't show you love, we can't
show you love

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