

Focal Point

"Playboy"

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(Richie Rich)

Come out and play...

(Woman's Voice)

Playboy...

(Richie Rich laughing)

(Woman's Voice)

Playboy...

(Richie Rich)

Whatchu know about that? Ahhhh...

All bad bitches, lock windows

lock doors

Fake pimps lock hoes

Niggas with diet game too late stole clothes

Real bitches fuck with deez and not those

When I'm at the club and they pop the doze

Nigga keep ya eyes open, watch the hoes

Could it be the walk foo?

The shoes, or the clothes?

Or maybe they be bound to the game i throw

Its the raspy, genuine, into mine

When I'm on the field keep him on the sideline

That soft shit you spit, it ain't tight

I never known the hoes to bite on game light

Cuz it ain't right

To slide through in S Fish

Lauren's a dish and deals with the best bitch

Trick I shoots this

Like Marcus Ray-Boy

I bring it to life cuz I'm a true playboy nigga...

(Chorus)

Playboy, he's runnin the game straight raw

Playboy, he's givin you much much more

Playboy, he's runnin the game straight raw

Playboy, he's givin you much much more...

(Richie Rich)

I just knocked a euro-bitch in a mazarate
See Rich pimp hoes in tennis shoes and gym clothes
But I'll boot a bitch
Who got ass like she's black
Love to fuck me, Bruce Lee sucky-sucky
Now I run hoes of all nationalities
And when I'm in the zone
Her breasts might be silicone
Might catch me on the stroll with a bad bitch
I'm checkin' loot
Nigga listen to the game I shoot
When I'm out alone
I seem to knock straight hoes
Be on the lo-lo
But niggas screamin dat's they hoe
You come and get this bitch
Cuz double-R got more
And what I do
My stable stays stuffed like glew
I put my vocal on it
And call me raspy nigga
9 hoes, fine hoes
Don't even ask me nigga
I ace 'em up
My shoes, my bitches, lace 'em up
It's the real McCoy
A O.G. Playboy foo'

(Chorus)

(Some beat boxing)

(Richie Rich)

Since I'm gonna be
Heres a map, for the wanna-be's
The game pick up niggas
Stick away quick
Why push 19s, when I could slip on dubs
And check this
Once or twice a day switch fits
Be a heat packer
Safe from the street jackers
I rock ice
The type of cat to hit a block twice
Call up once, sac run up, baby no fronts
Smoke blunts
Only let her hit the light once
Compare
So damn different than a playa
The first one
He be the worst one

Bitches to the left
Me and my cat Hew Hef
Play me
Ya lose the L and pay me in ?? toes
Thats the type of shit I tell hoes
Prefer puppies
That drown in the game like guppies
Now they swimmin
Straight lakes, born to chase women
Play it slow
My lifestyle's smoother than Trojan nigga

(Chorus)

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