

## Gary Lewis & The Playboys

### "Southern Made Playa"

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[K-Roc]

K-Roc and Pookie bout gon and drop it crooked like we  
really can  
Flossin in this bitch and go get funky bout my  
dividends  
See I'm gon be tha man, wit tha plan and tha ends  
Flossin through Dallas, Texas in tha new 2000 Benz  
Wit some Hen, and a fat sack of Indo, my head is in tha  
sky  
I'm gettin high, and wit my kinfolk, see I dont neva  
choke  
Cause I been blowin almost everyday, y you askin y?  
In Junior High, boy I been chiffin hay  
Now I'm gettin paid and like to blow mo than I used to  
blow  
I like em burnin slow, so now I'm off to get some  
Optimos  
Nigga, you didnt know, jus how we doin, got yo Auntie,  
she pursuin  
Yo lil sister been boo-hooiin, and yo gal I been screwin  
But I'm movin on cause I cant let my paper stop  
And she dont want me gon, Pookie say they rollin dice  
blocks from mine  
Like 2pac on Hennessey, until I pass out  
Blowin on some green, I cant be seen, up in that glass  
house, Playa

Chorus [x2]

Bounce, a Southern Made Playa make tha crowd jus,  
Bounce  
And cant nobody do it like we do it in tha South  
Got everybody talkin cause they know if its clown  
Your preferably a rival when tha crooks hit yo town

[Mr. Pookie]

Tired of facin' drama ya'll, watch this playa rip it  
Wishin life was like a soccer ball, all my fools can kick it  
Wassup wit it, K-Roc gon and get tha switches from tha  
track  
Southern Made, grab tha blade, and split that bitch on

down tha back  
My reaction to tha weed is a calm cool state  
Like a missile on tha way, I jus cant wait to detonate  
In tha days of tha Hemingway, rollin lovely blunts  
Who's to say I saw tha triggga spray, boy we had it krunk  
Bout to dump, on this niggaz wit tha M1 cock  
Quick to hit a 2 way stop, wit that 45 beam on top  
Bodies drop, see me flexin, lil ol Texan, from tha Crook  
North Dallas off tha hook, bound to leave them bustas  
shook  
Peep and look, I stay creased, wit K-Swiss up on my  
feet  
Smokin Blacks when it aint no weed, hit this blunt, oh  
yes indeed  
I'ma sleep, see passion for these hoes has got cha  
stronger  
She dancin and unchancin, that's cause Pookie all up  
on her

Chorus[x2]

[Mr. Pookie]

Look at cha Southern Made, Playa Laid, back in tha  
shade  
Jus Tha Rippla, come to get cha, wit these blunts I'ma  
blaze  
And today is jus anotha, like a muthafuckin otha  
It's not safe stay undercover, get yo paper, fuck tha  
colors  
See them bustas, and organize a lick we finsta hit  
Quick to skeam up on this nigga, out to get that  
treasure shit  
That's tha mind of a crook, jus a section in our brain  
Where we felt like we couldnt have it, so we had to grab  
it man  
Who's to blame? my conscience saw tha crooked times  
we livin in  
Time to stack some dividends, I'm at tha mall wit plenty  
ends  
It's me again, playa of tha year, dark and lovely  
Makin moves on hoes that love me, gurl stay back if  
you scrubby  
And yo hubby, it's best that he stay clear when I'm near  
Cause that static, cause of fear, me and yo bitch ova  
hea  
That's 4 real, so nigga stay back yo gurl has chosen  
Dont wanna see you get yo face cracked, Pookie has  
spoken

Chorus [til end]

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