

JLM**"Do What Playas Do"**Visit "[Do What Playas Do](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Mysonne]

Uhh (uhh)

Wanna blow? (Wanna blow?) Pretty Tone (Pretty Tone)

Suave House (suave House) Eightball (Eightball) Tony

Draper (Draper)

All Out (All Out), Murder (Murder)

Harlem World (Harlem World), problem children

(problem children)

Y'all niggaz got problems (y'all niggaz got problems)

Uhh (uhh) UHH (UHH) Yo (YO)

Now I can play with these hoes, or spray four-fours

Whatever the situation, may call for

I can sport linen, pimp hard, court women

Have the ice, hand to waves all spinnin

Or I can get in, to some real thug shit

Armed robbery, slash, deal drug shit

Peel slugs quick, cause I'm versatile

I can ice grill, but I'm worse when I smile

Expert with style, y'all give hoes cash

All I give em, is hard dick and coke in they ass

Bitch, move that, true playa, true dat

Niggaz catch feelings, when they chick say, "Who dat?"

Representin from the Bronx, to the Dirty South

Spittin drug flows, with my dirty mouth

We got it all, from grams to Eightballs

Yeah we players, and refs, we make calls

Chorus: Eightball (repeat 2X)

Now everybody wanna do what a playa do

But everybody can't do what a playa do

(I see you playa) All in the mix right

I see you playa (Yeah I got my shit tight)

[Eightball]

Bring it to niggaz I don't be slippin on my literary

Sick when I'm gone off that Jane first name Mary

Eightball, ain't no other like this Southern brother

Crazy motherfucker, pooh butt booty duster

Never been a point shaver or a hoe saver
Just a weed craver, Suave House assassinator
To the dirt, and we gon' put that on the House bitch
Gold in the mouth shit, straight South shit
Orange Mound slow the flow down to pull the fo'-pound
Beat a hoe down, and fall up in the club to' down
I like them dirty hoes, down to get buck for a dollar
Thick yella Cinderella, hair shop scholar
Pimp shit, and I'ma keep it straight +Space Age+
Every year, turn the book of life to a new page
Kick rhymes hotter than Texas in July
Suave House playa til the day that I die, uhh

Chorus

[Mase]

Sauve House motherfucker, All Out motherfucker
Wanna blow motherfucker? Team nigga til I'm low
motherfucker
Yo, I went from O-T to O-C to all the paper
Leads to fatigue then ? the gators
If ain't about the money nigga? Call me later
How many niggaz talk Benzes? Seen them one
Not videos and picture shit, those don't count
I'm the nigga talkin millions and, own the amount
Mr. Frosty, the nigga never fold for chips
When the money on the line bitch I roll trips
Cut a bitch off for a week and let her know what she
miss
Hundred grand worth of shit nigga glow on my wrist
Bought a range just to go with the six
When I flip for these chips, shit is never over a bitch
You got some nerve, I can give a kiler one word, get
em
You will see how many niggaz miss him
I put pellets in the air let the shit hit em
Put the gun inside his mouth and let the clip kiss him
Shit you drive all tinted, I put my honey in it
Won't, stop your bank, ain't enough money in it
Live a lifestyle rarely told, what you know about
floatin down Eighth, gettin head in the Rolls
You had, money like that you wouldn't be measurin
those
You motherfuckin barely sold, barely gold
Niggaz send it rough I send it back the same way it
came
You ain't dissin me until you say my name,
motherfucker

Chorus

Visit [JLM](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.