

Joshua And Servant Singers

"Playa Hayta"

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It's best you let me wander or I'll taunt
Ya with my brain
I'm the editor-in-chief,
The leaf-a-rap a dope shit, antique
Rope kits for the hang time, a
heinous crime
'Cause I drain his mind. Open it up,
oh...not
The same as mine, not the same ass
rhyme
Nickel plated statements with nickel
plated
Knuckle faded faces. No matter what
the Race is I hope ya cockpit got shit,
I stock
Hits. Inventory glorious. I owe me this
I'm on my homies shit - the homeless
shown
This skill is real when I attack from
the
Back I'll say a rhyme then pull your
spinal
Cord from your torso, more so or
better
Yet more or less it's not an option
I'm coppin'
A plea seizing a shop and hopin' a
cop's
A blow of the past. If not, I'll be
blowin'
His ass away. J. Groove is on the cross, I'm
The heavyweight fader of a playa
hayta

Analysis is deep, forever on the peep
and I'm
The best, the crest of the ho shit...
yeah,
You can't manifest destiny unless it's
me
Oh, you don't approve of my moves

but I'm not
Starvin' for jargon, so save it.
My libido is
The needle to the wax, I like to tax in
Gazebos, surviving like a mac king,
clever
Never lacking when I'm stacking
endeavors
I try and try to tell fools, that I've been
Through hell and my tools ain't the same
As yours. Coors Light that's what
they're
Drinkin', must be I'm wrong yours is
right
That's why you're sinkin' in your own
sight
Nose is in my business, witnessin'
your
Own fate, drownin' in your own lake
of hate
But I don't see no abstinent crabs in it
Perverse perpin' after the salt I can
hear the rehearsal of a serpent,
urgent
'Cause you don't use your head when
you
Shed skin - dead end...for a playa
hayta

Charades, are played but I keep
getting it in
Large amounts because I be doin'
these Hoogies' charge account like a banker
I'm patient and I be waiting like an
anchor
To spank her. Then I get the softy
sanka
Coffee drinkin' breath stinkin'
cheddar cheese
Eatin' wheat germ, checker board
pants
Wearin' can't dance, and you're starin' in
My grill. But you had a steak
a nervous
Twitch and you're a badly fake and I
heard
His bitch is gettin' around like Tupac
Servin' niggas two at a time like she
got
Two cocks. New blocks she be conquering
Zip codes, I rip ho's that be lappin' up

Mark ass lames then charge it to the
Game. So he next time you step to
me
Like a defense attorney, Ha!...I'll
fade ya
'Cause you're a playa hayta.

From a real playa ' cause I play the
game
The same, not behind no dame, so
you
Can get these thangs

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