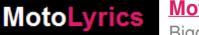
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Lil' O

"Supposed Playa"

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(*talking*) (hello), man Keisha what's the deal I been blowing up your pager, and calling your phone all day Why you ain't hit me back, (boy do not call me no mo')

[Hook]

Say you don't love her, stop lying Cause when you heard a playa hit, bitch you start crying But damn you supposed to be a playa, and if you don't love her why you care Man I know it's cold, but it's fair

[Lil' O]

I hopped out the Lex coupe, looking way too cute Boppers asking who is that, hit you sure to who But god damn he got loot, look at all them diamonds Girl peep them shoes Gucci, yeah that boy is shining So if you guess I'm a baller, lil' mama you fucking right And tell your friend to holla, cause we fucking tonight I got a suite at the Double Tree, we could blow a sweet and sip bubbly

Hop into the sheets, and bum ugly I'm straight to the point girl, it's the thug in me If your man said he seen you leave, say it wasn't me She said who is he, well my man ain't bout shit He mess with other broads, and he ain't even rich Cause ain't you Lil' O, from from off of Braeswood block

Fat Rat Wit Da Cheeze, can't stop won't stop The one who be balling, in a Lex and a drop When he hear that you hit, it's gon really run him hot

[Hook - 2x]

[Lil' O] I said, baby how that sound He can't be a playa, chasing you around town Yeah I know you jazzy, and your body going down But ain't no bra work me busting rounds, or even trying to clown Cause all I wanna do with you, is have a lil' fun And I ain't even tripping, he can have you when I'm done If you think I'm trying to cuff you, baby boo I ain't the one Now jump up in the Lex, so I can jump up in your buns She said let's jet, now what's next Freaky hot sex, like we from the projects She licked me from my toes, to me neck then I wrecked But here comes her man, with the plex Cause now the sucker blow a baby up, on a cellular phone Saying where you at, better get your ass home I know you with a nigga, cause I heard from Tyrone When I see you I'ma whoop you, until old daddy's home

[Hook - 2x]

[Lil' O]

Man it's boys, out of line He gon make me act a fool, and hit him with the nine Swearing he a playa, but he hating on my shine The way you be cuffing broads, it should be a crime can't you see are you blind She don't want you no more, put her ass in G (man you knocked my gal down), why you asking me (man where are y'all at), we sipping dackeries Eating steak, at the Cheesecake Factory That's how a playa do it, can you ball like that Hell naw lil' buster, now call her back And when we leave her, I'ma be all in her cat And if you come up here tripping, I'ma scald you black She gon, eat it up Then I'ma roll her on her stomach, then beat it up Then I'ma smack her on her ass, then skeet a nut Then I'ma drop her at your crib, playa keep the slut nigga what whoa whoa

[Hook - 2x]

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