

Marc Dorsey

"Players Holiday"

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[Too \$hort]
What?
You say what?
The president did what?
Ah man, that's hey, that's all good baby
He got rid of the player haters too?
Ah man, we need to declare this a national holiday
We gonna call this Players Holiday
Ant B-Z what up man?

[Ant Banks]
Rise and shine, make you wanna say
Dear God, let me thank you for another day
For livin' life on the edge and I'm tryin' to break it
Tired of duckin' the Feds, but it's a struggle to make it
So this is your day homey, now it's time to shine
If a player's only trickin', you can wine and dine
Stress free from the drama, better go get your ticket
Then come on cause some squares can't lie to kick it

[Mac Mall]
It feels good not to grind no more
Don't get it twisted cause I still hustle
Maintainin' just tryin' to reach my goal
Livin' life truly successful
So that my little soldier never have to sell no dope
All the Cutties from the pens comin' home again
And we ain't tryin' to kill each other cause brother we all
in
Beautiful black women give 'em much respect
And ain't no funk 'tween the east and the west
It's just a Player Holiday

1 - Today's the day the Players play
So you better be on your way
(On your way, your way)
Now it's time to celebrate
Hurry up and don't be late
Cause you know it's gonna be a lovely day

2 - Lovely day, lovely day, lovely day, lovely day

Lovely day, lovely day, lovely day, lovely day
(A lovely day)
Lovely day, lovely day, lovely day, lovely day
Lovely day, lovely day, lovely day, lovely day

[Too \$hort]

January 1 the year 2000

We gettin' all the money and we ain't through clownin'
You can tell everybody that stays around your way
Today is the official Player's Holiday
Short Dog I'm lovin' every minute of it
Cause pimpin's been around since the beginning of it
We barbecuin' chicken, that's what we doin'
Buy some breezys and we kickin'
And Cap what you doin'?

[Captain Save Em]

I'm just sittin here timin' like a Rolex watch
I figured by now y'all realize that Hip-Hop and Rap
won't stop
Puttin' it together like a racing track
Where's all my Latino, Philippino, and Ese partners at?
I know you feel me when I say that life's a struggle
But God first, y'all know we all can't help but bubble
So keep your head up
And know that things are changing for the better
Talkin' 'bout the youth, the little kids
Forget about you, never

Repeat 1

Repeat 2

[Ant Banks]

Now all the real players throw your Rollies in The air
And wave 'em all around like you just don't care
From side to side and from front to back
Throw the peace sign baby, show me where you at
Dollar bill y'all, and we could scream it out loud
And Mac Mall's here, homey that can move the crowd
So what the deal with you nigga, you could cross the
town
Put the squeeze on the haters, ain't no need to clown

[Rappin 4-tay]

None of the homies got pop
None of the spots got batteram
And I'll be damned, it's crackin' like a Summer Jam
Barbecues, no more feuds, players embracin'
Slammin' dominos, bustin' raps, still paper chasin'
Competitors keep a distance, it's all love baby
Rub-a-dub-dub love, welcome to the Players Club baby

A family affair, a toast to the bay, hey
Looks like it's gonna be one of them lovely days

Repeat 2

[Mac Mall]

Mama used to put my clothes on layaway
Now I'm dipped everyday and every C-note got big
face
Holler at me man, used to ride the back of the bus
Now I'm spinnin V-12's though the times is rough
In God we trust haters, you can only hate us
But can't front cause you knew that we was bound to
blow up
Gettin' paid what we can, Short Dog and Ant Banks
Mac Mall do it big on a Players Holiday, yeah

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