

# Mase

## "Player Way"

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**(feat. Eightball & MJG)**

*[MJG]*

No one expected the unexpected (uh uh)  
Nawumsaying?  
Something real, something you could feel (that's right)  
Straight from the Suave House (Bad Boy)  
Representing (no doubt)  
Put a little soul in here  
And we don't stop

*[Eightball]*

No one has to ask who be actin' bad  
Eightball and MJ pimpin' G be all up in that ass  
From Memphis Tenn, around the world and than back  
again  
Make non-rappin' weak MC's go home practicing  
I flip a Benz, will Lorenzo play and plenty Benjamins  
Low key, plenty ends makes plenty friends  
Baby, I got all the herbs that I need to chief  
Smoke up a pound and leave you bitch niggas in  
disbelief  
Inhale the smoke and every word I wrote came out  
dope  
Not like that crack, I being lyrical dope above tracks  
Not sayin' I won't pull the Rueger and put hollow to ya  
Have yo mama on her knees screamin' Hallelujeh  
Lay it down playa, Suave House, Bad Boy, Fat Boy  
And her friends the Rat-A-Tat boy  
Matter of fact boy, this is not a act boy  
The player way, keep the player makin' stacks boy

*[MJG]*

*[1]* - Everything that I do be all about the loot  
I been kickin' up dust in my Polo boots  
Gettin' blowed on the droll, takin' smoke up my nose  
I give the world to a woman, but I don't love hoes  
I'm a player, baby and don't you forget  
You need to get with it, let me hit it and split it  
In the bed, on the floor, hot tub, everyday  
The player way, the player way

*[Mase]*

Now on, on, break o' dawn, can't stop, I'm too hot  
Look shit, my niggas rock, hype man be in the drop  
Me no care if the B's be tinted, you won't see me in it  
'Less there's TV's in it  
I can tell by the way you talk and the way you chit-chat  
You foul and if you had styles you wouldn't get back  
You thinkin' you invincible, you ain't hard to get at  
I know everywhere you go, everywhere you live at  
I be wanna click-clack and you be ready to get back  
I be ready to go to war, you ain't gon' be with that  
You be the same cat that I run up on and spit at  
Bleedin' all crazy and don't know where you hit at  
I'm dead up, niggas doin' drama better shut up, I'm  
fed up  
Know for my Roley I was set up  
I can't let up, you in some shit that don't concern you  
Send a bullet through your thermal, you know crazy

*[Repeat 1]*

*[Eightball]*

I've been waiting 20 minutes baby  
Now drop yo drawers  
And do something outstandin' with yo jaws  
After all this waitin' I can see clean through yo  
forehead  
You mo' said than done, give mo' head than some  
Throw my jacket down in the puddle, hell no  
If you don't know a pimp, somebody besta tell y'all  
Yeah the women say it's good to have a confidant  
But yet and still they give it up to pimps, once a month  
See a lot of these pimp lovers, they took they K-man  
Front like they real and hold a fake in  
You wastin' the time  
Serious ballas and ready hoes, got da women walkin'  
Dibs on da strip with steady toes  
As I pull up, cranking is thinking the bigger fat, natural  
expertise  
Plenty money workin' for G and whoever next to me  
And I ain't gonna rest till we made a statement  
I'm straight up you want it down? It's time for a  
replacement

*[Repeat 1]*

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