

## Count Raven

### "I's a Playa"

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(\*Russell Lee vocalizing\*)

[Dougie D]

Chilling with my vatos, sitting back smoking on some  
vlahoes

Peeping out all of the bitches, creeping up with the dub  
club carro

Like a jalepeno, baby girl hot let me rub the el gato

We can get away from here, to my place running to my  
casa del llamo

Just you and me girl, we smoking choking blowing on  
weed girl

Swanging our feet up, flipping Don Perion up in a two  
liter

Its me Dougie D yeah, and that's the way that we  
flossing listen

When it comes to being a playa, Dougie D can be  
nothing less, that late

Night bumping and grinding, I'ma make sure that you  
gon reach your climate

Ain't nothing but a young G, that's all that I can be and  
I'm shining

Steady crawling on down and, while you be riding think  
you broads get chose

Feeling on your titties when I'm riding on vogues, its jut  
the way the game goes

P-I-M to the motherfucking P, pop my collar roll on up a  
sweet

M to the motherfucking double A-B on sight, nigga go  
on chrome and creep

Riding on down gotta get it crunk one time, everyday  
all day we gon shine

I's a playa look I suppose, I just gotta be me and that's  
the way its going down

[Chorus: Russell Lee - 2x]

I just gotta be a G, I just gotta be me

You fucking with a thug, fa sho

Catch me riding on chrome, late night in the zone

I's a playa, I suppose

[Trae]

Peep game, pull out the lot we untamed  
Dropped like a jaw, with the missing top frame  
Pop the trunk, better read the light mayn  
Gliding your block, like a four do' airplane  
Lane to lane, when I tipping on lane fo'  
Crawling slow, but I be looking so thoed I's a playa, I  
suppose  
Sitting two deep late night, when I'm with the hoe  
Everybody and they mama, trying to be like us  
I'm known to get fly, so Texas tough I got a 40-X, that I  
sip like a bus  
Ain't no stopping us, or they wanna be knocking us  
Like four 18's, coming up out the trunk  
Ready to beat the block, until they call the cops  
And if they call the cops, they better get they glock  
And try to take me out, because it ain't gon stop  
Sideways in the drop, pour lean like bar  
I must confess I's a G by far, Lil' ole Trae, riding blue  
over gray  
While swinging wild like my name Roy J. Jones Jr.,  
guaranteed to do you  
When you step outta place, I'ma bring it to you  
Uh give it up, 'fore I three-piece suit you  
Screwed Up Click, never been no loser  
No competition, when it come to the Maab  
Hopping up out the slab, with a big black dob  
No time to play, we get straight to the job  
I'm a thug and a pimp baby, I don't barge  
You can tell by the way, that I keep my grins  
Still low on tens, yelling out fuck friends  
M double A-B gotta make them ends  
So I'ma put it in your face one mo' gin

[Chorus - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

I'm a playa I suppose, so go on and come up out your  
clothes  
Really though, I don't give a damn about none of these  
hoes  
Wouldn't put a bitch, in front of a cold folk  
Wouldn't put a bitch, in front of my friend  
But I will run up in the bitch, if she bend  
On over, cause I run it out take it like a soldier  
And then I'ma put her out like doja, cause I'm a  
motherfucking P-I-M-P  
AKA putting in my penis, and it ain't motherfucking V-A-  
J  
I-N-A and I ain't gon play, stabbing that oon and  
choking on hay

Fin to have to put a brace on your pussy bone  
And then I'm gone I'm on my way, back in the street  
I'm on my grind, fuck being dull I gotta be on shine  
And I'ma be late never be on time, never call your cell,  
but you calling mine  
Cause you love it when I be behind, hit it with her broad  
I know she gon mind  
If a nigga bump I know she gon grind, pumping it  
punking until she crying  
But it ain't no commitment I'm out the do', Z-Ro the  
Crooked out Ridgemont 4  
Not no punk and I'm not no hoe, disrespect me and I'll  
tag your toe  
1-8-7 I'm one of a kind gangsta, I put one in your mind  
But I'd rather put one in you for trying to, you wasting  
time

[Chorus - 2x]

[Russell Lee]

I just gotta be a G, I just gotta be me  
I just gotta be Russell Lee, ain't no sucking me  
(\*vocalizing\*)  
I just gotta be a G, my niggas and my thugs  
You fucking with some thugs  
(\*vocalizing\*)

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