

Outkast "Player's Ball"

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Intro:

Scene was so thick, low rides, seventy-seven Seviles
El Dawgs, nuttin but them 'llacs
All the players, all the hustlers, i'm talking about
Black man heaven, yah know what i'm saying? Peace

Verse One:

It's beginnin to look a lot like what?
Follow my every step take notes
On how i crept I's bout ta go in depth
This is the way i creep my season
Here's my ghetto rep i kept to say
The least no no it can't cease so i
Begin to piece my two and two together
Gots no snowy weather have to
Find something to do better bet!
I sets up traps so shut up that nonsense about some
silent night i got say crock if it ain't real it
Ain't right i'm like no matter what the season
Forever chill with smith i sip my fifth i chill with wess
and got my reasons so tell me what did you expect?
You thought i'd break my neck to help y'all deck the
halls oh
Naw i got nuther means of celebratin i'm gettin pussy,
that ho's yo i gots the hoochie waitin i made it through
Another year cain't ask fo nothing much mo it's Outkast
For the boots i thought you knew so now you know
Let's go

Chorus

All the players came from far and wide
Wearing afros and braids kicken' them gangstar ride
Now i'm here to tell yah there's a better day
When the player ball is happenin on christmas day

Verse Two

Hallelujah hallelujah yah know i do some things more
different than i

Used ta coz i'm a player doing what the players do the
package store is
Closed okay my day is ruined this is rediculus i'm
gettin serious i'm
Gettin curious coz the house is smelling stank as
chitlins all is vicious
I make no wishes coz i'm hauling four niggas in the
back gettin tipsy
Off the nog and high as hell off the contact smoke,
they havin a smoke out
In my back seat they passing herb re-winding verses
coz it's in the air i
Hit the parks i hit the cuts i'm makin switches cause i'm
switching from side to side looking for hoes and
snitches
Im wide open feeway my pager broke my vibe coz a
junkie is a junkie three sixty
Five it's just another day of work to me the spirit just
ain't in me
Grab my pistol and my ounce see what they junkies got
to give me coz
It's like that, yeah

Clever pimpin, never slipin, that's how it is [check it!]

Verse Three

Ain't no chimminies in the ghetto so i won't be hangin
my socks on no
Chimney, i'm feeling the tick, fix me a drink i got the
remedy, some greens and
That ham [not!] don't eat no ham [hocks!] don't play
me like smokin
Rocks i got the munchies we gots the mary jane in the
dungeon just to let you
Niggaz know in ninety three that's how we comin so
hoe hoe hoes check my
King ass fro the gin and juice has gots me tipsy so
umm...

It goes simply ten and i'll serve you then now we bend
the corner in my
Cadillac my heart does not go pitty pat for no rat i'm
leaning back my
Elbows out the windows cold rum and indo fills my
body where's the party
We rode deep we dip to underground see's a lot of
hoes around i spit my
Game while waiting count down a five, fo a three two
here comes the one
A new year has begun, please folks, spark another one

Here's a little something for the players out there
hustling, gettin
Down for theirs, from east point, college park, decatur,
devrai, you
Know niggaz world wide, now,... for they ass

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