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Paul Wall "I'm A Playa"

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Yes sir, Swisha House DJ Paul and Juicy J productions Paul Wall, Swisha House, Hypnotize Minds Three 6 Mafia, it's goin' down

Eighty-fo's, candy paint Switchin' lanes, sippin' drank Eighty-fo's, candy paint Switchin' lanes, sippin' drank

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It's Paul Wall baby, yeah that's me These hoes wanna know what I'm 'bout Princess cuts all on my neck And on my wrist and in my mouth Do's open, do's close Where's the camera I'll strike a pose

I'm still ridin' on elbows In eighty-threes and eighty-fo's The gangsta slab is what I flip Woodgrain is what I grip That purple drank is what I sip In my cell phone keep a chip

I'm talkin' bid'ness I put it down I'm choppin' blades and I'm poppin' shrooms I'm from the land of that fry smoke Got plex I got the pump Weighted trunk and chunk the deuce Keep it movin' I'm on the prowl

I'm on the hunt for some one night love Best believe that it's goin' down Money and hoes, cars and clothes Diamond rings and ice grills Swisha House we keep it trill And hold it down baby what's the deal

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We put them 47 inch jelly Screens in them Escalade We po' that purple drank Straight up like it's that Kool-Aid We like them girls That eat it up and never be afraid

While you cry but ask How they givin' up the fade Ye ain't got screens If they ain't touch screen With the removable screen Lookin' mean on the scene

When hoes see me They sayin' everybody ain't able 'Cause I turned the back of my Caddy Pickup into a pool table

Juicy J, I'm the mayne Got the G's, fuck the fame See a lil' freak, run some game And she goin' I'm a take some brain I'm on the slab, posted up White Cadillac with the white guts

I'm on the scene, drankin' lean Mixed with Spire in a plastic cup I'm from the hood, call it North Where Project Pat went to jail and court But now he back on the Southern bricks We gonna drink a lot and players smoke Newport uptown

Hit the blush, or watch These diamonds blind you up Nothin' but self-made millionaires So you can shut the fuck

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I got a deep freezer up on my neck And snow cones up in my ear A ice tray up in my mouth I'm lookin' somethin' like a chandelier You can call me the ice man I cause a blizzard every time I breathe Posted up on that South Lee With Big Mix and my boy Lil' Heat

Where's the drank I'm runnin' low Cabbage Head told me it's a drought But not to worry dough never doubt I'll go to the doctor with a cough It's Paul Wall baby that's my name Fly like a plane what it do I drop the top of my potnah plaque And chunk the deuce to that boy Gooch

Just like a midget I'm sittin' low And like a snail I'm crawlin' slow Where's Mike, where's Bawdy He on the grind ducked on the low Yeah, I like my music slow Yeah, I like my train mud I'm chopped up by Michael Watts It's Paul Wall baby that's what's up

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I'm a playa, ain't no doubt Hoes wanna know what I'm 'bout I'm a playa, ain't no doubt Hoes wanna know what I'm 'bout I'm a playa, ain't no doubt Hoes wanna know what I'm 'bout

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