

Peaches

"Player's Ball"

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Here's a little somethin' for the players out there
hustlin'
Gettin' down for theirs
From East Point, College Park, Decatur, DeVries

My man, the scene was so thick
Lowriders, seventy-seven Sevilles
El Do's, nuttin' but them 'Llacs
All the players, all the hustlers
I'm talkin' 'bout a black man heaven here
You know what I'm sayin', yeah

Cadillacs are comin' from everywhere
Limbo boppin' good 'cause love is in the air
To all you players and you pimps, smoke out and have
a ball
And if your hoe is actin' crazy put her on the wall

Now, now, now, everybody's dancin' and just feelin'
right
I see all of you players got yourselves laid in on ice
I hope when all y'all dance is over, can I get on, yeah
My kids'll have a story, that still be told, whoa, about

All the players came from far and wide
Wearin' afros and braids, kickin' them gangster rides
Now I'm here to tell ya, there's a better day
When the player ball is happenin', all day everyday

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