

Dawn Of Dreams

"Playa Perkin"

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[Kim Morgan]
Mmmhhhh...
Playa, playa
Ohhh....

[Verse 1: Jay Tee]
Bounced about a new pay
5-0-1 still saggin
Cup the volish, put it in a brown baggy
Cap stappin', strike it in my new nikes
See my partner Beleant on her sell is dykes
San Jose bitches
East LA bitches
Common and play bitches
Man, I Lay your game bitches
You know this dick ain't free
But now its half price
And if your partner sell it coo' girl, I hit them twice
I make the nights
Specially when I'm off that gin
I got your bag bitch, straking in the coverd inn
She be blowin'
[???] [???] and I flowin'
It's heavy hoein'
Mayn, you don't even know it
My cousin Dan, always represent the bay
No matter hell bitch, shit, she still got topay
Straight cash, so why ain't got to pay taxes?
Showered up and jumped right back in my Air Maxes

[Refrain 2X: Kim Morgan]
Playa playa perkin'
the lover you be workin'
You got a cadillac, a gang, a house
The only thing you love it the liquor stores

[Verse 2: Young Dru]
And when I pulled to the spot
All the bitches' panties get hot
And I let that top drop
and I don't think shine everytime I hit that block

I got that candy pain
Or the fat tips
Or the mission to pimp a bad bitch
Young savage but cabitch
Hustelin' on and a half ritch
Lil right way
Till that shit so tight way
Toony shows
And pullin' these hoes
And gettin' here all the night way
Fucking with my Kid Foe Jay Tee
Fucker that sucker hate me
Couse that bitch love me
You wanna fuck me
Couse I'm way too thuggy
but don't try to hug me
I'm not not your huggy
I'm a playa to come
Dog to the bus and [???] up
And cock what you play thug up
Tell your daddy that I raped you
But you know it ain't true
Don't try to haze
I got you one tape
Fuck with me and my crew
It's Young Dru
You love the way I do what I do
Perk it off that brew
And big pimpin' ain't nuttin' new
Girl I'm a fool
And I'm on to keep this rap-shit crackin'
I spit some game
Get in your brain
And give you all what you laggin'

[Refrain] 2x

[Verse 3: Jay Tee]

Fuck the cliff
Playboy I'm off the curb
The only way to I'm a stop
If is worth to hurtin'
I talk bad
Bitch don't make me get to cabbin'
All I'm known for is mackin' in a back shappin'
South LA
Beverly Hills to the cress
Hit rancho and put that road up on the test
She got scratch
Her daddy work at Tac' Bell
So why attach?

Kick back and stack mail

[Verse 4: Young Dru]

I'm off that gin and juice

Swat up in the 7 duece

I let you frost to drop your draws

Bitch is hound'a guce

We gittn' wide and loose

Perkin' up in the back of the outless

Pant some brain your ankles

And young bitch I know where your lood is

He can't front how you gave up the cunt, hoe

So get the fuck out and pass me back my blunt, hoe

Hit the world and don't call me when you get there

I gives a fuck about a [???

I'm a sick player

[Refrain] 4x

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