

UGK**"Playerz from the south"**

Visit "[Playerz from the south](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

featuring Master P, Silkk

(U.G.k)

Ya, hahaha...Well I been direct, break yo

kneck to get a peep of a TRU 11 goddamn fool. I came
to sweep

you off your goddamn feet, now pass that sweet & get
back, lookin'

for action, retaliation, that's where that shit at. Click
clack

goes that pistol, bullets couldn't win, make a fucked up
ass

whistle, you know it's yo dismissal. Now this will nip it in

tha bud, for my brothaz in tha pen, I gots ta bust 2 nuts,
nigga

whut? I put it down, keep puttin it down, so I advice
hoes to

not fuck around, it's that underground. Bitch you
couldn't cut

tha sound, would blow up, hold up, wrong move, but
it's time

to call tha first family to handle these niggaz. Cuz we
all

tha work, you bitch niggaz made your eyez burn, I'm fo
sure that

these G'z goin' fo', fo' fo, & blow fo' blow. It's Silkk,

Master P, & U.G.K front door, front row, slow it down

hoe, you know?

Chorus:

Playaz from tha south stack gee'z, flippin' tight

on that white with that candy on them gold D'z (x4)

(Master P)

Foolz hate tha P cuz I'm bout it {bout it}

got them black soldierz owned & I'm rowdy. Ready to
bust on tha

nigga that talkin' shit, I'm bad like J'Sun, but compare
me with

them other niggaz, cuz I aaint shrive placin'. Y'all
niggaz

gone off that fried black. I had fucked mo' niggaz in
tha game

then a quarter bag. I got them thinkin, killin them keyz,
I'm

fuckin them devil done deeds, I'm trippin them keyz,
tryna' make

this dope into quarter keyz. Ask me where I'm from,
New Orleans

{New Orleans} Where them niggaz in tha projects be
ballin'

slangin' that Iceberg & Plirens, runnin' from tha
sirens{sirens}

Don't know how to completely work, tha fuck how to
triple beam.

Eliminate niggaz like Kelgon{Kelgon} if there was a
muthafuckin'

band I'd be a Baraton{Baraton}. C tha P is from that
muthafuckin'

Calliope{Calliope} where them niggaz who bootin' up
& have gold teeth

don't give a fuck bout a hoe{hoe}, & niggaz cuttin' on
that wata

wata{wata wata}. We bout it bout it, don't give a fuck
bout seeing

no muthafuckin' tomorrow, & won't stop, send me to
tha pen, I won't

stop till them muthafuckin' saints go marchin' in.

Chorus

(Silkk)

1-2-3, you know Silkk a G (a G) all about

that muthafuckin' mayo (mayo). Gold on my ride, front
back

side 2 side, you know a nigga all about tha sells. I'm in
front

of tha nigga that front, nigga ask yo bitch ass to come.
I'm

from that 3rd Ward (uptown) in other words I run this
shit light,

chill. For them niggaz that boast, I'll be like Blast 'em
(blast em)

WATch tha ground, before it gets full of smoke, &
watch how it goes

like faster. Shit aint gonna fuckin' change nigga, I think
not,

cuz I be on tha same block, same house, same spot,
same glock, but

more rock. Fuck whut ya heard, recognize whut I be
sayin', but y'all

I aint never gonna die, so when U.G.K, Master P, & I be
Down South

Hustlin', I wasn't surprised. Cuz I be tha man ta stand,
I'm

bound ta make a mil. Whoomp there it is, y'all haven't

heard, but

y'all bitches will. Believe me, I got 2 for 3, 4 for 5,
hollah

at ya boy if ya need, & bitch I'm out (fading)

chorus

(Pimp C)

Now do you blame me? A sweet for every

bitch that I fuck, you have to bring 4 18 wheelers, fill
em from

back to front. I'm Pimp C bitch, ain't no mistakin',
niggaz

tryin' to get tha cheeze, but bitch I be gettin' bacon.
Would

it candy just an every day thang rubb'n butt, because
you like

tha way that my 5 wheel & my wheel look. Cuz I be
comin' down,

cuz my heart be TRU, I'm fuckin' ya boo, gettin' a
screw, nigga

whut up wit choo? I lived & wept fo ya nigga he had it
comin'.

I represent my shit, cuz nigga I can't be no harder, &
just

because we do popo, bitches be thankin' we don't have
a fuckin'

pocket full of stones. A drug deala with killaz, sip syrup

with murderaz, put food in my mouth incase you
bitches ain't

heard of us. Nigga, I live for tha bush, I live for tha
crush,

I'm down with rich & royal muthafuckin' flush, whut??
Ya,

tha muthafuckin' organize noise boy, wassup?

chorus

*Pimp C in background talkin

Visit [UGK](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.