

Albita

"Playamade Mexicans"

Visit "[Playamade Mexicans](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Chorus: Lucky Luchiano)

Where they at?

Where they at?

Where my playamade mexicans at? (Huh!)

I see the screens and the visor with the twenty inch
tires

Where my players making paper on the texas map

What it do screwston? (where my players at?)

All the way to San Antone (where my players at?)

From Laredo to Dallas, all the way to Amarilla

It dont matter where you from boy its all about that
scrilla

[Lucky Luchiano]

This for my players down south we mexicans on feet

Ready to spend we been hustlin all week

Heads turn when I crawl and the slab on chrome

Leather and wooded, a big strap on the floor

Lucky representing for his players making pay

H-town mexicans wearing fades and braids

Staying playamade and swanging apple over silver

Dont be mad at Lucky cause he stacking all the scrilla

Where my mexicans po' pimping?

I see your chrome spinning

Man this for my mexicans, platinum and gold grilling

Creased jeans, piece and chain with the J's on the toes

Screw in the trunk while we swanging on the road

I'm a flow on the track

Finna roll a ball bat

Fifth wheel with the grill, 84's on the lac

Where my mexicans hitting licks?

Where my with the bricks?

Where my on a mission tryin' to ball and get rich

(Chorus: Lucky Luchiano)

Where my playamade mexicans at?

Where they at?

Where they at?

Where my playamade mexicans at? (Huh!)

I see the screens and the visor with the twenty inch
tires

Where my players making paper on the texas map
What it do screwston? (where my players at?)
All the way to San Antone (where my players at?)
From Laredo to Dallas, all the way to Amarilla
It dont matter where you from boy its all about that
scrilla

[Baby Beesh]

Aint it funny?

Mexicans run the drug money

Cause we all about our carrots like mane, the bugs
bunny

Fucking with a thugs money gone get you broke down

And if you didnt know, well patna you know now

Cause we dont punch clocks

We push a bunch of rocks

Bang a bunch of bopps

And shake the fucking cops

Off top, Baby bash call me the scrill dilly

Deep as space city surrounded by big tittys

Aint it trippy how its drippy the candy that stay red

Mane where you from, well playa then say that

Trunks glowing, screens showing and caddys and woo-
doos

Flated in the truck, sittin on new shoes

Crackin the rear view, cause the beat's too zappy

Parking lot pimping with the weed transaction

Getting a hell of action from a dime piece chula

She said she want a mexican all about his mula

(Chorus 1X)

[Lucky Luchiano]

Mane we them throwed mexicans out of the dirty south

Haters want plexx what they, what they talking bout?

Im a hogg all lanes while I crawl on blades

Lucky Luchiano be my dog on name

Im a swang im a tip in a candy mothership

Unlike my bumperkit and put on another flick

Screens fall, popping trunk on the seawall

Bout to show them other fools how the third coast ball

All my dogs in H-town chunk a duece out the roof

Swang left to right what it do act a fool

I'll shut my show down cause we was blowin the pine

Clubs hate my entourage cause they know we gone
clown

Puttin down for my homies in the penitentiary

When im gone my little homies will represent me

Thats how it be we aint never gone stop it

Playamade mexican keeping this here poppin

(Chorus 1X)

[Baby Beesh Talking]

Mane hold on, I thought you thought

Mane hold on, I thought you thought

Mane hold on, I thought you thought

Mane hold on

Uh yea!

Its the phantom track

The bonus!

Slowed and throwed in your earlobe

That boy Baby Beeshie

With the neptune Lucky Luchiano

Produced by that boy Rebel

All in your jaw bone

uhhhh!

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

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