

Chris Mars**"Playaz From the South"**

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Yeah...uh huh...ha ha ha

[Bun B]

Well live and direct, break yo neck to get a peep
Of a true and livin' got damn fool
I came to sweep you off yo got damn feet
Now pass that sweet & get back
Lookin' for action, retaliation, and reaction
That's where that shit at
Click clack that's that pistol
Bullets cuttin' wind make a fucked up ass whistle
You know it's yo dismissal
Now this'll nip it in the bud
For my brothers in the pen
Every day I gots to bust two nuts nigga, what
I put it down, keep puttin' it down,
So I advise hoes to not fuck around
This that Underground
Bitch you couldn't cut the sound
Would blow up, hold up
Wrong move, but it's time
To call the first family to handle these niggas
Because we are the worst
You bitch niggas laid yo eyes on
I'm so fo' sure
That these G's goin' fo', fo' and blow for blow
It's Silkk, Master P, and U.G.K
Front door, front row, slow it down ho, you know

[Hook x4: Master P]

Playas from the South stack G's
Flippin' tight on that white
With that candy on them gold D's

[Master P]

Fools hate the P cause I'm bout it (Bout it)
I got them black soldiers on and I'm rowdy
Ready to bust on the nigga that talkin' shit
I'm bad, like Jason
Don't compare with them other niggas
Cause I ain't freebasin'

Y'all niggas gone on that fried black
I had fucked mo' niggas in the game then a
quarterback
I got them G's, them killers, them keys
I'm fuckin' doublin' them D's
I'm triplin' them T's
Tryin' to make this dope into quarter keys
Ask me where I'm from, New Orleans (New Orleans)
Where them niggas in the projects be ballin' (Ballin')
Slangin' that Iceberg and Plirens
Runnin' from the sirens
Don't know how to comp
But work the fuck out a triple beam
Eliminate niggas like Calgon (Calgon)
If there was a motherfuckin' band I'd be a baritone
See the P is from that motherfuckin' Calliope (Calliope)
Where them niggas boot up and gold teeth
Don't give a fuck about a ho (Ho)
And niggas stuntin' on that water, water
You know we bout it, bout it
Don't give a fuck about seein no motherfuckin'
tomorrow
And won't stop, send me to the pen
I won't stop til them motherfuckin' Saints go marchin' in

[Hook x4]

[Silkk the Shocker]

1-2-3, you know Silkk a G (G)
All about that motherfuckin' mail (Mail)
Gold on my ride, front back side-to-side
You know a nigga all about them sales
I don't fuck around with them niggas that front and
stunt
Nigga ain't ask yo bitch ass to come
I'm from that Third Ward nigga (Uptown)
In other words I run this shit right chea'
For them niggas that boast, I be like blast it
Watch the ground gets full of smoke
And watch y'all get ghost like Casper
Shit ain't gonna fuckin' change nigga
Uh, I think not
Cause I be on the same block, same house
Same spot, same glock, cook more rock
Fuck what ya heard recognize what I be sayin'
Bitch ain't gon' never gon' die
So when U.G.K Master P called me up
Be on Down South Hustlers, I wasn't surprised
Cause I'ma be the man to stand, I'm bound to make a
mill
Whoop, there it is y'all haven't heard

But y'all bitches will
Believe me, I got two for three, four for five
Holla at cha' boy if ya need me
And bitch I'm out

[Hook x4]

[Pimp C]

Now if ya gave me a Sweet for every bitch that I fucked
You'd have to bring four eighteen wheelers
Fill em' from back to front
Cause I'm Pimp C bitch, ain't no mistakin'
Niggas tryin' to get the cheese
But bitch I'm gettin' the bacon
And wood and candy just an every day thing rubbin'
bud
Because ya like the way that fifth wheel
And that grill look
Cause I be comin' down, nigga my heart be true
I'm fuckin' ya boo, I'm bumpin' that screw
Nigga what's up with you
I live and wept for ya nigga, he had it comin' though
I represent my shit cause nigga I can't be no ho
And just because we do perform
Bitches be thinkin'
That we don't have a fuckin' pocket full of stones
I done drunk Miller with killers
Sipped syrup with murderers
Keep a boot in my mouth
Just in case you bitches ain't heard of us
Nigga, I live for the rush, I live for the crush
I'm down with drinkin' Royal and the motherfuckin'
Plush
Yeah, and the motherfuckin Organized Noise boy,
what's up

[Hook x4]

[Pimp C talking]

Now I got holla at Port Arthur
And all them motherfuckin' niggas in Texas
Know what I'm talkin' about
I know niggas be hollerin' Texas
Just because it rhymes with Lexus
But see, we just cool like that
And uh understand that, uh
It ain't all about this rap boy
I'm tellin' you, I'm tellin' you, I told you
Comin' down boy, fifth wheel
Grill, candy ha ha

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