

Project Pat "'Cause I'm A Playa [Clean]"

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I keep my cup raised up my boy 'cause I'm a playa
Boy 'cause I'm a playa, boy 'cause I'm a playa
My dollars stay stackin' and boy 'cause I'll be mackin'
Boy 'cause I'll be mackin', boy 'cause I'll be mackin'

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I'm just out here slangin' CDs *** like rock for rockers
Still rollin' hypnotize, we quick to knock off yo' blocker
Blastin' nothin' but choppers, *** we non-stoppers
Whippin' up this cream, real mean like Betty Crocker

The guts icy white tin, leather is what I'm lik-in'
Pull up chrome rims, didn't holla, she must be ***
Like she didn't see the colors change, colors on my
paint job
Just like all the colors on my ice in my wrist watch

Pimps scarred, nothin' but some conversation for some
dough
Slangin' these words out my mouth like I'm sellin' ***
Tellin' no lies, compromise, only cheese wise
If ya try to cross, real killers then you must die

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Mackaroni Pretty Tony Snow keep it poppin'
Movin' to the Internet, keep that *** droppin'
Mob it up, slop it up, see the *** chop it up
Whip it up, sit down on that *** I'm fit' to push it up

If that game was over I'd get some work and cook it up
Wanna show let's rook it up, you want a beat I'll hook it
up
We run the streets I seen a part up in the *** I took it up
She wanted me to hit her *** I'ma go off in her ***

What you gon' do, when that thang go to ***?
I'ma lay ya deep off in them ***, them *** be boppin'
Tellin' me to stop but ***, I ain't fit' to stop it
Ya *** is a pit bull ***, gon' and lock it

Fuckin' 'round wit' me I knock ya thang up outta socket
Ya ho wanna look at me, ya *** is outta pocket
Flyin' in the Bentley gettin' it *** just like a rocket
Pimp C bitch I got a zoo off in my closet

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Cruisin' Chelsea Avenue, in the hood it's a sunny day
Junts out, walkin' miniskirts, let them bunnies play
Money stay in a *** pocket wrapped in rubber bands
Seven hundred ones wit' 'bout seventy Benjamins

Understand couple hollow jackets in the barrel
Make a wild *** wanna walk a straight and narrow
My dogs strapped on point, God we like the pharaoh
My hundred shots, comin' out the mouth of the ***

Yeah' know, mayne a *** do's what he gon' do
I'm lookin' for some beef but the kind at a barbecue
Comin' through, flickin' old school, Box Chevy thang
Ridin' twenty two's on you fools, let the system bang

I keep my cup raised up

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