

## 8 Ball "Do What A Playa Do"

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(feat. Andre Rison)

[Eightball]

Yeah, we back again, baby  
E'body wanna do what a playa do  
But e'body can't do what a playa do  
You know what I'm talking 'bout  
Dre, Dre these fools wanna talk down on the playa man

[Andre] Uh huh, uh huh

[Eight] You know

They don't know what I'm talking 'bout, though

[Andre]

Eh eh, tell them 'bout everything  
And how you're sponse' to change  
When you get a little paper, huh?

[Eight] Yeah, yeah man

[Andre] Can't do that, not the real playa's

[Eight] They hardly ever met a real playas

[Andre] Space age for ya'll

That's all, just a little bit of that space age

[Eight] Yeah did you get that?

[Andre] Ya'll that was it

[Eight] Dre and Eight, Suave House

[Eightball]

Dig this, I hit the track with unbelievable raps  
Fadin' oncomers with that unconceivable crap  
We the tip-top playa's flipping real hip-hop  
In the drop top we all ballin' non-stop  
To the head baby, we keep [edited] don't trip  
Think it over baby we toss [edited] so don't slip

[Andre]

Hold it down, Ball

[Eight]

Yeah, Dre, we gotta come real  
Let the whole damn world know the whole damn deal  
From the mic to the backey to the D-A-3

Eight gotta represent that S-U-A-V-E  
D-R-E, chiefin' like a K-C chief  
We're the pitter pair, we complete d-mix beats, uh

[1]

Now everybody wanna do what a playa do  
But everybody can't do what a playa do  
I see you playa  
All in the mix right  
I see you playa  
Yeah, I got my shit tight

Now everybody wanna do what a playa do  
But everybody can't do what a playa do  
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All in the mix right  
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Yeah, I got my shit tight

[Andre]

From Hummers to a house  
Watching the chief's blow 'em out  
In between Arrowhead and Suave House no doubt  
From a playa to a southern play  
Ain't no competition  
When our opposition think we slippin  
But I ain't trippin'  
Catch a plane, switchin' trucks Coup's and Lex  
Tone paper stacks, bustin' rhymes with Eight on tracks  
Ain't no holdin' us back, doin' our thing on this hip-hop  
scene  
For whatever it's worth, mamma raised me since birth  
To shake the earth and be a playa from the streets to  
the field  
And everytime I touch the mic give 'em something they  
can feel  
Like [edited] fantasies coming real in this battlefield  
I know you wanna do me but she do too  
Everybody can't do what a playa do

[Eight]

That's right, they can't do what a playa do  
Big wild and Dre, floppin' this sign, it's on you Chiefs  
Ya knowumsaying? Uh

[Repeat 1]

Don't let the glitter hit your eyes  
And think that we ain't [edited]  
I was running [edited] before [edited] knew I could rap  
Railroad tracks, the fourty eight tracks and plats'

God blessed me with the knack to hear a track and  
react  
South style, get buck and make the crowd get wild  
Livin in a strange universe, real life x-files  
Rock bottom from the gutter to a well known brotha  
Clipped up [edited] with the flow, straight butta  
What up, paper lova, chip gripper, scale tippa'  
Verse bitta', flow flippa'  
Nobody knows what my twisted mind holds  
Mathematics and tactics for platinum flow's, uh

[Repeat 1]

Yeah, you can't do what a playa do  
Suave House style, baby  
Space Age forever  
Eightball and Fat Man  
Do Dre, and every deals

[Repeat 1 until fade]

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