

Richie Rich "Playboy"

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(Richie Rich)
Come out and play...

(Woman's Voice)
Playboy...

(Richie Rich laughing)

(Woman's Voice)
Playboy...

(Richie Rich)
Whatchu know about that? Ahhhh...
All bad bitches, lock windows
Lock doors
Fake pimps lock hoes
Niggas with diet game too late stole clothes
Real bitches fuck with deez and not those
When I'm at the club and they pop the doze
Nigga keep ya eyes open, watch the hoes
Could it be the walk foo?
The shoes, or the clothes?
Or maybe they be bound to the game i throw
Its the raspy, genuine, into mine
When I'm on the field keep him on the sideline
That soft shit you spit, it ain't tight
I never known the hoes to bite on game light
Cuz it ain't right
To slide through in S Fish
Lauren's a dish and deals with the best bitch
Trick I shoots this
Like Marcus Ray-Boy
I bring it to life cuz I'm a true playboy nigga...

(Chorus)
Playboy, he's runnin the game straight raw
Playboy, he's givin you much much more
Playboy, he's runnin the game straight raw
Playboy, he's givin you much much more...

(Richie Rich)
I just knocked a euro-bitch in a mazarate

See Rich pimp hoes in tennis shoes and gym clothes
But I'll boot a bitch
Who got ass like she's black
Love to fuck me, Bruce Lee sucky-sucky
Now I run hoes of all nationalities
And when I'm in the zone
Her breasts might be silicone
Might catch me on the stroll with a bad bitch
I'm checkin' loot
Nigga listen to the game I shoot
When I'm out alone
I seem to knock straight hoes
Be on the lo-lo
But niggas screamin dat's they hoe
You come and get this bitch
Cuz double-R got more
And what I do
My stable stays stuffed like glew
I put my vocal on it
And call me raspy nigga
9 hoes, fine hoes
Don't even ask me nigga
I ace 'em up
My shoes, my bitches, lace 'em up
It's the real McCoy
A O.G. Playboy foo'

(Chorus)

(Some beat boxing)

(Richie Rich)

Since I'm gonna be
Heres a map, for the wanna-be's
The game pick up niggas
Stick away quick
Why push 19s, when I could slip on dubs
And check this
Once or twice a day switch fits
Be a heat packer
Safe from the street jackers
I rock ice
The type of cat to hit a block twice
Call up once, sac run up, baby no fronts
Smoke blunts
Only let her hit the light once
Compare
So damn different than a playa
The first one
He be the worst one
Bitches to the left

Me and my cat Hew Hef
Play me
Ya lose the L and pay me in ?? toes
That's the type of shit I tell hoes
Prefer puppies
That drown in the game like guppies
Now they swimmin
Straight lakes, born to chase women
Play it slow
My lifestyle's smoother than Trojan nigga

(Chorus)

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