

## Anderson Bruford Wakeman Howe

### "Confidential Playa"

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(Ronnie Spencer vocalizes through whole song)

[Chorus: Z-Ro]

I'm still a player, a confidential player  
I'm just trying to do something right, so let me live my  
life  
Even though I'm still hustling, I know you want to see  
me struggling  
But at least I'm trying to do something right so let me  
live my life

[Tyte Eyez]

Lord knows I had my share of doing the wrong things  
But a bonified player that finds the life in me  
Casualties make us cry but still we got to mash  
Keep my eyes up on the sparrow and mind, up on my  
cash  
Penetrate, finish last maintain a steady pace  
Keep the busters out your business and haters up out  
your face  
In this last rat race, the lord some's got to come  
Shrivel my signature I call it rapping refunds  
The ones that criticize be the ones you call your friends  
The ones that ride it out ain't gone always be your kin  
But then, you got to know, if it's yours you gone get it  
But also you got to know that everyday, ain't terrific  
Precision about your plans, keep it real with your fans  
Watching my baby boy grow to be a young man  
My daughter got to know, from the jump you a queen  
And fuck what them niggas say you tell them your  
daddy is a king

[Chorus]

[Big Moe]

Everytime I look around  
These haters they be talking down  
Big Moe that done bring more light  
I even had a, had a harder time  
But I'm still here still going strong  
You can't believe what you hear in the song

About the year two triple o three  
Whole wide world sipping drank with me  
I got money but I'm still a little stressed  
I thank the lord cause you know I'm the best  
A little love set with the press  
Why you want less cause through this  
I guess it's best for me, to stay calm  
And hold it down till the day that I'm gone  
I got a white cup in my palm  
Feel what a peach crush Mo-Yo's just a  
Player, player, player, player

[Z-Ro]

Money, the rule to all evil that's what I need  
Between the hours of 3 to 7, that's when I bleed  
Motherfuckers gone making the block hot, so I stay and  
move around  
Tyte Eyez and Z-Ro stacking paper, it's going down  
Break the shop of a nigga that's short stopping my  
change  
But me and him to the fullest ducking bullets at close  
range  
Feeling crazy, like I'm a lose my life to a bitch nigga  
But while I'm here I be a rich nigga  
Nephews and nieces, niece cool clothes and chains  
and pieces  
I break bread with my family when my record releases  
Besides skills in the west, nigga got mouths to feed  
Anything against the grain just light a finger spot over  
seas  
Saturday morning as a youngster I ain't have no bike  
And I ain't have no Nikes, but in the triple I'ma have  
more ice  
Around my neck and my wrist with fern doors  
Z-Ro, confidentially yours a player

[Chorus]

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