

Soundtrack

"Outkast - Player's Ball"

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Intro:

Scene was so thick, low rides, seventy-seven sevilles
El dawgs, nuttin but them llacs
All the players, all the hustlers, Im talking about
Black man heaven, yah know what Im saying? peace

Verse one:

Its beginnin to look a lot like what?
Follow my every step take notes
On how I creep is bout ta go in deep
This is the way I creep my season
Heres my ghetto rep I kept to say
The least no no it can't cease so i
Begin to piece my two and two together
Gots no snowy weather have to
Find something to do better bet!
I said subtract so shut up that
Nonsense about some solid nine I got say
Crock if it aint real it
Aint right Im like no matter what the season
Forever chill with spin I get my fin I chill with less
And got my reasons so tell me what did you expect?
You thought I'd break my neck to help yall deck the
halls oh
Now I got nuther means of celebratin Im gettin biz to
that ho-jo i
Gots the hoochie waitin I made it through
To another year caint ask fo much mo it's outkast
For the boots I thought you knew so now you know
Lets go

Chorus

All the players came from far and wide
Wearing afros and braids in every gangstar ride
Now Im here to tell yah there's a better day
When the player ball is happenin on christmas day

Verse two

Hallelujah hallelujah yah know I do some things more
different than i

Used ta coz Im a player doing what the players do the
package store is
Closed okay my deck is woofin this is rediculus Im
gettin serious im
Gettin curious coz the house is smelling sick of chitlins
all this
Vicious I make no wishes coz the modern folk is in the
back gettin tipsy
Off the nog-en and is in a hellova contact smoke they
havin a smoke out
In my back seat they passing herb reminding verses
coz it's in the air i
Hit the parks hit the cuts Im makin switches clicking the
switches side
Ta side lookin for bitches watchin for snitches Im wide
open on the
Freeway my pager broke my vibe coz a junkie is a
junkie three sixty
Five it's just another day of work to me the spirit just
aint in me
Grab my pistol and my ounce see what they junkies got
to give me coz
Its like that, yeah

Clever pimpin, never slipin, that's how it is [check it!]

Verse three

Aint no chimminies in the ghetto so I wont be hangin
my socks on no
Tip how far does it tick fix me a drink I got the remedy
so bring in
That ham [not!] don't need no ham [hocks!] don't play
me like Im smokin
Rocks I got the money we gots the freaks in the
dungeon just to let you
Know coz in ninety three that's how we comin so hoe
hoe hoes check my
King ass fro the gin and juice gots me tipsy so on

It goes hit me ten and I'll serve you then now we in the
corner in my
Cadillac my heart does not go pitty pat for no rat Im
leaning back my
Elbows out the windows cold rhymin indo fills my
body wheres the party
We rode deep we dip to underground sees a lot of
hoes around I split my
Game while waiting count down a five fo a three two
here comes the one a
Do yah have me copy folks spark another one

Heres a little something for all the players out there
hustling, gettin
Down for theirs, from east point, college park, decatur,
devrai, you
Know world wide, down for theirs

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