

Destiny's Child F/ Master P

"Everybody Playin' Here"

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Yo I ain't hearin nothin, Kool Keith in the place
I'ma be all up in your face
Yo, I'ma tell you, I don't wanna hear what you got to say

[Kool Keith]

'Gwan from here, forget the all-star game
Light your ass man with flame, urinate in the brain
Ladies react move with panties off with the prawns
Imposter from the Barbados
Private jets shock your island
40 oz. undercover with a cashmere
Your fake Gucci glasses, your jacket's made out of
reindeer
Jealous, I know you act like you don't hear
Top controller, winey waste
I'm not impressed, beyond your fat stomach
Twist your tiny waist
Jacket and juice leave your bad mouth with a bad taste
We keep it clean, no passin gas or sardines in here
No girls with a lack of hygiene with sardines in here
Yo, you know Garland, open the roof, crack the beer

[Chorus]

It's apparent, tell no shame in here
Everybody know the game in here
Know you playin in here, what you sayin in here
You're playin here

[Kool Keith]

Like Free and Mary J. Blige, AJ look like the Predator
#1 with the tec-9 in the duffel bag, I'm your competitor
Bounty catcher master, you face me in America
You know you guys rhymin little gay for commercial
Deep in the industry, the anal crevices
Y'all date men, your bodyguards too busy datin trends
The kid on the mic, your hype man goes the other way
Santa Monica butt boys
Fly your girls in from Chicago, Illanois
Ask the judge right here, don't budge right here
Y'all light in the ass, featherweight, fly your kite here
Bird figures, y'all ain't all that, don't let me reveal you

Cap peel you, top of the mansion butt boys
Earnin for girls, y'all strut boys
Play your right hand side with Tonka toys
Walkin back and forth like Enoch against your crew
Sayin "crush, kill, destroy"
Asian girls relax on Soul Train, you're stiff
Eat your bok choi

[Chorus]

[Kool Keith]

Special effects make most of your average rappers
with pastel colors
Wallpaper in your background, I P-I-S-S on you
Game benefits, collect C-I-S-S on you
Don't need one mic there, I'd rather vomit on two
People suck! Are you down? I'm in your area
You bad, the more the merrier
Santa Claus, put flammable fluid to your claws
I break all sissy laws
Treat you like a prosti' on Sunset, you bet
I know you're in the back of the aisle, your girdle's wet
You got the nerve to move and listen to Keitho Sweat
Look around yo
You're like the girl who used to sing a long time in
Florida
I call you Anquette

[Chorus]

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