

Emerson

"Playas Roll"

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[Russell Lee]
Yeaaaaaaah...Ohhhhhhh

[Lucky Talking]
Yeah they know what time it is..
Russel Lee in here with Happy P..
Paul Wall and Chamillionaire..
Man, it's going down..

[Chamillionaire]
Ay, it look like a G in the knot but, it's not, it's three
Time is money, you don't wanna chase the clock with
me
I squat in the drop, not a dirty spot to see
Stand on top of my dough in the desert, and spot the
sea
My money's tall, I been born to stack chips
Ignore my taxes, frame on the lack list
Hop on the mattress to get pornographic
Make a move on the chick, and move on to that sis
Hits, Chamillionaire he raps
So she lifts up the shirt show the bra with two straps
But how ironic is that, cause the boy can do that
I lift up my shirt, so the boy got two straps
Gotta strap up, I gotta be safe sexin
So I strap up, I gotta keep a weapon
It's Koopa protectin my health cause so many girls call
me boo
Im scared of myself, haha
But they lucky, get the cheddar and buck
Cause me and Lucky we both be tryin a get in a vault
Make bronze money turn greener than the incredible
hulk
But I'm pain in full, vato what you thought...Koopa

[Lucky]
Believe that, money ain't nothin..
Specially you bout yo business..
Ay, Russ let em' know how these playas roll..

[Chorus]

[Russell Lee]

I come here to let you know, just how us playas roll
These boys betta pay what they owe, cause I gotta keep
my money long
Gotta keep on hustling, can't keep on struggeling
My life, my feddi, my niggaz, my family and thats all I
know

[Lucky Luciano]

Who make yo head bob like Marley and stay Brown like
Charlie
Money to throw away with more green than Tommy
And I'm still on my toes, I got paper to wash
I keep girls every where from L.A. to the Bronx
I got em passing out flyers, cause you know I'm no
dummy
I don't play football but you feel my homecoming
Im throwed, call me Jimmy "Superfly" Snuka
Its funny my trunk keep doin the hooka hooka
Labels keep callin cause they like my style
Im so fly, I gotta a million frequent flyer miles
I want her and her friend, cause I heard they dike
Im at the bar with Paul, and play thursday night
Chain glowing like a Darth Vader sword
Full of that high grade bombay de'jour
Im just a playamade mexican and my pants stay
starched
Traded in the Bently, for a black made bomb

[Chorus]

[Paul Wall]

Im all about stackin green
Im tryin a get whats in your wallet and the back of them
jeans
But theres more to life than, just facts and lean
Lil momma's know I'm the mack of the team
Gotta, fly honey dip on my siiide
Pimp juice drippin up off my striiide
Big swanges and vogues on my riide
And a college education on my smiile
There ain't nothin new under the sun
Im getting my paper, this ain't just for fun
I been on the grind since I was one
I was in day care, hustlin gum
So, I'm splurgin half my leisure
I got mo' ice than yo grocers freezer
And the rims keep getting steeper
Till' I'm old geezer, dodging the grim reaper

[Chorus]

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