

## **Ese Daz f/ Fingazz**

### **"Play On"**

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[Ese Daz]

Like a rock

I'm rollin'

Cruisin' through the barrio

Hittin' on the switches

Smoking a cigaro

Wet daddy, Superman

Yeah, you know

Call me the Southside Slayer, Harbor Area superhero

Here I come swervin'

With E-Dubb sittin' shotgun

Sippin' on tequila

Rollin' up a phat one

Ganja

That sticky-icky green, can you feel it?

Makes you fly, to the sky, elevate your spirit

Welcome to the world of the Land Of The Lost

No sleek stacks, no chocolate, just G's, drugs and  
glocks {\*gunshot\*}

Monte Carlos and Regals that hop

I'm about to hit the switch and start bouncin' up the  
block

[Chorus: Fingazz]

This is how we roll, we keep it

Groovin' til the break of dawn (So play on)

Just play on

This, is, how, we, roll

So play on (Play on)

Why don't you let, us, play on?

[Ese Daz]

Rolled up, new Coup, brand new, all blue

Chrome shoes, hey dudes, and I make fools bow

Poppin' my collar, you better holler right now

Pimp for life

I want my dollars right now

Smokin' that chaffey, I rolls with my heat

Bitches see me rollin', tryin' to flag and stop me

So they can tell the homegirls that they roll with papi

A Mexican with braids, so that's why they jock me

I changed up the game, now they're trying to copy  
Hatin' so much, that they're trying to pop me  
They do it too sloppy and they can't stop me  
From stompin' 'em like a bitch in the hotel lobby  
(Putos!)

That's how we roll  
In my area, fool  
We bury ya, fool  
Just for tryin' to caring, you fool  
I'm tellin' you fools  
Don't try to fuck with us (Heh, ha)  
Don't try to fuck with us

[Chorus]

[Ese Daz]  
Somos pocos, pero crazy  
Insane  
Stacee Adams, khakis pants  
Tatted up with nicknames  
Real eses, real fucked up in the brain  
That tequila got my motherfuckin' chest all burned  
And gangsters make the world go 'round, it's our turn  
Vatos packin' .44's that burn  
Stupid motherfuckers ain't gon' never learn  
That if you  
Fuck with one, then you  
Fuck with all  
We gon'  
Get the guns, then you  
Fuckin' fall  
Southside for million, one shot  
We're killing 'em  
You're not from the south, then fool  
We're not feelin' ya  
Don't need, trees to carve, just need  
G's to floss  
Them flees out  
Flick 'em right  
Off of my balls  
Niggas  
White boys  
Eses and all  
I'm tryin' to get this fería, now what  
About y'all  
I'm tryin' to get this fería, now what  
About y'all

[Chorus]

[Ese Daz]

Yeah  
That's how we roll  
For the year 2-Double 0-uno  
Ese Daz, Lil' Blue  
In the motherfuckin' house  
With the homeboy E-Dubb  
We rock this motherfucker  
Ha ha  
H-A in ya motherfuckin' ear drum  
310, baby  
Ha ha

[Chorus]

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