

Saafir The Saucee Nomad

"Playa Hayta"

Visit "[Playa Hayta](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

It's best you let me wander or I'll taunt

Ya with my brain

I'm the editor in chief

The leaf a rap a dope shit antique

Rope kits for the hang time a

heinous crime

'Cause I drain his mind. Open it up

oh...not

The same as mine not the same ass

rhyme

Nickel plated statements with nickel

plated

Knuckle faded faces. No matter what

the Race is I hope ya cockpit got shit

I stock

Hits. Inventory glorious. I owe me this

I'm on my homies shit - the homeless

shown

This skill is real when I attack from

the

Back I'll say a rhyme then pull your

spinal

Cord from your torso, more so or

better

Yet more or less it's not an option

I'm coppin'

A plea seizing a shop and hopin' a

cop's

A blow of the past. If not, I'll be

blowin'

His ass away. J. Groove is on the cross, I'm

The heavyweight fader of a playa

hayta

Analysis is deep, forever on the peep

and I'm

The best, the crest of the ho shit...

yeah,

You can't manifest destiny unless it's

me

Oh, you don't approve of my moves

but I'm not

Starvin' for jargon, so save it.

My libido is

The needle to the wax, I like to tax in

Gazebos, surviving like a mac king,

clever

Never lacking when I'm stacking
endeavors

I try and try to tell fools, that I've been
Through hell and my tools ain't the same
As yours. Coors Light that's what
they're

Drinkin', must be I'm wrong yours is
right

That's why you're sinkin' in your own
sight

Nose is in my business, witnessin'
your

Own fate, drownin' in your own lake
of hate

But I don't see no abstinent crabs in it
Perverse perpin' after the salt I can
hear the rehearsal of a serpent,
urgent

'Cause you don't use your head when
you

Shed skin - dead end...for a playa
hayta

Charades, are played but I keep
getting it in

Large amounts because I be doin'
these Hoogies' charge account like a banker

I'm patient and I be waiting like an
anchor

To spank her. Then I get the softy
sanka

Coffee drinkin' breath stinkin'
cheddar cheese

Eatin' wheat germ, checker board
pants

Wearin' can't dance, and you're starin' in
My grill. But you had a steak

a nervous

Twitch and you're a badly fake and I
heard

His bitch is gettin' around like Tupac
Servin' niggas two at a time like she
got

Two cocks. New blocks she be conquering
Zip codes, I rip ho's that be lappin' up
Mark ass lames then charge it to the
Game. So he next time you step to
me

Like a defense attorney, Ha!...I'll
fade ya

'Cause you're a playa hayta.

From a real playa ' cause I play the

game

The same, not behind no dame, so

you

Can get these thangs

Visit [Saafir The Saucee Nomad](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.