

## Lucky Luciano

### "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 glowin 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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