

Another Bad Creation "Playground"

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Yeah, boy, another ABC card
Coming from the playground
Take it straight back to the bricks
Yo, Chris, tell em what it is

Chilling cooler than a squeak
Kicking dirt on my sneakers
Suckers on the corner
Looking down at their beepers

They couldn't get a
Job or a nice home
So they wanna stay and
Wait for the pay-phone

Take JoJo
He's the youngest
Girls jock him cause
He's reverse dressed

Strolling through
The neighborhood
Sweating their brother
Trying to see why
He's doing good

Rolling through the park
Trying to make another hit
Little do they know
That soldier's legit

I'm not saying this
To put nobody down
This is what I see
At the playground, you know

Aww yeah
Another ABC smash
Gonna make you mad

Come on, come on everybody
And guess who's up next

Kick it

L-I-L D-A-V-E

Four feet, shorty of the crew
Just let me get on the mic
And show you what I can do
When I'm all alone
Cold rockin on the microphone
At home, playing under the phone
Large is how I'm living, homes

Kick it, D
Kick it, D, kick it
Pump it, D
Pump it, D, pump it
Swing it, D
Swing it, D, swing it

I swing my beats
At the playground, you know

Come on y'all
Good assualt is in effect
Put your hands in the air
Put your hands in the air

I don't wanna see nobody
Sitting in their chair
True dat, true dat
Yo, Ro, you are next

Well, I'm RoRo
Coming in third
Now it's about that time
That I get heard
And none of my rhymes
Will never ever be swerved

Word to her
Play tricks on your nerves
Everywhere I serve
Is real superb
And I'll be right back
With part two of
This funky rhyme, G

Ha ha, yeah, boy

Yo, Red, I don't
Wanna flow no more, man
Y'all go ahead

I'm just gonna sit back
And listen to this ghetto swing
Cause this is what I do
At the playground
You know what I'm saying

Aww, yeah
ABC's gonna sing
Added to this missile
Fusion hip hop with
A little ghetto swing

Yo, Red
Lick the ballistics, G

It's the R to the E
To the D and what you get
Is what you're seeing
Straight up B boy word to miss
Kicking and flipping the rhymes
For the kids, man, for the kids

Chilling in the park
Nice and smooth
JoJo Mark tried
To bust my groove
And do my works
This is where I'm at
Ah, I hate that

Iesha had a big fanny
Not like Annie
Gave up the puddin for
A letter and some candy
At the playground, you know

Ok, I guess you know by now
Big smash moves
Pants inside out
A fresh dollar cap
With your name on the front
Yo, Mark, take it home

Into the mizzark
Chilling in the pizzark
I gotta break cause my mother
Said be home by dizzark

But before I go
I'm gonna flow for
You one time see

So listen to the rhyme, G

The East Coast Family
Boyz To Men, ABC, BBD
Now flip the tracks, D

My mother is mad
And my brother is Red
It's Mario Brothers
Or it's time for bed

Last but not least
I wanna say peace
And we outta here
From the playground, you know

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