

Mean Green f/ Too \$hort

"Better Player"

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Yeah man
These niggas always comin' up to me
Talkin' bout
How do I feel about this bitch
And that bitch, and what do I think
Man.. know what I tell these niggas?
Man I ain't trippin' on you and your ho, man
Got my own bitches
I got my own ho's, nigga

(Verse 1, Too \$hort)
Now I don't really care about'cha Benz
Or ya light-skinned bitch
Could give a fuck who ya tell
You don't like this shit
The fact still stands
You got one girlfriend
And I feel like
The whole world pimp
I can't be like you
You always actin' fake
I could tell you how much
A real mack can make
A million dollars ain't shit to spend
I get some new ho's, and get it again
So don't tell me, what'chu wish for
You wanna be kept, by a rich ho?
Bitch ass nigga, tryina lic me a lic
She better pay me right now
If she wanna get some dick
I told you, got the game from the old niggas
Every time I park my car, I come to gold-diggers
With the "Easy Pussy" sign, on display
If you lookin' for some money
Don't come this way

(Hook, Too \$hort)
You couldn't be a better player than me
Even if you fucked every day of the week
I know you think you got it like Platinum Pete
I be fuckin ho's every day of the week

You never could be a better player than me
Even if you rolled in luxury
I know you smoke coke and that top notch freak
You never could be a better player than me

(Verse 2, Too \$hort)

Now I don't really care about'cha phone book
You think you're pimpin'
Ya chillin' at the club
Wit' all ya women
You lyin' on ya dick, save the drama
Got my eye on ya wife, and ya baby-mama
Cause you snoozin' (You know the rules pimp)
Ya bitch is choosin' (You 'bout to lose them)
Yellin', "get'cho ass in this car bitch!"
But I'm much too fast with this hard dick
Short Dogg took ya broad, it just can't be
Your bitch sucked me n' fucked me n' then she thanked
me
I know the whole story, you ain't servin' it right
I'll probly slide by, and put some work in her night

(Hook, Too \$hort)

You couldn't be a better player than me
Even if you roll in luxury
I know you smoke coke and that top notch freak
You never could be a better player than me
Biatch!

(Verse 3, Too \$hort)

Now I don't really care
If you fucked the richest bitch on Earth
You could be a gigolo and couldn't get more work
Cause I'm a player from way back
Taught by the best, no way you could say
That I was short like the rest
Of y'all half steppin', lil' dick wanna-be big-wheeler's
Got a bad case of the Syphilis
In the studio, you're make-believer's
In real life, you're more like, they can't foresay this
You rushin' to the scene, savin' ho's
Every time you come across them, crazy folks
You cuff 'em, hurry up and get 'em to safety
But sooner or later, the bitch gotta face me
Cause I put the game down from the start
And you ain't nothin' but a dumb-ass mark
And do yo thang, and watch me do mine
Get the bitch on the phone
And let's see who's lyin'
Nigga

(Hook, Too \$hort)

You never could be a better player than me
Even if you roll in luxury
I know you smoke coke and that top notch freak
You never could be a better player than me
Biatch!

Couldn't be a better player than me
I know you couldn't be a better player than me
Biatch!

Couldn't be a better player than me
Even if you did it every day of the week
I know you think you got it like Platinum Pete
I be fuckin ho's every day of the week

You never could be a better player than me
Even if you roll in luxury
I know you smoke coke and that top notch freak
You never could be a better player than me

(Echo to fade)
Biatch!

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