Grand Puba, Playin The Game

(Puba)
I Self Lord and Master

Chorus: repeat 4X

" You're playin a game.. it's all plain.. "

(Puba) Uhh

Here go the style to make the young girls smile They go wild when Grand Puba's on they radio dial

Alamo hit me off with the butter cream

Watch me run the ghetto scheme, givin all the honies wet dreams I'm gonna hit you where the drip go drop

and make your whole body tickle as we smack the nine-nickel, so here we come, here go that flow son

I be the one who get it done and I ain't done until after honey come You see my flow is great, no greater

If there's one thing I can't stand, it's a motherfuckin playa hater

Cause they hungry like Wally Gator

Why jealous niggaz try? I ain't Woody and this ain't Woodpecker Pie Is it cause who we be

they hear us on the radio and see us on TV

Or just, playa hate us, be undercover

Jealous cause we MC brothers

That's the way, it, goes

You know it's 2000, playa haters need to stop, come on

Chorus

(Puba - over chorus) Yeah Tryin to jam wreck for the next man, yaknahmsayin? Cause they don't understand, you know? Playin that game, yeah

See I'm the type of guy that'll say - hey baby, let's get away Let's go somewhere far, dig it Cause I'ma put it on the mornin, if it's on it's on When I'm goin I'm gone, it won't stop the dawn But I be careful cause the monster be lurkin Some honies got it bad where them rubbers don't be workin Some stinkbox are like that Park called Jurassic Slide up in the cut, it burns your rubber up like acid So if you're playin them games, you best be careful Don't let the 5-1-6 make you dareful There you go, feelin good, you're out of town And it's one of those nights, you feel like gettin down You ain't choosy on the honey you picked No glove on your stick, you just wanna hit it quick So you get down for your crown to represent Honey's runnin somethin, cause that short stay loot is spent There you go, slidin raw dog again Now you're singin New Edition song, "Is This the End?"

Chorus (repeat to fade)