

Outkast, Player's Ball

[Intro]

Man.. the scene was so thick
Low riders, Seventy-seven Seviles, El Dawgs
Nuttin but them 'llacs
All the players, all the hustlers
I'm talking bout black man heaven heah, yknahmsayin? Yeah..

[Andre]

It's beginnin to look a lot like what? Follow my every step
Take notes on how I crept, I's bout ta go in depth
This is the way I creep my season here's my ghetto rep
I kept, to say the least no no it can't cease
So I begin to piece my two and two together
Gots no snowy weather, have to find something to do better bet!
I said subtract so shut up that, nonsense about some solid solid..
I gots in crunk if it ain't real ain't right
I'm like no matter what the season
Forever chill with Smith, I sip my fifth, I chill with Wess'
and got my reasons so tell me what did you expect?
You thought I'd break my neck, to help y'all "Deck, the the.."
Oh naw, I got other means of celebratin
I'm gettin blizzard at HoJo, I got that hoochie waitin
I made it through another year cain't ask fo' nothin much mo'
It's OutKast for the boots I thought you knew so now you know
Let's go

[Chorus]

All the players came.. from far and wide
Wearin afros and braids, kickin them gangsta rides
Now I'm here to tell ya.. there's a better day
When the player's ball is happenin, all day ery'day

[Big Boi]

Halle-lu-jah, halle-lu-jah
Y'know I do some things mo' different than I.. used ta
Cause I'm a player, doin what the players do
The package sto' was closed, okay my day is ruined
This is ridiculous, I'm gettin serious, I'm gettin curious
cause the house is smellin stank the chitlins old as bitches
I made no wishes cause I'm mobbin folk niggaz in the back
Gettin tipsy off the nog'gen, high as hell off the contact smoke
They havin a smoke out in my back seat (yeah)
They passin herb rewindin verses cause it's in the air
I hit the parks, I hit the cuts, I'm hittin switches
Cause I'm switchin from side ta side lookin for ho snitches
I'm wide open on the freeway my pager broke my vibe
cause a junkie is a junkie three-sixty-five
It's just another day of work to me the spirit just ain't in me
Grab my pistol and my ounce see what them junkies gotta give me
cause it's like that, heh, yeah
Forever pimpin, never slippin, that's how it is (check it)

[Chorus]

[Big Boi]

Ain't no chiminies in the ghetto so I won't be hangin my socks
on no tip, I'm quick as a tick, fix me a plate
I got the remedy, so brings in that ham [not!]
Don't need no ham [hocks!] don't play me like I'm smokin rocks
I got the munchies, we got the Mary Jane in the Dungeon
Just to let you niggaz know in ninety-three that's how we comin
So ho ho hos, check my king-ass 'fro
The gin and juice has got me tipsy so umm..

[Andre]

It goes, give me ten, and I'll serve you then, now we bend
the corner in my Cadillac, my heart does not go pitty-pat for no rat
I'm leaning back my elbows out the window
Coke rhyme and indo fills my body, where's the party?
We roll deep, we dip to underground, see's a lot of hoes around
I split my game while waitin countdown
A five fo' a three two here comes the one
A new year has begun, P-Funk spark another one..

[Chorus]

[Peaches]

Here's a little somethin for the players out there hustlin
Gettin down for theirs
From East Pointe, College Park, Decatur, Devry
You know, niggaz world wide
Down, for theirs..

[Chorus]