

# 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]