

Too Short, T.W.D.Y. - Player's Holiday

T.W.D.Y. - Player's Holiday
F/ Mac Mall & Too Short

(Too \$hort)

What?

You say what?

The president did what?

Ah man, that's hey, that's all good baby

He got rid of the player haters too?

Ah man, we need to declare this a national holiday

We gonna call this Players Holiday

Ant B-Z what up man?

(Ant Banks)

Rise and shine, make you wanna say

Dear God, let me thank you for another day

For livin' life on the edge and I'm tryin' to break it

Tired of duckin' the Feds, but it's a struggle to make it

So this is your day homey, now it's time to shine

If a player's only trickin', you can wine and dine

Stress free from the drama, better go get your ticket

Then come on cause some squares can't lie to kick it

(Mac Mall)

It feels good not to grind no more

Don't get it twisted cause I still hustle

Maintainin' just tryin' to reach my goal

Livin' life truly successful

So that my little soldier never have to sell no dope

All the Cutties from the pens comin' home again

And we ain't tryin' to kill each other cause brother we all in

Beautiful black women give 'em much respect

And ain't no funk 'tween the east and the west

It's just a Player Holiday

Chorus(1):

Today's the day the Players play

So you better be on your way

(On your way, your way)

Now it's time to celebrate

Hurry up and don't be late

Cause you know it's gonna be a lovely day

Chorus(2):

Lovely day, lovely day, lovely day, lovely day

Lovely day, lovely day, lovely day, lovely day

(A lovely day)

Lovely day, lovely day, lovely day, lovely day

Lovely day, lovely day, lovely day, lovely day

(Too \$hort)

January 1 the year 2000

We gettin' all the money and we ain't through clownin'

You can tell everybody that stays around your way

Today is the official Player's Holiday

Short Dog I'm lovin' every minute of it

Cause pimpin's been around since the beginning of it

We barbecuin' chicken, that's what we doin'

Buy some breezys and we kickin'

And Cap what you doin'?

(Captain Save Em)

I'm just sittin here timin' like a Rolex watch

I figured by now y'all realize that Hip-Hop and Rap won't stop

Puttin' it together like a racing track
Where's all my Latino, Philippino, and Ese partners at?
I know you feel me when I say that life's a struggle
But God first, y'all know we all can't help but bubble
So keep your head up
And know that things are changing for the better
Talkin' 'bout the youth, the little kids
Forget about you, never

(1,2)Chorus

(Ant Banks)

Now all the real players throw your Rollies in The air
And wave 'em all around like you just don't care
From side to side and from front to back
Throw the peace sign baby, show me where you at
Dollar bill y'all, and we could scream it out loud
And Mac Mall's here, homey that can move the crowd
So what the deal with you nigga, you could cross the town
Put the squeeze on the haters, ain't no need to clown

(Rappin 4-tay)

None of the homies got pop
None of the spots got batteram
And I'll be damned, it's crackin' like a Summer Jam
Barbecues, no more feuds, players embracin'
Slammin' dominos, bustin' raps, still paper chasin'
Competitors keep a distance, it's all love baby
Rub-a-dub-dub love, welcome to the Players Club baby
A family affair, a toast to the bay, hey
Looks like it's gonna be one of them lovely days

(2)Chorus

(Mac Mall)

Mama used to put my clothes on layaway
Now I'm dipped everyday and every C-note got big face
Holler at me man, used to ride the back of the bus
Now I'm spinnin V-12's though the times is rough
In God we trust haters, you can only hate us
But can't front cause you knew that we was bound to blow up
Gettin' paid what we can, Short Dog and Ant Banks
Mac Mall do it big on a Players Holiday, yeah