## Big Moe, Confidential Playa

(Ronnie Spencer vocalizes through whole song)

[Chorus: Z-Ro]

I'm still a player, a confidential player

I'm just trying to do something right, so let me live my life

Even though I'm still hustling, I know you want to see me struggling But at least I'm trying to do something right so let me live my life

[Tyte Eyez]

Lord knows I had my share of doing the wrong things

But a bonified player that finds the life in me

Casualties make us cry but still we got to mash

Keep my eyes up on the sparrow and mind, up on my cash

Penetrate, finish last maintain a steady pace

Keep the busters out your business and haters up out your face

In this last rat race, the lord some's got to come

Shrivel my signature I call it rapping refunds

The ones that criticize be the ones you call your friends

The ones that ride it out ain't gone always be your kin

But then, you got to know, if it's yours you gone get it

But also you got to know that everyday, ain't terrific

Precision about your plans, keep it real with your fans Watching my baby boy grow to be a young man

My daughter got to know, from the jump you a queen

And fuck what them niggas say you tell them your daddy is a king

## [Chorus]

[Big Moe]

Everytime I look around

These haters they be talking down

Big Moe that done bring more light

I even had a, had a harder time

But I'm still here still going strong

You can't believe what you hear in the song

About the year two triple o three

Whole wide world sipping drank with me

I got money but I'm still a little stressed

I thank the lord cause you know I'm the best

A little love set with the press

Why you want less cause through this

I guess it's best for me, to stay calm

And hold it down till the day that I'm gone

I got a white cup in my palm

Feel what a peach crush Mo-Yo's just a

Player, player, player

## [Z-Ro]

Money, the rule to all evil that's what I need

Between the hours of 3 to 7, that's when I bleed

Motherfuckers gone making the block hot, so I stay and move around

Tyte Eyez and Z-Ro stacking paper, it's going down

Break the shop of a nigga that's short stopping my change

But me and him to the fullest ducking bullets at close range

Feeling crazy, like I'm a lose my life to a bitch nigga

But while I'm here I be a rich nigga

Nephews and nieces, niece cool clothes and chains and pieces

I break bread with my family when my record releases

Besides skills in the west, nigga got mouths to feed

Anything against the grain just light a finger spot over seas

Saturday morning as a youngster I ain't have no bike

And I ain't have no Nikes, but in the triple I'ma have more ice

Around my neck and my wrist with fern doors

Z-Ro, confidentially yours a player

[Chorus]