

Mase, Do What Playas Do

[mysonne]

Uhh (uhh)

Wanna blow? (wanna blow?) pretty tone (pretty tone)
Suave house (suave house) eightball (eightball) tony draper (draper)
All out (all out), murder (murder)
Harlem world (harlem world), problem children (problem children)
Y'all niggaz got problems (y'all niggaz got problems)
Uhh (uhh) uhh (uhh) yo (yo)

Now I can play with these hoes, or spray four-fours
Whatever the situation, may call for
I can sport linen, pimp hard, court women
Have the ice, hand to waves all spinnin
Or I can get in, to some real thug shit
Armed robbery, slash, deal drug shit
Peel slugs quick, cause I'm versatile
I can ice grill, but I'm worse when I smile
Expert with style, y'all give hoes cash
All I give em, is hard dick and coke in they ass
Bitch, move that, true playa, true dat
Niggaz catch feelings, when they chick say, "who dat? "
Representin from the bronx, to the dirty south
Spittin drug flows, with my dirty mouth
We got it all, from grams to eightballs
Yeah we players, and refs, we make calls

Chorus: eightball (repeat 2x)

Now everybody wanna do what a playa do
But everybody can't do what a playa do
(I see you playa) all in the mix right
I see you playa (yeah I got my shit tight)

[eightball]

Bring it to niggaz I don't be slippin on my literary
Sick when I'm gone off that jane first name mary
Eightball, ain't no other like this southern brother
Crazy motherf**ker, pooh butt booty duster
Never been a point shaver or a hoe saver
Just a weed craver, suave house assassinator
To the dirt, and we gon' put that on the house bitch

Gold in the mouth shit, straight south shit
Orange mound slow the flow down to pull the fo'-pound
Beat a hoe down, and fall up in the club to' down
I like them dirty hoes, down to get buck for a dollar
Thick yella cinderella, hair shop scholar
Pimp shit, and i'ma keep it straight +space age+
Every year, turn the book of life to a new page
Kick rhymes hotter than texas in july
Suave house playa til the day that I die, uhh

Chorus

[mase]

Sauve house motherf**ker, all out motherf**ker
Wanna blow motherf**ker? team nigga til I'm low motherf**ker
Yo, I went from o-t to o-c to all the paper
Leads to fatigue then ? the gators
If ain't about the money nigga? call me later
How many niggaz talk benzes? seen them one
Not videos and picture shit, those don't count
I'm the nigga talkin millions and, own the amount

Mr. frosty, the nigga never fold for chips
When the money on the line bitch I roll trips
Cut a bitch off for a week and let her know what she miss
Hundred grand worth of shit nigga glow on my wrist
Bought a range just to go with the six
When I flip for these chips, shit is never over a bitch
You got some nerve, I can give a kiler one word, get em
You will see how many niggaz miss him
I put pellets in the air let the shit hit em
Put the gun inside his mouth and let the clip kiss him
Shit you drive all tinted, I put my honey in it
Won't, stop your bank, ain't enough money in it
Live a lifestyle rarely told, what you know about
Floatin down eighth, gettin head in the rolls
You had, money like that you wouldn't be measurin those
You motherf**kin barely sold, barely gold
Niggaz send it rough I send it back the same way it came
You ain't dissin me until you say my name, motherf**ker

Chorus