Outkast, Player's Ball (Original Version)

Intro:

Scene was so thick low rides seventy seven Sevilles
El Dawgs nuttin but them 'llacs
All the players all the hustlers i'm talking about
Black man heaven yah know what i'm saying? Peace

Verse One:

it's beginnin to look a lot like what?
follow my every step take notes
on how i creep I's bout ta go in deep
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 nine i got say
crock if it ain't real it
ain't right i'm like no matter what the season
forever chill with spin i get my fin i chill with less
and got my reasons so tell me what did you expect?
you thought i'd break my neck to help y'all deck the halls oh
now i got nuther means of celebratin i'm gettin biz to that ho-jo i
gots the hoochie waitin i made it through
to another year cain't ask fo 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
wearing afros and braids in every gangstar ride
now i'm here to tell yah there's a better day
when the player ball is happenin on christmas day

Verse Two

hallelujah hallelujah yah know i do some things more different than i
used ta coz i'm a player doing what the players do the package store is
closed okay my deck is woofin this is rediculus i'm gettin serious i'm
gettin curious coz the house is smelling sick of chitlins all this
vicious i make no wishes coz the modern folk is in the back gettin tipsy
off the nog-en and i's in a hellova contact smoke they havin a smoke out
in my back seat they passing herb reminding verses coz it's in the air i
hit the parks hit the cuts i'm makin switches clicking the switches side
ta side lookin for bitches watchin for snitches i'm wide open on the
freeway my pager broke my vibe coz 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 they junkies got to give me coz
it's like that, yeah

clever pimpin, never slipin, that's how it is [check it!]

Verse Three

ain't no chimminies in the ghetto so i won't be hangin my socks on no
tip how far does it tick fix me a drink i got the remedy so bring in
that ham [not!] don't need no ham [hocks!] don't play me like i'm smokin
rocks i got the money we gots the freaks in the dungeon just to let you
know coz in ninety three that's how we comin so hoe hoe hoes check my
king ass fro the gin and juice gots me tipsy so on

it goes hit me ten and i'll serve you then now we in the corner in my cadillac my heart does not go pitty pat for no rat i'm leaning back my elbows out the windows cold rhyming indo fills my body where's the party we rode deep we dip to underground see's a lot of hoes around i split my game while waiting count down a five fo a three two here comes the one a do yah have me copy folks spark another one

here's a little something for all the players out there hustling, gettin down for theirs, from east point, college park, decatur, devrai, you know world wide, down for theirs