

# Paul Wall, I'm A Playa

(feat. Three 6 Mafia)

Yessir, SwishaHouse!

DJ Paul and Juicy J productions

Paul Wall, SwishaHouse, Hypnotize Minds, Three 6 Maf-i-UHH!

It's goin down

[Chorus: repeat 4X]

Eighty-fo's (eighty-fo's) candy paint (candy paint)

Switchin lanes (switchin lanes) sippin drank (sippin drank)

[Paul Wall]

It's Paul Wall baby yeah that's me, these hoes wanna know what I'm 'bout

Princess cuts all on my neck and on my wrist and in my mouth

Do's open, do's close, where's the camera I'll strike a pose

I'm still ridin on elbows, in eighty-threes and eighty-fo's

The gangsta slab is what I flip, woodgrain is what I grip

That purple drank is what I sip, in my cell phone keep a chip

I'm talkin bid'ness I put it down, I'm choppin blades and I'm poppin shrooms

I'm from the land of that fry smoke, got plex I got the pump

Weighted trunk and chunk the deuce, keep it movin I'm on the prow!

I'm on the hunt for some one night love, best believe that it's goin down

Money and hoes, cars and clothes, diamond rings and ice grills

SwishaHouse we keep it trill, and hold it down baby what's the deal

[Chorus]

[DJ Paul]

We put them 47 inch jelly screens in them Escalade

We po' that purple drank straight up like it's that Kool-Aid

We like them girls that eat it up and never be afraid

While you cry but ask how they givin up the fade

Ye ain't got screens if they ain't touch screen

with the removable screen, lookin mean on the scene

When hoes see me they sayin everybody ain't able

Cause I turned the back of my Caddy pickup into a pool table

[Juicy J]

Juicy J, I'm the mayne, got the G's, fuck the fame

See a lil' freak, run some game, and she goin I'ma take some brain

I'm on the slab, posted up, white Cadillac with the white guts

I'm on the scene, drankin lean, mixed with Spire in a plastic cup

I'm from the hood, call it North, where Project Pat went to jail and court

But now he back on the Southern bricks, we gon' drink a lot and players smoke Newport

Uptown, hit the blush, or watch these diamonds blind you up

Nothin but self-made millionaires so you corporate folks can shut the fuuuuuuuuuck

[Chorus]

[Paul Wall]

I got a deep freezer up on my neck and sno-cones up in my ear

A ice tray up in my mouth, I'm lookin somethin like a chandelier

You can call me the ice man, I cause a blizzard every time I breathe

Posted up on that South Lee, with Big Mix and my boy Lil' Heat

Where's the drank I'm runnin low, Cabbage Head told me it's a drought

But not to worry dough never doubt, I'll go to the doctor with a cough

It's Paul Wall baby that's my name, fly like a plane what it do

I drop the top of my potnah plaque and chunk the deuce to that boy Gooch

Just like a midget I'm sittin low, and like a snail I'm crawlin slow

Where's Mike, where's Bawdy, he on the grind ducked on the low

Yeah I like my music slow, yeah I like my train mud

I'm chopped up by Michael Watts, it's Paul Wall baby that's what's up

[Chorus - 1/2]

"I'm a playa, ain't no doubt, hoes wanna know what I'm 'bout" [repeat 3X]  
"I'm a playa, I'm a playa, I'm a playa, I'm a playa..."