

Paul Wall, Playa Made

What it do is Paul Wall my game sharp as a spear
the lime light had me blind but now I see clear
I'm the mack of the year you lames can't come near
Alot players come and go, but I'm the last one here
I ain't go no reason fear none of y'all quers
I'm furroshous like a bear but you a frolican dear
I'm gettin filler ever clear chasen down wit a beer
I can't steer, another DY and I'm gone for a year
A player made head-to-toe in my stars' down gear
So dime peices tend to ease into my atmosphere
Little sexy momma come here, I'll serrinate in your ear
the little doctor is here i'ma go to work on your rear
I shed alot of tattoo tears jr tatted me up
Like TI them 24's is sittin fat on the truck
Thats what that is pimp ain't got time for slackin'
Me and sted is goin' grind out here green bay stackin'
I'm full of platinum, you hear em' princess cuts smackin'
I'm the reason why your girlfriend on the telephone mackin'
Takin' over every position where you lames been lackin'
Only the strong survive's so I suggest you boys start packin'
It's Paul Wall baby