

# Saafir, Playa Hayta

It's best you let me wander or I'll taunt  
Ya with my brain  
I'm the editor-in-chief,  
The leaf-a-rap a dope shit, antique  
Rope kits for the hang time, a  
heinous crime  
'Cause I drain his mind. Open it up,  
oh...not  
The same as mine, not the same ass  
rhyme  
Nickel plated statements with nickel  
plated  
Knuckle faded faces. No matter what  
the Race is I hope ya cockpit got shit,  
I stock  
Hits. Inventory glorious. I owe me this  
I'm on my homies shit - the homeless  
shown  
This skill is real when I attack from  
the  
Back I'll say a rhyme then pull your  
spinal  
Cord from your torso, more so or  
better  
Yet more or less it's not an option  
I'm coppin'  
A plea seizing a shop and hopin' a  
cop's  
A blow of the past. If not, I'll be  
blowin'  
His ass away. J. Groove is on the cross, I'm  
The heavyweight fader of a playa  
hayta

Analysis is deep, forever on the peep  
and I'm  
The best, the crest of the ho shit...  
yeah,  
You can't manifest destiny unless it's  
me  
Oh, you don't approve of my moves  
but I'm not  
Starvin' for jargon, so save it.  
My libido is  
The needle to the wax, I like to tax in  
Gazebos, surviving like a mac king,  
clever  
Never lacking when I'm stacking  
endeavors  
I try and try to tell fools, that I've been  
Through hell and my tools ain't the same  
As yours. Coors Light that's what  
they're  
Drinkin', must be I'm wrong yours is  
right  
That's why you're sinkin' in your own  
sight  
Nose is in my business, witnessin'  
your  
Own fate, drownin' in your own lake  
of hate  
But I don't see no abstinent crabs in it  
Perverse perpin' after the salt I can  
hear the rehearsal of a serpent,

urgent  
'Cause you don't use your head when  
you  
Shed skin - dead end...for a playa  
hayta

Charades, are played but I keep  
getting it in  
Large amounts because I be doin'  
these Hoogies' charge account like a banker  
I'm patient and I be waiting like an  
anchor  
To spank her. Then I get the softy  
sanka  
Coffee drinkin' breath stinkin'  
cheddar cheese  
Eatin' wheat germ, checker board  
pants  
Wearin' can't dance, and you're starin' in  
My grill. But you had a steak  
a nervous  
Twitch and you're a badly fake and I  
heard  
His bitch is gettin' around like Tupac  
Servin' niggas two at a time like she  
got  
Two cocks. New blocks she be conquering  
Zip codes, I rip ho's that be lappin' up  
Mark ass lames then charge it to the  
Game. So he next time you step to  
me  
Like a defense attorney, Ha!...I'll  
fade ya  
'Cause you're a playa hayta.

From a real playa ' cause I play the  
game  
The same, not behind no dame, so  
you  
Can get these thangs