

Spice 1, Playa Man

Chorus: Spice 1

Can you love a playa man
Can you love a playa man
Can you love a playa man baby
Can you really love a playa man

[Spice 1]

I twirl the wheel of my caddy with my middle finger
Bellin' up out the hooptie mobbin' with my pants sagin'
I smokin' on some of that Crush nasty with a G limp
It's the born to die the S-P-I
Playa status since an OG since Lee High
Sportin' a G hat with the short brim
Mr. giggity-gangsta hustler baller
Whatever you wanna calla
Straight playa up in this game
Puttin it down for all ya haters
Killin' m softly raisin' m off me
Keepin' it real so they can't fade me
Up in the 9-sick
I kick back and roll a Vega up
Rollin with the Hennessy
Champaign and Remmy up in my cup
Livin' like a baller but I'm still a G
Soakin up game in the East Bay street
Stackin that fetti S-P-I-C-E

Chorus

[Spice 1]

The game is deeper than Atlantis
So homie don't go in the water without your harpoon
You swimmin' at your own risk
Cuz in the bay ain't no parana
But you can get your body ate up
When you get to flossin up in that Lexus potna
Look what the tied washed in
That's what the people say
Spiggity One straight OG up out the dirty bay
Straight out the water
Finna wet you up and leave your body soaked with some of that redrum
So come on, come one and come on dem all
And watch them bodies fall
S-P-I-C-E comin' with that hard to kill a blow!
Smile in your face all the while they wanna take your place
I was strapped with a gun case
But now I'm back out on the paper chase
Spittin' m game
And I'm usin' my mouth piece like Ron O'Neil
The G from back in the day
They always say I spit the real
Keepin' these haters out of my pockets
And always watchin' my spine
The role of a playa is force and still looks out for mine

Chorus

[Spice 1]

S-P-I-C-E be stackin fetti fetti
See I be stackin' ballin'
Since way way back in the day
The bay area
My play area

Ain't no crips or bloods
But if you cross game then I'm gone carry ya
Up out the gangsta party quicker than you can think
Rolexes upon the wrist and diamonds on the pinky playa
Poppin' the cork on champaign
Hundred dollars a bottle
We roll in benzes and coups as if we won Lotto
Don't let me hear you talk bad about a playa name
Cuz if you get your scratch on haters gone do the same

Chorus