

Z-RO, Playa Don't

(Chad Jones)

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Don't hate, don't hate yeah

[Hook: Chad Jones]

Playa don't hate me, hate the game

Cause you see me coming down up on your slab, swanging thangs

Playa don't hate me, hate the game

Cause you see me coming down up on your slab, chopping blades

[Z-Ro]

Playa don't hate me hate the game, ain't got no time

To be out here bullshitting, I'm out here trying to make some change

Be solo twisting I'm a Mo City soldier, I thought I told ya

Roll with us, or get your ass rolled over

See we all about our feddy, pulling up on chrome

Nigga for real ask G.I.N., or you can ask Chad Jones

Baby we Presidential playas showing up, all these gon mind

Everyone of us diaomoned down, bet you all them hoes gon shine

We living lovely sipping Bubbly, all the cars are foreign

Ain't no jackers we barring, cause we ready for warring

I'm the king like Tarzan, but mine is swinging on a vine

We swanging on 84's, and chopping in a line

Houston Texas the origin, of a baller's paradise

It's going down, I can smell it in the air tonight

So when you see us pulling up, dressed looking like a million

Balling permanent, keep our figgas changed like chameleon

[Hook]

[Mr. Gott Damn]

Niggaz be hating for no reason, ain't no secret how I'm living

Escalade switch screens, is how you see your boy dipping

Blowing weed on the freeway, not giving a fuck

Getting my dick sucked doing eighty, bout to hit me a cut

20 inches of chrome, keep they mouth wide open

Toking cash and hoping, they can shine like me

Get out and put it down, and then grind like me

Leaving them haters and bitch niggaz, behind me

I hit the block, representing paper

4-4 safety off for them violators, and fake playas

Gott Damn be like go, too hot to hold

The weight up on my ice, keep me looking real swoll

So don't be mad when I show up, smoke something and po' up

I told you motherfuckers, what's gon happen when I blow up

Now hold up, I got one more thang to mention

I'm riding out Presidential, swinging lanes on a mission

[Hook - 2x]

[Lyrical 187]

I got my first piece of ass, at 13

And I prolly done ran up in every chick, that you done seen me with

I'm associated with playas, with green and shit

Bad bitches in Jeeps and Lexus trucks, and shit

I'm that nigga see come and get, on blunts weights and shit

Serving head in the parking lot, giving me fits

Now if you knew I meant your Ms., would you make me kill you person

Or would you deal with this broad, that got you into this shit

Would you peep the situation, or go crazy and start tripping

Like pulling off your shirt, and tossing your jewelry in the dirt

I'ma hit you where it hurt, and wreck shop like bad cops

On niggaz in the ghetto, for working they block

So stop watching me, with all that animosity

Cause your baby mama's spending, your earned dollas on me
Sad shit for two partna, it's all on you
Don't be mad at the playa, hate the rules

[Hook]

(Chad Jones)
See me rolling in a Presidential side man