

Playeristic

Boldy James

Yeah, that sound good
That sound good
(That sound good)
(That sound good)
Aye (Aye) (Aye) (Aye)
RideLowMane
(RideLowMane)
(RideLowMane)
(RideLowMane)
Let's get it
(Let's get it)
(Let's get it)
(Let's get it)
Aye (Aye)

Murder was the case, so you can't get specific
A hundred in the safe off the coast of Pacific
Serving Frosted Flakes
Now she say the dick is "Gr-Gr-Great!"
Blowin' grass, nigga higher than the stakes

Check the math, more digits than the license plate
Niggas doin' real numbers, but they actin' fake
My piece is hittin' like a uppercut from Cassius Clay
I'm on some "Which bitch can a nigga have today?"

Fuck an affidavit, trying to cop the latest
So my kids can spill food in the finest places
Niggas talkin' real rude, but never in our faces
It's like me and my heroes been changing places

From euro to dinero, we for exchanging
Do them hoes like my baggage, I ain't never claiming
I'm real Randy Savage
Off the top, Superboy, Babbage
What a night, niggas bumpin' Gladys

Extra leafy green on the salad
Niggas chillin', listening to ballads
Ice grillin', full of carats
How you living? Even the ceiling fan is automatic
Me and my dreams' like Nicotine - I gotta have it
Yeah

G way more realer than that, baby
Get more realer than LAT
G, it's not just futuristic, it's playeristic
For the players only, you dig it?
Yeah-yeah

Playeristic, what I'm sippin' on be too exquisite
All my bitches think I'm photogenic
She singing to it like she Ari Lennox
I'm the God fresh off Mount Olympus
Against the odds, touching all the limits

Pulling cards, Ace of Spades got her in her feelings

When times was hard, we had to wrap it up and vacuum ceilings
Tim McGraw hit the road with that country business
But we ain't country niggas
We 'round the country gettin' it

Southern niggas ain't slow and I ain't cookin' Chitlins
But you still lose intestines, the Mac relentless
Not Blood, but all the bros got a blood commitment
I ain't thuggin', killa, but we just keep it pimpin'

Made a sharp turn around the corner, piece and all the quarters
Shorted Tee-Tee from the last time, she was out of order
Police in the turning lane behind me, cut the blinker on
Made a left into the gas station, give me ten on pump eight

Right back on the ave, crankin' on my way to make a play cause I can't leave
that bag waiting
Curbside service, niggas still makin' house calls
Bus left at nine-thirty, drop bro at the Hound Dog

Outlaw Immortal, from the Cradle To The Grave
Screaming, "How long will they mourn me?" You can never feel my pain
Kept it Fatal like Hussein
Then a table full of 'Cain
If you reach then we gon' teach
You can never feel my chain

I ain't never been a stain
I'm forever with the gang
We policing in the street, you can never kill my name
I'm a real Roadrunner, you can never steal my lane
They know me from dope running, we was never built the same, nigga

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No one knows how many working pimps there are in the United States. It is known that many pimps, though they like to describe themselves as gentlemen of leisure, in fact do work in pushing and dealing in drugs

You understand? I come up wanting things I like, you know, and uh, I'm-I found a way to get things that I want, seeing as I wasn't born with a Gold spoon in my mouth, and I don't have none of that old cash, I felt as if, uh, I want things that I like and there's only one way to get them: That's cash-Money
(Money)
(Money)
(Money...)