

Ya Playin'

Chris Brown

Ya playin'
Throwin' that name all up on me
Ya playin'
Knowin' damn well that you want me
I'm tired of waitin', conversatin'
Why you playin' game, games?
Makin' love all in the club
Give a fuck about your name, name
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Look, ha
What you playin' for?
I can see it in your eyes, you ain't 'bout that shit
I'm pelican fly, I left the windows inside it
I got it rainin' in this bitch
Dollar after dollar
Don't play with a nigga, hop up on this dick
One drunk night will change your life
Now you famous, bitch
Okay, I'm off that Ace and that Rosé
José, no way
I'm swevin'
With the white CÎROC and that OJ
Molly? I think I know her face
I know them titties real but that ass fake
I keep runnin' with the money at a fast face
So baby girl, just meet me at the valet
Tell your girls to pick your car up
Tell her you rollin' with me
And you gon' call that bitch tomorrow
First thing in the mornin', cookin' me breakfast
You wearin' my necklace
So girl, why the fuck you out her flexin'?
Fuckin' with these peasants? What?

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