

# 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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