

Supposed Playa

Lil' O

[talking:]

(hello), man Keisha what's the deal
I been blowing up your pager, and calling your phone all day
Why you ain't hit me back, (boy do not call me no mo')

[Hook:]

Say you don't love her, stop lying
Cause when you heard a playa hit, bitch you start crying
But damn you supposed to be a playa, and if you don't love her why you care
Man I know it's cold, but it's fair

[Lil' O:]

I hopped out the Lex coupe, looking way too cute
Boppers asking who is that, hit you sure to who
But god damn he got loot, look at all them diamonds
Girl peep them shoes Gucci, yeah that boy is shining
So if you guess I'm a baller, lil' mama you fucking right
And tell your friend to holla, cause we fucking tonight
I got a suite at the Double Tree, we could blow a sweet and sip bubbly
Hop into the sheets, and bum ugly
I'm straight to the point girl, it's the thug in me
If your man said he seen you leave, say it wasn't me
She said who is he, well my man ain't bout shit
He mess with other broads, and he ain't even rich
Cause ain't you Lil' O, from from off of Braeswood block
Fat Rat Wit Da Cheeze, can't stop won't stop
The one who be balling, in a Lex and a drop
When he hear that you hit, it's gon really run him hot

[Hook x2]

[Lil' O:]

I said, baby how that sound
He can't be a playa, chasing you around town
Yeah I know you jazzy, and your body going down
But ain't no bra work me busting rounds, or even trying to clown
Cause all I wanna do with you, is have a lil' fun
And I ain't even tripping, he can have you when I'm done
If you think I'm trying to cuff you, baby boo I ain't the one
Now jump up in the Lex, so I can jump up in your buns
She said let's jet, now what's next
Freaky hot sex, like we from the projects
She licked me from my toes, to me neck then I wrecked
But here comes her man, with the plex
Cause now the sucker blow a baby up, on a cellular phone
Saying where you at, better get your ass home
I know you with a nigga, cause I heard from Tyrone
When I see you I'ma whoop you, until old daddy's home

[Hook x2]

[Lil' O:]

Man it's boys, out of line
He gon make me act a fool, and hit him with the nine
Swearing he a playa, but he hating on my shine
The way you be cuffing broads, it should be a crime can't you see are you blind

She don't want you no more, put her ass in G
(man you knocked my gal down), why you asking me
(man where are y'all at), we sipping dackeries
Eating steak, at the Cheesecake Factory
That's how a playa do it, can you ball like that
Hell naw lil' buster, now call her back
And when we leave her, I'ma be all in her cat
And if you come up here tripping, I'ma scald you black
She gon, eat it up
Then I'ma roll her on her stomach, then beat it up
Then I'ma smack her on her ass, then skeet a nut
Then I'ma drop her at your crib, playa keep the slut nigga what whoa whoa

[Hook x2]