

Playa Wit Game

Master P

'73 Caddie with the top dropped
Gold thangs as he spined up out the parking lot
Who he was?
I couldn't see
But I knew one day that would be me
Had more game than the average bro'
And he was smooth when he was talkin' to the ladies though
Straight killa, I mean for real 'a
He kept his cash in the top of his brilla
I mean his dime was tilt to the side
And when he walked on the turf it was swowl, I mean smooth
Striaight fool, got more bitches than Payless got shoes (Damn)
I guess I got my game from an OG
It's the 90's and everybody know P
Independent but can't be stopped
But how many tapes will it take for us to pop, to the top
Cause I'm TRU to this
No Limit, my click we ain't new to this
King George, Young Silkk, and Cali G
Big Ed, C-Murder, and Master P
Gettin' paid in the rap game
Some real players, from the streets man (From the streets man)
Just a player with some game man
Gotta keep your game tight if ya wanna make it man

If it don't make dollars, don't make sense
I'm just a playa with some game trying to get ends
If it don't make dollars don't make sense
I'm just a playa with some game trying to get ends

Tryin' to get it
Got to get it
Got to have it
Might steal it
Might take it
Got to have it
Got to grab it
Let me have it

I'm just a playa with some game, oh...

A G to the heart out to get a grip
(But Silkk has got your back in case y'all just might slip)
Come one come all, that's how we ball
(So hop in your ride and I'll meet you at the Playa's ball)
That's how we roll
(Easy come, easy go)
Don't have your pass
(Then y'all won't be gettin' in the door)
See it's a playa's thing
(And it's a G thing)
And we gon' party all night, and drink champagne
(Don't need no carriage)
Straight savage
(You know us playas in the bay, you know we livin' lavish)
Parlayin', Not playin', East Bay hustlers getting' paid for what we sayin'
Were movin' young flakes up to the street

Across the world, ship for SMG
Down South, to the East Coast, from the West Coast to rich and million people
OG's puttin' in work
Like some brand new panties under Halle Barry's mini-skirt
Still hoo-ride, with that gangsta beat
Short Spice got theirs I want mines G
Still got love for my folks
Lil' Ric, E-A-Ski, and Sonya C
Big Worm, Young Ric, B-Boy, Mac Spoon, my whole click
OG's gotta come fat
Put the town on the map
The whole Richmond got my back
Just some playa with some game man
Gotta keep your game tight if ya wanna make it man

If it don't make dollars don't make sense
I'm just a playa in the game tryin' to get ends
If it don't make dollars don't make sense
I'm just a playa in the game tryin' to get ends

Got to get it
Got to have it
Might steal it
Got to take
Got to grab it
Cause you know I've got to have it

He's just a playa with some game
Talkin' 'bout Master P

A real playa gone, put to rest
KV ain't too cool to wear a vest
Playa haters, caught 'em on the back street
Before he left me, this is what he said G

Check this out youngster
The game is only thick as you want it to be
Playas don't die, we multiply
There's a million playas around the world
?? only playa haters fall off
You see what I'm sayin'? (I see what ya sayin' man)

You better listen

Draped in gold (Gold)
Rollin' fo's (Fo's)
Caught light song as we roll to his funeral (To his funeral)
It's a sad day, but we alright (Alright)
Lexus coupe, Benz's, Roll's tight
Candy paint with the gold thang shinin'
Hands out the window, I'm blinded by diamonds
Like they say, all good things to an end
Cause in the game you either die or go to the pen
But when a playa die, he's to the Playa Ball (To the Playa's Ball)
A big party in the sky waiting for us all
So at the funeral, we don't cry
Just talk to the younger players and hope that they realize

Ya gotta keep your game tight, if ya wanna be a playa
If it don't make dollars then it don't make sense (No, no)
If it don't make dollars then it don't make sense (No, no)
And ya heard it from a playa with some game (Uh-huh)

I'm just a playa with some game