

Playas In Da House

Playa Fly

I'm thinkin' of a masta plan
When I put the mic in hand
Lighted up the blunt
I'ma sip this gin and now I'm crunk,
Now my head is swervin'
Funky rhymes I'm servin' when a playa spit
K, Tay Dog, Dave and Fly,
Just call us the playa click
Like cokey city it's ninety-six,
And hoes are still, turnin' tricks
Some hoes won't sleep when I'm on full creep
Cause youngsters out, servin' bricks
Them bustas under estimate,
That's a sign of playa hatin'
My heart don't pump no water trick,
So sit and max to what I'm sayin'
Ninety-six is playas year
Time for playas to be paid
If you didn't hear me crystal clear
Maybe you need a hearing aid,
I-C-K is claimin' cap
No doubt it's playas in the South
Listen close cause here's a dose of P, from this playas mouth
I'm nationwide, bonafied, ninety-five Pal, is my ride
Why you talkin' about the Mack
I'm runnin' all who dis to the side
I see us jumpin' and dumpin' you punks in the trunk motherfuckers
I'm drunk and I'm crunk and I hunt you for lumps if you chumps wanna front,
Don't worry 'bout K you just can't get his bump

Chorus:

Playas in the house for the nine bitch
We got playas in the house for the nine bitch
We got playas in the house for the nine bitch
(Tell 'em Fly) Nothing but the P came out Fly mouth

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Chief high and fucked out,
Playas on the scene no doubt
On the scene and bonin' wid the corny king of Funkytown
Night and day on box ah yay
Gettin' it on man what you think,
Just another di-zay that Playa di-zay man be down for drinks
Smoke-aholic on that weed, locked on Tony to a P
Wanna throw my funk some more man in this bitch big DE-A-D
I-B-N be kitchen drains, on the wall the playas find
Leavin' all you crosses li-zame to the si-zay finish tri-zin'
Sucka get gone where you be on howdy at ya sucka so long
Ain't no missin' of no Three Six sure 'nuff ain't no lovin' jones
Real damn playas read them on and on the scene where bustas connin'
On the floor man for some more man down for lockin' on that toney
Down to dri-zain all my pi-zain when I'm gi-zoke on that ki-za

Mega blunts hangs the best ride, through the South all playas high
A legion ah beasts on the feast for some meat
and preparin' ah tearin' ah si-zoul of each,
and hi-zal ah gi-zal a playa will di-zal we all on the hi-zals
and won't stand the fi-zal

Chorus

(Hit Lil Flizy on that MC I-B-N be on his way)
Hit my nigga back cause Playa Fly will funk in plenty hay
What's up to that playa K and playa Dave and playa Tay
Is she gonna rock the house, declare some clout, and stack some pay

(Shauntay)

Bitches be talkin' Shaunte be the topic
I know that you hate me I love you don't stop it
As soon as you bitches be saucin' we droppin'
too bad if you stop I put cheese in my pocket
Tay on the market if you shop around
and just find 'em and fuck 'em lay the bitch down,
You be a clown to be clockin' and knockin'
I'm clickin' wid Fly and we knockin' your socks
Off ah yo ass, while takin' your cash
Vampin' your stash wid smoke in the bag
Chiefin' some dank, I quarter I think,
P-O-U-N-D wid original drink
I smoke til I faint, take all you gon' trink
I'm down wid the Fly and forever we straight
When whoopin' a bitch, I won't hesitate
The bitches we whoop, be flodgin' and fake
If you wanna fake, and you wanna flodge
We said it before and we pullin' your card,
People sweat us, to choose to come hard
We buckin', you duckin' and bullets you dodge
Cause I will not take, no shit from the start
Always we manage to finish remembering
Those who be tossin' and crossin' the friendship
You pointin' all in my face wid out a repentance

Chorus

Crunk enough to fuck a bitch and fucked enough for me and you
Keep ya criticism G cause SPV be pon the roll
Hi-zy till I rest in peace,
And full ah dope till Fly decease
I got bitches I can lease,
Just to make my mil increase
Playa praise up SPV and mastermind on makin' pay
Never cherish cheese, stack for makin' more and everyday
Down wid Orleans playa Dre, from my Orleans family
Munchin' comin' standin' out we smokin' out on plenty hay
You suckas who trainin' and sound aggravated
The po-pos are runnin' and comin' to see,
Rap so mis-hated your foes were updated
The public will play that and then D-O-T
We'll be deceased, A.S.A.P,
From the beginnin' so full ah this dope,
Snortin' and sneezin' and coughin' and chiefin'
and heavily blowin' the holiest dope,
Bitches be slippin' and Fly just be trippin'
and grippin' up on me a sinister plot,
Cakin' and thankin' and smokin' and drankin'
and bangin' the difference I dip outta not,

Hangin' the ziploc around and my sock
Strap on my glock and I'm heatin' on me
Lemons who plannin' on fuckin' wid Fly
gotta die when I'm high of a pack ah that P

(Talkin')

Yeh this one for them flaky ass cripple bitches
Who spent they money on that lil bit ass ad
in that muhfuckin' VIBE magazine,
talkin' bout you invented some tongue twistin',
Bitch anybody can do that shit it don't take nuthin' but some skill..