

I'm A Player

Too \$hort

I'm a player and I'm playin' jus' the bass
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You see I made up my mind when I was seventeen,
I ain't with no marriage and a weddin' ring,
I be a player fo' life so where's my wife,
Probably at the rehab stuck on the pipe,
'cause she must be smokin' and I'm not jokin'
Too Short baby comin' straight from Oakland,
Got way mo' bitches than I ever need,
I put that on a big fat bag of weed,
'cause I can give you a bitch who wouldn't give you joint,
Bitches ain' shit and now I made my point,
So you can light that weed,
While I spit this rap,
And tell you 'bout a player from way back,
I was only fourteen when I first got my dick sucked,
Now I'm grown up and I really like to bust nuts,
Gittin' freaky in the right situations,
You want to rap well that's a nice occupation,
To git pussy when you want 'n how you want it foo'
'cause I was fuckin' ugly hoes back in high schoo'
I used to fuck young-ass hoes,
Used to be broke and didn't have no clothes,
Now I fuck top notch bitches,
Tellin' stories 'bout rags to riches,
'bout a pimp named Shorty from the Oakland set,
Been mackin' for years 'n ain't fell of yet,
So if you ever see me rollin' in my drop top caddy,
Throw a peace sign and say hey pimp daddy!
'cause I never would fron' on my folks,
I slow down and let the gold diggers count my spokes,
Bitches come a dime a dozen,
So don't get mad when I fuck your cousin,
Your two sisters, I even fuck your ex-bitch,
Short Dog in the house with some player shit

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All the fake players peep game from the real,
Player hatin' lover tell me how do ya feel,
When you front to the homies how you grind 'em,
Look fo' a tramp, but you can't find 'em,
You got one girlfriend you see her every night,
Comin' around the partners, lyin' about your life,
Looked at your watch it said six twenty-two,
Cut to the house and said baby I love you,
Can't act like a mack like playboy Sho'
An' the rest of the macks in the streets of the O bitch!
Comin' up we learn how to freak these hoes,
And when your through gittin' yours then you shake these hoes,
And when your older, it's nothin' but a routine,
Makin' G's everyday workin' blue jeans,
I know I seen it before,

I see it again,
Young tender saying Short would you be my man

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Yeah there's a lot of fake players out there
Talkin' bad about Ant Banks, you know what I'm sayin'
But hey ain' trippin' up
Short Dog, what you do about them player haters
Try 'n stay away from Kriss Kross imitators,
Put ya in a cross 'cause they really jus' haters,
I thought you knew, Short Dog is a player,
Born to mack, 'n got bitches everywhere,
I ride around town in my clean-ass cars,
Screenin' these hoes like movie stars,
Checkin' my traps like a dirty rat,
I was born to mack,
I'm hookin' hoes like crack, I be a monkey on your back bitch,
Until you kick that Short Dog habit got you on my dick,
And even though I can't fuck you every day,
That's 'cause I got another bitch aroun' the way,
We can all get together on a late night,
Cut to the house hook somethin' up real tight,
I really don't care,
Cause I'm a player

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