

Playa Don't

Z-Ro

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Don't hate, don't hate yeah

Playa don't hate me, hate the game
Cause you see me coming down up on your slab, swinging thangs
Playa don't hate me, hate the game
Cause you see me coming down up on your slab, chopping blades

Playa don't hate me hate the game, ain't got no time
To be out here bullshitting, I'm out here trying to make some change
Be solo twisting I'm a Mo City soldier, I thought I told ya
Roll with us, or get your ass rolled over
See we all about our feddy, pulling up on chrome
Nigga for real ask G.I.N., or you can ask Chad Jones
Baby we Presidential playas showing up, all these gon mind
Everyone of us diaomoned down, bet you all them hoes gon shine
We living lovely sipping Bubbly, all the cars are foreign
Ain't no jackers we barring, cause we ready for warring
I'm the king like Tarzan, but mine is swinging on a vine
We swanging on 84's, and chopping in a line
Houston Texas the origin, of a baller's paradise
It's going down, I can smell it in the air tonight
So when you see us pulling up, dressed looking like a million
Balling permanent, keep our figgas changed like chameleon

Niggaz be hating for no reason, ain't no secret how I'm living
Escalade switch screens, is how you see your boy dipping
Blowing weed on the freeway, not giving a fuck
Getting my dick sucked doing eighty, bout to hit me a cut
20 inches of chrome, keep they mouth wide open
Toking cash and hoping, they can shine like me
Get out and put it down, and then grind like me
Leaving them haters and bitch niggaz, behind me
I hit the block, representing paper
4-4 safety off for them violators, and fake playas
Gott Damn be like go, too hot to hold
The weight up on my ice, keep me looking real swell
So don't be mad when I show up, smoke something and po' up
I told you motherfuckers, what's gon happen when I blow up
Now hold up, I got one more thang to mention
I'm riding out Presidential, swinging lanes on a mission

I got my first piece of ass, at 13
And I prolly done ran up in every chick, that you done seen me with
I'm associated with playas, with green and shit
Bad bitches in Jeeps and Lexus trucks, and shit
I'm that nigga see come and get, on blunts weights and shit
Serving head in the parking lot, giving me fits
Now if you knew I meant your Ms., would you make me kill you person
Or would you deal with this broad, that got you into this shit
Would you peep the situation, or go crazy and start tripping
Like pulling off your shirt, and tossing your jewelry in the dirt
I'ma hit you where it hurt, and wreck shop like bad cops

On niggaz in the ghetto, for working they block
So stop watching me, with all that animosity
Cause your baby mama's spending, your earned dollas on me
Sad shit for two partna, it's all on you
Don't be mad at the playa, hate the rules

See me rolling in a Presidential side man