# Im A Playa (Feat. Three 6 Mafia)

## Paul Wall

Yes sir, SwishaHouse!
DJ Paul and Juicy J productions
Paul Wall, Swishahouse, Hypnotize Minds, Three 6 Mafia!
It's goin down[Chorus: x4]
Eighty-fo's (eighty-fo's) candy paint (candy paint)
Switchin' lanes (switchin' lanes) sippin' drank (sippin' drank)It's Paul Wall baby yeah that's me, these hoes wanna know what I'm 'bout
Princess cuts all on my neck and on my wrist and in my mouth
Do's open, do's close, where's the camera I'll strike a pose
I'm still ridin' on elbows, in eighty-threes and eighty-fo's
The gangsta slab is what I flip, wood grain is what I grip
That purple drank is what I sip, in my cell phone keep a chip
I'm talkin' bid'ness I put it down, I'm choppin' blades and I'm poppin' shrooms
I'm from the land of that fry smoke, got plex I got the pump
Weighted trunk and chunk the deuce, keep it movin' I'm on the prowl
I'm on the hunt for some one night love, best believe that it's goin' down
Money and hoes, cars and clothes, diamond rings and ice grills
Swishahouse we keep it trill, and hold it down baby what's the deal[Chorus]We put them 47 inch jelly screens in them Escalade
We po' that purple drank straight up like it's that Kool-Aid
We like them girls that eat it up and never be afraid
While you cry but ask how they givin' up the fade
Ye ain't got screens if they ain't touch screen
with the removable screen, lookin' mean on the scene
When hoes see me they sayin' everybody ain't able
Cause I turned the back of my Caddy pickup into a pool tableJuicy J, I'm the mayne, got the G's, fuck the fame
See a lil' freak, run some game, and she goin' I'ma take some brain
I'm on the slab, posted up, white Cadillac with the white guts
I'm on the scene, drankin' lean, mixed with Spire in a plastic cup
I'm from the hood, call it North, where Project Pat went to jail and court
But now he back on the Southern bricks, we gon' drink a lot and players smoke Newport
Uptown, hit the blush, or watch these diamonds blind you up
Nothin' but self-made millionaires so you corporate folks can shut the fuck[Chorus]I got a deep freezer up on my neck and snow cones up in my ear
A ice tray up in my mouth, I'm lookin' somethin' like a chandelier
You can call me the ice man, I cause a blizzard every time I breathe
Posted up on that South Lee, with Big Mix and my boy Lil' Heat
Where's the drank I'm runnin' low, Cabbage Head told me it's a drought
But not to worry dough never doubt, I'll go to the doctor with a cough

It's Paul Wall baby that's my name, fly like a plane what it do
I drop the top of my potnah plaque and chunk the deuce to that boy Gooch
Just like a midget I'm sittin' low, and like a snail I'm crawlin' slow
Where's Mike, where's Bawdy, he on the grind ducked on the low
Yeah I like my music slow, yeah I like my train mud
I'm chopped up by Michael Watts, it's Paul Wall baby that's what's upEighty-fo's (eighty-fo's) candy paint (candy paint)
Switchin' lanes (switchin' lanes) sippin' drank (sippin' drank)
Eighty-fo's (eighty-fo's) candy paint (candy paint)
Switchin' lanes (switchin' lanes) sippin' drank (sippin' drank)"I'm a playa, ain't no doubt, hoes wanna know what I'm 'bout"
"I'm a playa, ain't no doubt, hoes wanna know what I'm 'bout"
"I'm a playa, ain't no doubt, hoes wanna know what I'm 'bout"
"I'm a playa, I'm a playa, I'm a playa, I'm a playa..."

Songwriters
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