

# Playboy

## Chris Shiflett & The Dead Peasants

Aw man, can I get a raw beat?

Y'all ready, y'all ready

For the main man

The Lloyd Banks

Guess who's the man this winter, straight out the land of sinners

The Range is tan with spinners, check out the white mirrors

Blow with the damn winners, while you and your man's finished

Two in your Rams fitteds, turn off your light switch

Holdin' my torch down, even when the force 'round

You let your wife roam, she want a divorce now

You niggaz ain't this gully, play it I paint your skully

You never take this from me the riders and all the gangsters love me

You shouldn't be a problem, I ain't be a problem

See you later I read your head, you be a Robin

I know your type, hoppin' all over beat screamin'

You call it hypin' yourself up, I call it street dreamin'

I do it for all the haters, the players roll with the 'gators

They lookin' forward to favors, gossip is all they gave us

You niggaz wasn't quiet, meet the whales and the fishes

You leak the precinct up, play Tattletale with the snitches

Even my momma knows, I got all kind of hoes

They wait outside of shows, strict after the diner close

I'll get designer clothes, without the wine or rose

Take off my baby blue mink, and Carolina Vogues

Come here, take a look inside a entertainer's closet

I never trust a bitch, I blame Lorena Bobbitt

Niggaz stay in pocket, I know you're mad at me

But shit ain't all peaches and cream, and I ain't Sara Lee

Bitch

Don't ice me, you starin' at the wrong one

It's a lot of girls here, go and get a grown one

We at the bar poppin' bottles 'til they all gone

If you ain't leavin' here with us, you can walk home

'Cause someone else will, they know how we ride

If you a playboy, you got one on East side

Keep your mouth closed, we don't let the beef ride

(What)

Ride

(What)

Ride

(What)

Ride

(Right, damn)

(Let's go)

I do this for the hood, niggaz stuck in the slammer  
I smile 'cause I'm good, you act tough for the camera  
Run from the lil' kids, they fuckin' with Santa  
'Cause they like 2Pac more, word? Word to my grandma  
I figure I might as well leave here with my glock drawn  
'Cause they'll take ya to jail, even when you're not wrong  
Dawg, you're not this flashy, jux you got to blast me  
Every rock is classy, nobody on your block can match me  
You shouldn't wanna fight, unless you wanna fight  
For your life in the hospital a hundred nights  
I know your type, run behind your girlfriend rushin'  
You call it quality time, I call it handcuffin'  
I'm on a beach in Miami, so you ain't reachin' my family  
All weekend with panties from Puerto Rican Cammie  
You niggaz wasn't tough, I shoulda snapped two flicks  
You wore your pants tight, played Pitty-Pat with the chicks  
Even my father knows, where the revolver goes  
I bring the beef to your front door like Dominoes  
And my diamonds froze, that mean my time is froze  
Me in the club from when it's poppin' 'til the time it close  
Half of these so-called real niggaz'll probably sing  
Nah, I ain't pullin' over, learned that from Rodney King  
So tell your homey chill, you know I hold the steel  
Everything be jabs and hooks, and you ain't Holyfield

Nigga

Don't ice me, you starin' at the wrong one  
It's a lot of girls here, go and get a grown one  
We at the bar poppin' bottles 'til they all gone  
If you ain't leavin' here with us, you can walk home  
'Cause someone else will, they know how we ride  
If you a playboy, you got one on East side  
Keep your mouth closed, we don't let the beef ride  
Everybody on the left get yo' hands up  
(Get yo' hands up)  
Everybody on the right get yo' hands up  
(Get yo' hands up)  
Everybody up front get yo' hands up  
(Get yo' hands up)  
And everybody out back get yo' hands up  
(What)

And if you in here with a strap get yo' hands up

(What)

Now put 'em up

(Put 'em up!)

What, man fuck what he said man, put 'em up

Now put 'em up

(Put 'em up!)

Ooh

Lloyd Banks, what?

Ooh!

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