Southern Made Playa

Mr. Pookie

[k-roc]
K-roc and pookie bout gon and drop it crooked like we really can
Flossin in this bitch and go get funky bout my dividends
See I'm gon be tha man, wit tha plan and tha ends
Flossin through dallas, texas in tha new 2000 benz
Wit some hen, and a fat sack of indo, my head is in tha sky
I'm gettin high, and wit my kinfolk, see I don't neva choke
Cause I been blowin almost everyday, y you askin y?
In junior high, boy I been chiffin hay
Now I'm gettin paid and like to blow mo than I used to blow
I like em burnin slow, so now I'm off to get some optimos
Nigga, you didnt know, jus how we doin, got yo auntie, she pursuin
Yo lil sister been boo-hooin, and yo gal I been screwin
But I'm movin on cause I cant let my paper stop
And she don't want me gon, pookie say they rollin dice blocks from mine
Like 2pac on hennessey, until I pass out
Blowin on some green, I cant be seen, up in that glass house, playaChorus [x2]Bounce, a southern made playa make tha crowd jus, bounce
And cant nobody do it like we do it in tha south
Got everybody talkin cause they know if it's clown
Your preferably a rival when tha crooks hit yo town[mr. pookie]
Tired of facin' drama ya'll, watch this playa rip it
Wishin life was like a soccer ball, all my fools can kick it
Wassup wit it, k-roc gon and get tha switches from tha track
Southern made, grab tha blade, and split that bitch on down tha back
My reaction to tha weed is a calm cool state
Like a missle on tha way, I jus cant wait to detonate
In tha days of tha hemingway, rollin lovely blunts
Who's to say I saw tha trigga spray, boy we had it krunk
Bout to dump, on this niggaz wit tha m1 cock
Quick to hit a 2 way stop, wit that 45 beam on top
Bodies drop, see me flexin, lil ol texan, from tha crook
North dallas off tha hook, bound to leave them bustas shook
Peep and look, I stay creased, wit k-swiss up on my feet
Smokin blacks when it ain't no weed, hit this blunt, oh yes indeed
I'ma sleep, see passion for these hoes has got cha stronger
She dancin and unchancin, that's cause pookie all up on herChorus[x2][mr. pookie]
Look at cha southern made, playa laid, back in tha shade
Jus tha rippla, come to get cha, wit these blunts i'ma blaze

And today is jus anotha, like a muthafuckin otha
It's not safe stay undercover, get yo paper, fuck tha colors
See them bustas, and organize a lick we finsta hit
Quick to skeam up on this nigga, out to get that treasure shit
That's tha mind of a crook, jus a section in our brain
Where we felt like we couldnt have it, so we had to grab it man
Who's to blame? my conscience saw tha crooked times we livin in
Time to stack some dividends, I'm at tha mall wit plenty ends
It's me again, playa of tha year, dark and lovely
Makin moves on hoes that love me, gurl stay back if you scrubby
And yo hubby, it's best that he stay clear when I'm near
Cause that static, cause of fear, me and yo bitch ova hea
That's 4 real, so nigga stay back yo gurl has chosen
Dont wanna see you get yo face cracked, pookie has spokenChorus [til end]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/