

Young Playa

Lil Wayne & Big Tymers

I'm a young playa nigga
I get the game from the big tymers, nigga
Who else? On the real nigga, on the real nigga
Respect the game, 'cuz I got the game
Y'all know who I is
Weezy coming thru in the bubble eye Benz
See me front in back with the wood all around
Plus, I got that surround sound
Don't hate on me boy if you do get down
Come from under my shirt try to lift you off the ground
But on the other hand, I'ma keep running man
I got about a hundred coming up with three Hummers man
We stuntas man
I might stumble across a grand and give it to you wifey
And watch how she on my pipey like a Icee
I might be in a Range that night
I might be in a Lex watching the game tonight
I got a hundred on Kobe, hope he playing it right
But if I lose, its cool, that's some change lil shite
That ain't nothing, I ain't doing nothing if I, I ain't stunting
Hold up, girl be quiet, Lil Wayne coming
Slow yo roll lil one
You ain't glad it's bought
And Ms. Pat and gray head over there
In the back card gambling at the bar drinking
But go head, just be quiet with 'em lil one
Broads I use 'em, hatas I bluse 'em
My whole front grill is full of confusion
Got dammit
Weezy pull up in a Porsche, expanded
I was to the back, niggas couldn't stand it
Soon as I left the scene, the women vanished
I got it like that
Got Rolex, blue shit hard to say watches
Plus, I bought all of my niggas Cartier watches
Weezy and his clique leave with forty beatches
"Million Dollar Man" baby Ted DeBiosi
Catch me sippin' on some Hen, maybe Covoursier
Sammy, Mario, tody Taz, that's my posse and what

You might see me dippin' low in a Benz truck
Tell yo girl hello, I done did her, what you muggin' me for
Keep playin' with me, I'll put a slug in yo do
Now looky here, young blood
Pull yo pants up on yo ass and put that piece of metal up in yo shirt
Don't make me get up out this wheel chair and kick yo ass
Now keep doing what you doing, go head
Y'all know me, young playa, stomp with the big dogs
Play with me boy I give you cancer like menthol
Cough cough cough up
Got a cat eye Benz on Bra bus
They call us Uptown shiners
Original hot boy\$ baby, big tymers
I spit game, get in they head, they be like, "Quit Wayne"
Half hour later, I'm in they split man
It be kicks man, let me get real
I'll kill on the battlefield, steal for the scrill
I will never leave my clique nigga, I'm to trill
I'm a little peep squeal, but I'm a ape in that jungle
And if you get it twisted, nigga, I'm taking yo lover
I mean I'm raping yo lover
Leave her taste in my rubber
I'm a playa nigga, I'm a playa

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