## Int'l Players Anthem (I Choose You) feat. Outkast

## **UGK**

So I typed a text to a girl I used to see Sayin' that I chose this cutie pie with whom I wanna be And I apologize if this message gets you down Then I CC'ed every girl that I'd see-see 'round town And hate to see y'all frown, but I'd rather see her smilin' Wetness all around me, true, but I'm no island Peninsula maybe It makes no sense, I know crazy Give up all this pussy cat that's in my lap No lookin' back Spaceships don't come equipped with rear view mirrors They dip as quick as they can The atmosphere is now ripped I'm so like a pimp, I'm glad it's night So the light from the sun Would not burn me on my bum When I shoot the moon High jump the broom Like a preemie out the womb My partner yellin' "Too soon! Don't do it! Reconsider! Read some liter-ature on the subject You sure? Fuck it You know we got your back like chiropractic If that bitch do you dirty We'll wipe her ass out in some detergent Now hurry hurry Go on to the altar I know you ain't a pimp, but pimp remember what I taught ya Keep your heart, three stacks, keep your heart Hey keep your heart, three stacks, keep your heart Man these girls is smart, three stacks, these girls is smart Play your part... play your partMy bitch a choosy lover Never fuck without a rubber Never in the sheets, like it on top of the cover Money on the dresser, drive a Kompressor Top notch hoes get the most, not the lesser Trash like to fuck with \$40 in the club Fuckin' up the game, bitch it gets no love She be cross country, givin' all that she got

A thousand a pop, I'm pullin' Bentleys off the lot I smashed up the gray one, bought me a red Every time we hit the parkin' lot we turn head

Some hoes wanna choose but them bitches too scary

Your bitch chose me, you ain't a pimp, you a fairyBaby you been rollin' solo, time to get down with the team

The grass is greener on that other side, if know what I mean

I show you shit you never seen, the Seven Wonders of the World

And I can make you the eighth if you wanna be my girl

When I say my girl I don't mean my woman, that ain't my style

Need a real street stalker (stalker) to walk a green mile

We pilin' up the paper on the dinin' room table

Cuz you able to realize I'm the truth and not a fable

We rock the freshest Sable, keep that 'chilla on the rack

What I look like with some thousand dollar shit up on my back?

I'm a million dollar mack that need a billion dollar bitch

Put my pimpin' in your life, watch ya daddy get rich

Easy as A-B-C, simple as 1-2-3

Get down with U-G-K, Pimp C, B-U-N B

Cuz what's a ho with no pimp? And what's a pimp with no hoes?

Don't be a lame, you know the game and how it goes

We tryin' to get chose Eeny meeny decisions, with precision I pick or

Make my selection on who I choose to be wit' girl

Don't touch my protection, I know you want it to slip

But slippin' is somethin' I don't do, tippin' for life

That's like makin' it rain every month on schedule

Let me tell you, get your parasol umbrella

Cuz it's gonna get wetter

Better prepare ya for the C support

She supposed to spend it on that baby but we see she don't

"Ask-ask Paul McCartney"

"The lawyers couldn't stop me"

"Slaughter-slaughterin' them pockets"

"Had to tie her to a rocket"

Send her in to outer space, I know he wish he could

Cuz he payin' 20K a day, that bitch is eating good

Like an infant on a double D titty, just getting plump

Cuz you miscalculated the next to the-the last pump

"Dump-dump in the gut, raw from the giddy up"

"Better choose that right one or pick-pick the kiddies up"

"(Shit)"

## Songwriters

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