

# I'll Be Your Player (Remix)

## Trick Daddy

Yeah, Committee remix, you can't beat us (who you is fool?)

They call me Trick Daddy Dollars (like that)

Being that I'm

Being that I'm

Being that I'm

Being that I'm

Real, I feel you need a man in your life child

Somebody black, baldheaded plus buckwild

They call me Trick Daddy Dollars

A real woman scholar

If a players what you want lil' momma holla

Yeah, I'ma holla through, you looking good

So Trick what you wanna do

I asked my girls if all the player talk was true

They told me yeah girl, hurry up and make your move

Now can I be your lover

Don't bother asking your friends about my Benz and ends

Unless you planning on me staying yeah

I get my freak on, plus my back strong

No more sad songs for long girl your daddy's home

I'll be your player I need a player

Someone who's gonna treat me right

(If a players what you want lil' momma holla) So Trick you a player Boo

I like your game if you want I'm available

I'll get you sprung off the way I use my tounge ohhhh

I'll get you hot when my lips touch your spot

I'll lick you like a lollipop, damn I can hardly stop

You make me scream, yell, holla (who you wit'?)

Trick Daddy Dollars

I turn you on when I touch your chest

And you turn me on when you kiss my neck

Nothing less than deep penetration

Anticipation, lets make it happen, I'm sick of waiting

Daddy, you know you possess the key

So where you want it

Right here on the side of me

I'll be your player I need a player

Someone who's gonna treat me right

(They call me Trick Daddy Dollars)

I need a player, to hold me tight all through the night  
(If a player's what you want lil' momma hollaSee I suduce you wit' your legs up  
First we bone and get it on, all night long, on and on  
Then I continue when you draw straw  
Make your heart be stoning til' you climb the wall  
You taste so sweet, from your head to your feet  
It's my treat so baby girl ?  
Call me Freaky Deaky cause I want to be your servant  
And while I'm serving, I'll slap you up a serving  
Half the thugs wouldn't do the things I do  
I'm on my knees so please just let me taste you  
Hell, my minds in the gutter, I mean your butter  
Pink eggs and ham, and you taste just like spam  
I'll be your playerI need a player  
Someone who's gonna treat me right  
(They call me Trick Daddy Dollars)  
I need a player, to hold me tight all through the night  
(If a player's what you want lil' momma holla

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