

Playa Hayta

Saafir

It's best you let me wander or I'll taunt ya with my brain
I'm the editor in chief, the leaf a rap a dope shit antique
Rope kits for the hang time a heinous crime
'Cause I drain his mind, open it up, ooh, not
The same as mine not the same ass rhyme Nickel plated statements with nickel plated
Knuckle faded faces, no matter what the race is
I hope ya cockpit got shit I stock
Hits inventory glorious, I owe me this I'm on my homies shit, the homeless shown
This skill is real when I attack from the back
I'll say a rhyme then pull your spinal cord from your torso
More so or better Yet more or less it's not an option
I'm coppin' a plea seizing a shop and hopin' a cop's
A blow of the past if not, I'll be blowin' his ass away
J Groove is on the cross, I'm the heavyweight fader of a playa hayta Analysis is deep, forever on the peep and
I'm the best
The crest of the ho shit, yeah
You can't manifest destiny unless it's me
Oh, you don't approve of my moves But I'm not starvin' for jargon, so save it
My libido is the needle to the wax, I like to tax in
Gazebos, surviving like a mac king, clever
Never lacking when I'm stacking endeavors I try and try to tell fools
That I've been through hell and my tools ain't the same
As yours Coors light, that's what they're drinkin'
Must be I'm wrong, yours is right That's why you're sinkin' in your own sight
Nose is in my business, witnessin' your own fate
Drownin' in your own lake of hate
But I don't see no abstinent crabs in it Perverse perpin' after the salt I can
Hear the rehearsal of a serpent, urgent
'Cause you don't use your head when you shed skin
Dead end for a playa hayta Charades, are played but I keep getting it in
Large amounts because I be doin'
These Hoogies' charge account like a banker
I'm patient and I be waiting like an anchor To spank her then I get the softy sank
Coffee drinkin', breath stinkin', cheddar cheese
Eatin' wheat germ, checker board pants
Wearin' can't dance and you're starin' in My grill But you had a steak a nervous
Twitch and you're a badly fake
And I heard his bitch is gettin' around like Tupac
Servin' niggas two at a time like she got Two cocks, new blocks she be conquering

Zip codes, I rip ho's that be lappin' up
Mark ass lames then charge it to the
Game So he next time you step to me Like a defense attorney, ha, I'll fade ya
'Cause you're a playa hayta
From a real playa ' cause I play the game
The same, not behind no dame
So you can get these thangs

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>