Playerâ€™s Anthem

Junior M.A.F.I.A.

Niggas uh, bitches ha uh(Niggas) Grab your dick if you love hip-hop
(Bitches) Rub your titties if you love Big Poppa
Gotcha, open off the words I say because
"This type of shit it happens everyday"Now who smoke more blunts than a little bit?
What are you a idiot?
Listen to the lyrics I spit like M1's
Got mad guns up in the cabin
'Cause Cease ain't the one for the dibbin' and dabbin' shit
I make it happen, you got your ass caught
All you saw was fire, from the Honda Passport
Or the M.P., what if you see, then I miss ya
I blow up spots like little sisters
G'wan grit ya teeth, g'wan bite ya nails to the cuticles
Like Murray, my killings, be the most beautiful
Junior M.A.F.I.A. click, thick like Luke dancers
Niggas grab your gats, bitches take a glance at
The little one, pullin over in the Land Rover
Playin' Big Willie style with a chauffeur, yaknahmean?
Stack the green, read all between the lines
A nigga act up, makes the bastard hard to find(Niggas) Grab your dick if you love hip-hop
(Bitches) Rub your titties if you love Big Poppa
Gotcha, open off the words I say because
"This type of shit it happens everyday"(Niggas) Grab your dick if you love hip-hop
(Bitches) Rub your titties if you love Big Poppa
Gotcha, open off the words I say because
"This type of shit it happens everyday"(How ya livin' Biggie Smalls?) I'm surrounded by criminals
Heavy rollers even the sheisty individuals
Smokin' skunk and mad Phillies
Beatin' down Billy Badasses, cracks in stacks and masses
If robbery's a class, bet I pass it
Shit get drastic, I'm buryin' ya bastards
Big Poppa never softenin'
Take you to the church, rob the preacher for the offerin'
Leave the fucker coughin' up blood, and his pockets like rabbit ears
Covered the wife, Kleenex for the kid's tears
Versace wear, Moschino on my bitches
She whippin' my ride, countin' my one's, thinkin' I'm richest
Just the way players play, all day everyday
I don't know what else to say

I've been robbin' niggas since Run and them was singin' "Here We Go"
Snatchin' ropes at the Roxie homeboy you didn't know my flow,
Detrimental to your health
Usually roll for self, I have son ridin' shotgun
My mind's my nine, my pen's my Mac-10
My target, all you wack niggas who started rappin'
Junior M.A.F.I.A. steelo, niggas know the half
Caviar for breakfast, champagne bubble baths
Runnin' up in pretty bitches constantly
The Smalls bitch, who the fuck it was supposed to be?(Niggas) Grab your dick if you love hip-hop
(Bitches) Rub your titties if you love Big Poppa
Gotcha, open off the words I say because
"This type of shit it happens everyday"(Niggas) Grab your dick if you love hip-hop
(Bitches) Rub your titties if you love Big Poppa
Gotcha, open off the words I say because
"This type of shit it happens everyday"I used to pack Macs in Cadillacs
Now I pimp gats in the Ac's, watch my niggas backs
Nines in the stores, glocks in the bags
Maxin' mini-markets, gettin' money with the Arabs
No question, confession, yes it's the lyrical
Bitches squeeze your tits, niggas grab your genitals
Proteins and minerals, excluse subliminals
Big Momma shoots the game to all you Willies and criminals
I kick the reali' with my peeps all day
325's roll by with the windows down halfway
D-K-N-Y, oh my, I'm jiggy
It's all about the Smalls and my fuckin" nigga Biggie
Bitches love the way I bust a rhyme
'Cause they all in line screamin' one more time
Niggas, grab your dicks if you love hip-hop
Bitches rub-a-dub in the back of the club, straight up

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