

Player's Ball (Reprise)

OutKast

Scene was so thick low rides seventy seven Sevilles

El Dawgs nothin' but them 'llacs

All the players all the hustlers I'm talking about

Black man heaven yeah know what I'm saying? PeaceIt's beginnin' to look a lot like what?

Follow my every step take notes

On how I creep I's bout ta go in deep

This is the way I creep my season

Here's my ghetto rep I kept to say

The least no no it can't cease so I

Begin to piece my two and two together

Gots no snowy weather have to

Find something to do better bet!

I said subtract so shut up that

Nonsense about some solid nine I got say

Crock if it ain't real it

Ain't right I'm like no matter what the season

Forever chill with spin I get my fin I chill with less

And got my reasons so tell me what did you expect?

You thought I'd break my neck to help y'all deck the halls oh

Now I got 'nother means of celebratin' I'm gettin' biz to that ho-jo I

Gots the hoochie waitin' I made it through

To another year can't ask fo' much mo it's Outkast

For the boots I thought you knew so now you know

Let's goAll the players came from far and wide

Wearing Afros and braids in every gangster ride

Now I'm here to tell yeah there's a better day

When the player ball is happenin' all day every dayHallelujah hallelujah yeah know I do some things more
different than I

Used ta cause I'm a player doing what the players do the package store is

Closed okay my deck is woofin' this is ridiculous I'm gettin' serious I'm

Gettin' curious cause the house is smelling sick of chitlins all this

Vicious I make no wishes cause the modern folk is in the back gettin' tipsy

Off the nog-en and I's in a hellova contact smoke they havin' a smoke out

In my back seat they passing herb reminding verses cause it's in the air I

Hit the parks hit the cuts I'm makin' switches clicking the switches side

Ta side lookin' for bitches watchin' for snitches I'm wide open on the

Freeway my pager broke my vibe cause a junkie is a junkie three sixty

Five it's just another day of work to me the spirit just ain't in me

Grab my pistol and my ounce see what they junkies got to give me cause

It's like that, yeahClever pimpin', never slipin, that's how it is (check it!)All the players came from far and wide
Wearing Afros and braids in every gangster ride
Now I'm here to tell yeah there's a better day
When the player ball is happenin' all day every dayAin't no chimminies in the ghetto so I won't be hangin' my
socks on no
Tip how far does it tick fix me a drink I got the remedy so bring in
That ham (not!) don't need no ham don't play me like I'm smokin'
Rocks I got the money we gots the freaks in the dungeon just to let you
Know cause in ninety three that's how we comin' so hoe hoe hoes check my
King ass fro the gin and juice gots me tipsy so on
It goes hit me ten and I'll serve you then now we in the corner in my
Cadillac my heart does not go pitty pat for no rat I'm leaning back my
Elbows out the windows cold rhyming indo fills my body where's the party
We rode deep we dip to underground see's a lot of hoes around I split my
Game while waiting count down a five fo' a three two here comes the one a
Do yeah have me copy folks spark another oneAll the players came from far and wide
Wearing Afros and braids in every gangster ride
Now I'm here to tell yeah there's a better day
When the player ball is happenin' all day every dayHere's a little something for all the players out there
hustling, gettin'
Down for theirs, from east point, college park, decatur, devrai, you
Know world wide, down for theirs

Songwriters

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