

I'm A Player

Too \$hort

I'm a player and I'm playin' jus' the bass
I'm a player and I'm playin' jus' the bass You see I made up my mind when I was seventeen
I ain' with no marriage and a weddin' ring
I be a player fo' life so where's my wife
Prob'ly at the rehab stuck on the pipe
'Cause she must be smokin' and I'm not jokin'
Too Short baby comin' straight from Oakland
Got way mo' bitches than I ever need
I put that on a big fat bag of weed
'Cause I can give you a bitch who wouldn't give you joint
Bitches ain' shit and now I made my point
So you can light that weed
While I spit this rap
And tell you 'bout a player from way back
I was only fourteen when I first got my dick sucked
Now I'm grown up and I really like to bust nuts
Gittin' freaky in the right situations
You wanna rap well that's a nice occupation
To git pussy when you want 'n how you want it foo'
'Cause I was fuckin' ugly hoes back in high schoo'
I used to fuck young-ass hoes
Used to be broke and didn't have no clothes
Now I fuck top notch bitches
Tellin' stories 'bout rags to riches
'Bout a pimp named Shorty from the Oakland set
Been mackin' fo' years 'n ain't fell of yet
So if you ever see me rollin' in my drop top caddy
Throw a peace sign and say hey pimp daddy
'Cause I never would fron' on my folks
I slow down and let the gold diggers count my spokes
Bitches come a dime a dozen
So don't get mad when I fuck your cousin
Your two sisters, I even fuck your ex-bitch
Short Dog in the house with some player shit I'm a player and I'm playin' jus' the bass
I'm a player and I'm playin' jus' the bass I'm a player and I'm playin' jus' the bass
I'm a player and I'm playin' jus' the bass All the fake players peep game from the real
Player hatin' lover tell me how do ya feel
When you front to the homies how you grind 'em
Look fo' a tramp, but you can't find 'em

You got one girlfriend you see her every night
Comin' around the partners, lyin' about your life
Looked at your watch it said six twenty-two
Cut to the house and said baby I love you
Can't act like a mack like playboy Sho'
An' the rest of the macks in the streets of the O bitch
Comin' up we learn how to freak these hoes
And when your through gittin' yours then you shake these hoes
And when your older, it's nothin' but a routine
Makin' G's everyday workin' blue jeans
I know I seen it before
I see it again
Young tender saying Short would you be my man I'm a player and I'm playin' jus' the bass
I'm a player and I'm playin' jus' the bass I'm a player and I'm playin' jus' the bass
I'm a player and I'm playin' jus' the bass Yeeeah there's alot of fake players out there
Talkin' bad about Ant Banks, you know what I'm sayin'
But hey ain' trippin up
Short Dog, what you do about them player haters Try 'n stay away from Kriss Kross imitators
Put ya in a cross 'cause they really jus' haters
I thought you knew, Short Dog is a player
Born to mack, 'n got bitches everywhere
I ride around town in my clean-ass cars
Screenin' these hoes like movie stars
Checkin' my traps like a dirty rat
I was born to mack
I'm hookin' hoes like crack, I be a monkey on your back bitch
Until you kick that Short Dog habit got you on my dick
And even though I can't fuck you every day
That's 'cause I got another bitch aroun' the way
We can all get together on a late night
Cut to the house hook somethin' up real tight
I really don't care
Cause I'm a player I'm a player and I'm playin' jus' the bass
I'm a player and I'm playin' jus' the bass I'm a player and I'm playin' jus' the bass
I'm a player and I'm playin' jus' the bass

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