

Keep it Playa (ft. Slim Thug)

Pharrell Williams

Before you say it's cheaper to keep her
We consider and read her
Man, she might be the type that want P to feed her
She wants a little cheaper, a little margarita
Mane, them draws comin' off when she see the two-seater
So put your Porche up, (uh)
Get your divorce up, (uh)
I'm sure she'll sign it when she seen me put my doors up
Mane, them niggas only wanna mother-fucker here
She threw her heels in the ocean, so she stuck to chill
The trunk is still, hopin' there's something between ya
Now she laughin' how she took your ass to the cleaners
Mane, I'm on your side, not tryna inconveniencin'
Just know we got them mean keys in them plastic meaners
So keep it player dawg,
Don't make me say it, naw
Do something drastic, know that plastic heavy weighin', dawg
If it ain't music, or this money, I don't play at all
And she ain't either, so that means she doesn't weight at all [Chorus]
Now we can both post sip or keep it playa mane
And we can both pull a misses, keep it playa mane
Or we grind our wrists and keep it playa mane
Or you can scram cocksuck if you a hater mane
I keep 'em ladies going uh-uh-uh,
Uh-uh-uh (haa), uh-uh-uh (yea), uh-uh-uh I'm a grown mane, Thug ain't the one to play no games with ya
Thug the one to call and come get out the chain with ya
And hang with ya, when ya full of Patrone
And oh yeah, brang one of ya cute partnas along
Because I'm only 25, and still going live
I got the estate by the pool, by the lake outside
I wake up and gotta pick which car I'ma drive
The Double are 760, or the 645, I'm
Havin' thangs, mane, check out the chain
Money ain't never been a thang
You see watch and the rang (the watch and the rang)
Rocks the nicest, never seen nuthin' like this
I'ma Boss I on' ask what it cost, my life priceless
Baby girl you might just
Get the shatter shine

Long as you not selfish or learn to share sometimes
And of course I'm still you're and you're still mine
But you can't be a hater, mane
You gotta keep it playa, mane[Chorus]They say JLo shouldn't show her ass and all
Knowin' the worst thing could happen is a nigga could palm
Now my angent sayin' the only way that he could be calm
I put a hundred mil on each song, like my name was LaBron (wha')
Not the ice, my beat is worth more
Attractive like a whole damn Jacob store
See niggas hate you more when you take they broad
But his girl looked in my ear and seen her matrix door
Dude's is foolish, they hues us to chew us
I mean, the smirfs, the green, the rocks is so bluish
You can't out bling me, or BBC jean me
You ain't got no vibe, you can go and ask MiMi
I think and relay it
I blink and P-J it
You wanna make fast bucks, take this and Ebay it
And all you Phantom owners know why you can't stand me
Got one in Virigina 'nother one in Miami[Chorus]

Songwriters

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