I'm A Playa

Paul Wall

Yes sir, Swisha House
DJ Paul and Juicy J productions
Paul Wall, Swisha House, Hypnotize Minds
Three 6 Mafia, it's goin' down
Eighty-fo's, candy paint
Switchin' lanes, sippin' drank
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Switchin' lanes, sippin' drank
It's Paul Wall baby, yeah that's me
These hoes wanna know what I'm 'bout
Princess cuts all on my neck
And on my wrist and in my mouth
Do's open, do's close
Where's the camera I'll strike a pose
I'm still ridin' on elbows
In eighty-threes and eighty-fo's
The gangsta slab is what I flip
Woodgrain is what I grip
That purple drank is what I sip
In my cell phone keep a chip
I'm talkin' bid'ness I put it down
I'm choppin' blades and I'm poppin' shrooms
I'm from the land of that fry smoke
Got plex I got the pump
Weighted trunk and chunk the deuce
Keep it movin' I'm on the prowl
I'm on the hunt for some one night love
Best believe that it's goin' down
Money and hoes, cars and clothes
Diamond rings and ice grills
Swisha House we keep it trill
And hold it down baby what's the deal
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We put them 47 inch jelly
Screens in them Escalade
We po' that purple drank
Straight up like it's that Kool-Aid
We like them girls
That eat it up and never be afraid
While you cry but ask
How they givin' up the fade
Ye ain't got screens
If they ain't touch screen
With the removable screen
Lookin' mean on the scene
When hoes see me
They sayin' everybody ain't able
'Cause I turned the back of my Caddy
Pickup into a pool table
Juicy J, I'm the mayne

Got the G's, fuck the fame
See a lil' freak, run some game
And she goin' I'm a take some brain
I'm on the slab, posted up
White Cadillac with the white guts
I'm on the scene, drankin' lean
Mixed with Spire in a plastic cup
I'm from the hood, call it North
Where Project Pat went to jail and court
But now he back on the Southern bricks
We gonna drink a lot and players smoke
Newport uptown
Hit the blush, or watch
These diamonds blind you up
Nothin' but self-made millionaires
So you can shut the fuck
Eighty-fo's, candy paint
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I got a deep freezer up on my neck
And snow cones up in my ear
A ice tray up in my mouth
I'm lookin' somethin' like a chandelier
You can call me the ice man
I cause a blizzard every time I breathe
Posted up on that South Lee
With Big Mix and my boy Lil' Heat
Where's the drank I'm runnin' low
Cabbage Head told me it's a drought
But not to worry dough never doubt
I'll go to the doctor with a cough
It's Paul Wall baby that's my name
Fly like a plane what it do
I drop the top of my potnah plaque
And chunk the deuce to that boy Gooch
Just like a midget I'm sittin' low
And like a snail I'm crawlin' slow
Where's Mike, where's Bawdy
He on the grind ducked on the low
Yeah, I like my music slow
Yeah, I like my train mud
I'm chopped up by Michael Watts
It's Paul Wall baby that's what's up
Eighty-fo's, candy paint
Switchin' lanes, sippin' drank
Eighty-fo's, candy paint
Switchin' lanes, sippin' drank
I'm a playa, ain't no doubt
Hoes wanna know what I'm 'bout
I'm a playa, ain't no doubt
Hoes wanna know what I'm 'bout
I'm a playa, ain't no doubt
Hoes wanna know what I'm 'bout
I'm a playa, I'm a playa
I'm a playa, I'm a playa
I'm a playa, I'm a playa

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