

Playin The Game

Grand Puba

"You're playin a game.. it's all plain.."

Uhh

Here go the style to make the young girls smile
They go wild when Grand Puba's on they radio dial
Alamo hit me off with the butter cream
Watch me run the ghetto scheme, givin all the honies wet dreams
I'm gonna hit you where the drip go drop
and make your whole body tickle as we smack the nine-nickel, so
here we come, here go that flow son
I be the one who get it done and I ain't done until after honey come
You see my flow is great, no greater
If there's one thing I can't stand, it's a motherf**kin playa hater
Cause they hungry like Wally Gator
Why jealous niggaz try? I ain't Woody and this ain't Woodpecker Pie
Is it cause who we be
they hear us on the radio and see us on TV
Or just, playa hate us, be undercover
Jealous cause we MC brothers
That's the way, it, goes
You know it's 2000, playa haters need to stop, come on

Yeah

Tryin to jam wreck for the next man, yaknahmsayin?
Cause they don't understand, you know?
Playin that game, yeah

See I'm the type of guy that'll say - hey baby, let's get away
Let's go somewhere far, dig it
Cause I'ma put it on the mornin, if it's on it's on
When I'm goin I'm gone, it won't stop the dawn
But I be careful cause the monster be lurkin
Some honies got it bad where them rubbers don't be workin
Some stinkbox are like that Park called Jurassic
Slide up in the cut, it burns your rubber up like acid
So if you're playin them games, you best be careful
Don't let the 5-1-6 make you dareful
There you go, feelin good, you're out of town
And it's one of those nights, you feel like gettin down
You ain't choosy on the honey you picked
No glove on your stick, you just wanna hit it quick
So you get down for your crown to represent
Honey's runnin somethin, cause that short stay loot is spent
There you go, slidin raw dog again
Now you're singin New Edition song, "Is This the End?"