

Confidential Playa

Big Moe

I'm still a playa, a confidential playa
I'm just tryin' to do somethin' right, so let me live my life
Even though I'm still hustlin', I know you want to see me strugglin'
But at least I'm tryin' to do somethin' right so let me live my life

Lord knows I had my share of doin' the wrong things
But a bonafide playa that finds the life in me
Casualties make us cry but still we got to mash
Keep my eyes up on the sparrow and mind up on my cash

Penetrate, finish last, maintain a steady pace
Keep the busters out your business and haters up out your face
In this last rat race, the lord some's got to come
Shrivel my signature, I call it rapping refunds

The ones that criticize be the ones you call your friends
The ones that ride it out ain't gone always be your kin
But then you got to know, if it's yours you gone get it
But also you got to know that everyday ain't terrific

Specific about your plans, keep it real with your fans
Watchin' my baby boy grow to be a young man
My daughter got to know from the jump, you a queen
And fuck what them niggas say you, tell them your daddy is a king and

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Every time I look around
These haters, they be talkin' down
Big Moe doesn't bring more light
I even had a, had a harder time

But I'm still here, still goin' strong
You can't believe what you hear in the song
About the year two, triple O, three
Whole wide world sippin', drank with me

I got money but I'm still a little stressed
I thank the Lord 'cause you know I'm the best
A little love set with the press
Why you want less 'cause through
I guess it's best for me to stay calm
And hold it down till the day that I'm gone
I got a white cup in my palm
Feel what a peach crush, Mo Yo's just a

Playa, playa, playa, playa

Money, the rule to all evil, that's what I need
Between the hours of 3 to 7, that's when I bleed
Motherfuckers gone makin' the block hot, so I stay and move around
Tyte Eyez and Z-Ro stackin' paper, it's goin' down

Break the shop of a nigga that's short stoppin' my change

But me and him to the fullest, duckin' bullets at close range
Feelin' crazy like I'm a lose my life to a bitch nigga
But while I'm here, I be a rich nigga

Nephews and nieces, nice, cool clothes and chains and pieces
I break bread with my family when my record releases
Besides skills in the west, nigga got mouths to feed
Anythin' against the grain, just light a finger spot over seas

Saturday mornin' as a youngster, I ain't have no bike
And I ain't have no Nikes but in the triple I'ma have more ice
Around my neck and my wrist with fern doors
Z-Ro, confidentially your's a playa

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