

Playa From Around The Way

Master P

That's right ya'll
I guess I should let ya'll know what bein an Ice Cream Man
is all about since it's the Ice Cream Man theme song
But what I want ya'll to do for me is light ya
weed, lay back and we gon take a ride
A ride all the way through
Through the Ice Cream Man's whole life.

I'm sittin in a room full of hoes with some sexy ass bodies
Smokin on the cess, playin dominoes. Ain't fuckin wit nobody
I'm scopin em out without a doubt. I see big booties hangin out
My dick is gettin hard like it's about to pop out of socket.
I can't believe what I'm seein.
I must be straight (geein)
cause I got all these hoes in my pocket.
I'm just a playa from around the way.
I'm hustlin just to see another day.
I'm just a playa from around the way.
I'm hustlin just to see another day.
Playa haters gettin sick cause they can't get with my click
cause we took all their bitches
But the niggas know the deal cause we packin that steel
and dumpin mothafuckasin ditches
So hey, it's another day for me to play
as I slang my yay and get paid off these smokers
You don't know the deal cause this thing is real
mothafuckas, I ain't jokin, I ain't jokin

I'm on a porch with these killas. Must be a drug dealer
I run from the taz. Call me banana peeler
I got that HK cocked ready to block.
Ain't no love on my block. Got this dope in my sock
My little brother hooked it up tryin to get big
In the ghetto I seen another man lose his wig
But I ain't trippin off the dope-game
I'm too deep in my hood slangin heroin and cocaine

Way too deep to turn back now.
My homies tryin to jack now
Put away the sack down. Now I gots my gat now
You bitches better raise up off the tip
of us playas tryin to strive and stay alive, Fuck the 9 to 5
I'm all about the papers. Niggas tryin to chase the
million dollar spot with a glock and a caper

We some macks like Goldie. Ya'll can't hold me
I'm Oulajawon dunkin on you and your homie
Cause we in this shit deep tryin to get mine
Fuck all that. Cuz, kick the fuckin chorus line

I'm just a playa from around the way
I'm hustlin just to see another day

(I love my mill)
And if I die who gives a fuck?
Just another black gone
(Nobody gives a damn if you make it back home)

Cause my auntie on dope
My little homies out there in the hood pushin hella coke
So I try to get fronted a bumper
I mean a fifty dollar dub on a come-up

Dope in my All Stars.
Just got (bought) a sawed-off
Nigga wait for me to fall off but I won't get hauled off in a casket.
I'm all about blastin
Dope be the cabbage.
You know that makes us savage

I guess that makes me a G
Cause I done flipped an half-an-ounce to a quarter key
On a come-up and bubblin up and doublin up
and all these niggas jealous cause the P sellin quarters,bro
In the hood like Ice Cream
All ya'll niggas corner check me.I done killed em with the triple beam
And ya'll mad cause I'm rich and famous
just like Amus,but still a gangsta
So call me a hustla
and if you a playa hater,nigga,then your name'll be Mr. Busta
In No Limit,niggas don't like playa haters
We got them mothafuckin regulators
Nine millimeter fully strapped
Yo Cuz,bust motherfuckin caps

I'm just a playa from around the way
I'm hustlin just to see another day
Master P and Silkk,they gettin paid
The No Limit soldiers,hey,they don't play
From New Orleans all the way to the Bay
The Ice Cream Man you know that he don't play
He don't play.He don't play