

# Player's Ball

OutKast

Scene was so thick, low rides, seventy-seven Sevilles  
El Dawgs, nuttin but them 'llacs  
All the players, all the hustlers, i'm talking about  
Black man heaven, yah know what i'm saying? Peace

It's beginnin to look a lot like what?  
Follow my every step take notes  
On how i creep I's bout ta go in deep  
This is the way i creep my season  
Here's my ghetto rep i kept to say  
The least no no it can't cease so i  
Begin to piece my two and two together  
Gots no snowy weather have to  
Find something to do better bet!  
I said subtract so shut up that  
Nonsense about some solid nine i got say  
Crock if it ain't real it  
Ain't right i'm like no matter what the season  
Forever chill with spin i get my fin i chill with less  
And got my reasons so tell me what did you expect?  
You thought i'd break my neck to help y'all deck the halls oh  
Now i got nuther means of celebratin i'm gettin biz to that ho-jo i  
Gots the hoochie waitin i made it through  
To another year cain't ask fo much mo it's Outkast  
For the boots i thought you knew so now you know  
Let's go

All the players came from far and wide  
Wearing afros and braids in every gangstar ride  
Now i'm here to tell yah there's a better day  
When the player ball is happenin on christmas day

Hallelujah hallelujah yah know i do some things more different than i  
Used ta coz i'm a player doing what the players do the package store is  
Closed okay my deck is woofin this is rediculus i'm gettin serious i'm  
Gettin curious coz the house is smelling sick of chitlins all this  
Vicious i make no wishes coz the modern folk is in the back gettin tipsy  
Off the nog-en and i's in a hellova contact smoke they havin a smoke out  
In my back seat they passing herb reminding verses coz it's in the air i  
Hit the parks hit the cuts i'm makin switches clicking the switches side  
Ta side lookin for bitches watchin for snitches i'm wide open on the  
Freeway my pager broke my vibe coz a junkie is a junkie three sixty  
Five it's just another day of work to me the spirit just ain't in me  
Grab my pistol and my ounce see what they junkies got to give me coz  
It's like that, yeah

Clever pimpin, never slipin, that's how it is (check it!)

Ain't no chimminies in the ghetto so i won't be hangin my socks on no  
Tip how far does it tick fix me a drink i got the remedy so bring in  
That ham (not!) don't need no ham (hocks!) don't play me like i'm smokin  
Rocks i got the money we gots the freaks in the dungeon just to let you  
Know coz in ninety three that's how we comin so hoe hoe hoes check my  
King ass fro the gin and juice gots me tipsy so on

It goes hit me ten and i'll serve you then now we in the corner in my  
Cadillac my heart does not go pitty pat for no rat i'm leaning back my

Elbows out the windows cold rhyming indo fills my body where's the party  
We rode deep we dip to underground see's a lot of hoes around i split my  
Game while waiting count down a five fo a three two here comes the one a  
Do yah have me copy folks spark another one

Here's a little something for all the players out there hustling, gettin  
Down for theirs, from east point, college park, decatur, devrai, you  
Know world wide, down for theirs