

# Player's Anthem

Junior M.A.F.I.A.

Niggaz bitches  
Uhh

Niggaz Grab your dick if you love hip-hop  
Bitches Rub your titties if you love Big Poppa  
Gotcha, open off the words I say because  
"This type of shit it happens everyday"

Check it out, uhh  
Now who smoke more blunts than a little bit?  
What are you a idiot?  
Listen to the lyrics I spit like M1's  
Got mad guns up in the cabin  
Cause Cease ain't the one for the dibbin and dabbin shit  
I make it happen, you got your ass caught  
All you saw was fire, from the Honda Passport  
Or the M.P., what if you see, then I miss ya  
I blow up spots like little sisters  
G'wan grit ya teeth, g'wan bite ya nails to the cuticles  
Like Murray, my killings, be the most beautiful  
Junior M.A.F.I.A. click, thick like Luke dancers  
Niggaz grab your gats, bitches take a glance at  
The little one, pullin over in the Land Rover  
Playin Big Willie style with a chaffeur, yaknahmean?  
Stack the green, read all between the lines  
A nigga act up, makes the bastard hard to find

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(How ya livin Biggie Smalls?) I'm surrounded by criminals  
Heavy rollers even the sheisty individuals  
Smokin skunk and mad Phillies  
Beatin down Billy Badasses, cracks in stacks and masses  
If robbery's a class, bet I pass it  
Shit get drastic, I'm buryin ya bastards  
Big Poppa never softenin  
Take you to the church, rob the preacher for the offerin  
Leave the fucker coughin up blood, and his pockets like rabbit ears  
Covered the wife, kleenex for the kid's tears  
Versace wear, Moschino on my bitches  
She whippin my ride, countin my one's, thinkin I'm richest  
Just the way players play, all day everyday  
I don't know what else to say  
I've been robbin niggaz since Run and them was singin 'Here We Go'  
Snatchin ropes at the Roxie homeboy you didn't know  
My flow, detrimental to your health  
Usually roll for self, I have son ridin shotgun  
My mind's my nine, my pen's my Mac-10  
My target, all you wack niggaz who started rappin

Junior M.A.F.I.A. steelo, niggaz know the half  
Caviar for breakfast, champagne bubble baths  
Runnin up in pretty bitches constantly  
The Smalls bitch, who the fuck it was supposed to be?

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I used to pack Macs in Cadillacs  
Now I pimp gats in the Ac's, watch my niggaz backs  
Nines in the stores, glocks in the bags  
Maxin mini markets, gettin money with the Arabs  
No question, confession, yes it's the lyrical  
Bitches squeeze your tits, niggaz grab your genitals  
Proteins and minerals, exclude subliminals  
Big Momma shoots the game to all you Willies and criminals  
I kick the rilli with my peeps all day  
325'S roll by with the windows down halfway  
D-K-N-Y, oh my, I'm jiggy  
It's all about the Smalls and my fuckin nigga Biggie  
Bitches love the way I bust a rhyme  
Cause they all in line screamin one more time  
Niggaz, grab your dicks if you love hip-hop  
Bitches rub-a-dub in the back of the club, straight up