

## Supposed Playa

Lil' O

[talking:]

(hello), man Keisha what's the deal  
I been blowing up your pager, and calling your phone all day  
Why you ain't hit me back, (boy do not call me no mo')

[Hook:]

Say you don't love her, stop lying  
Cause when you heard a playa hit, bitch you start crying  
But damn you supposed to be a playa, and if you don't love her why you care  
Man I know it's cold, but it's fair

[Lil' O:]

I hopped out the Lex coupe, looking way too cute  
Boppers asking who is that, hit you sure to who  
But god damn he got loot, look at all them diamonds  
Girl peep them shoes Gucci, yeah that boy is shining  
So if you guess I'm a baller, lil' mama you fucking right  
And tell your friend to holla, cause we fucking tonight  
I got a suite at the Double Tree, we could blow a sweet and sip bubbly  
Hop into the sheets, and bum ugly  
I'm straight to the point girl, it's the thug in me  
If your man said he seen you leave, say it wasn't me  
She said who is he, well my man ain't bout shit  
He mess with other broads, and he ain't even rich  
Cause ain't you Lil' O, from from off of Braeswood block  
Fat Rat Wit Da Cheeze, can't stop won't stop  
The one who be balling, in a Lex and a drop  
When he hear that you hit, it's gon really run him hot

[Hook x2]

[Lil' O:]

I said, baby how that sound  
He can't be a playa, chasing you around town  
Yeah I know you jazzy, and your body going down  
But ain't no bra work me busting rounds, or even trying to clown  
Cause all I wanna do with you, is have a lil' fun  
And I ain't even tripping, he can have you when I'm done  
If you think I'm trying to cuff you, baby boo I ain't the one  
Now jump up in the Lex, so I can jump up in your buns  
She said let's jet, now what's next  
Freaky hot sex, like we from the projects  
She licked me from my toes, to me neck then I wrecked  
But here comes her man, with the plex  
Cause now the sucker blow a baby up, on a cellular phone  
Saying where you at, better get your ass home  
I know you with a nigga, cause I heard from Tyrone  
When I see you I'ma whoop you, until old daddy's home

[Hook x2]

[Lil' O:]

Man it's boys, out of line  
He gon make me act a fool, and hit him with the nine  
Swearing he a playa, but he hating on my shine  
The way you be cuffing broads, it should be a crime can't you see are you blind

She don't want you no more, put her ass in G  
(man you knocked my gal down), why you asking me  
(man where are y'all at), we sipping dackeries  
Eating steak, at the Cheesecake Factory  
That's how a playa do it, can you ball like that  
Hell naw lil' buster, now call her back  
And when we leave her, I'ma be all in her cat  
And if you come up here tripping, I'ma scald you black  
She gon, eat it up  
Then I'ma roll her on her stomach, then beat it up  
Then I'ma smack her on her ass, then skeet a nut  
Then I'ma drop her at your crib, playa keep the slut nigga what whoa whoa

[Hook x2]