

Play on Playa

Nas

Uh, light somethin', stop frontin'...
How much money's enough? Think maybe like the trillion figures
Pray my daughter don't wild like the Hilton sisters
That'd kill me yo, filthy rich
My daughter pass it on to the next generation
Throwing carnations at my tombstone
In my new home
Meet moms in my Yves St. Laurent suit on
Then we do a dance like my man Luther jam
But my verse came first
I stole change out her purse
Now I wanna dig her up outta the earth
Too morbid, lean forward toward a new paragraph
Blue carats, D-Class
Strictly that cush in the weed bag
Tryna figure out what Berry Gordy had put in production
Studio smoky now, hard like David Ruffin
Hit a spliff through a séance, and I, play on playa

Finest females I spit game on, I sprayed her
Gotta get your papes on, play on playa
Before it's all gone, sip Dom, tip waiters
Do the yacht thing, ménage swing, baby
Spendin' dubs on your buzz, gotta live crazy
Finest females I spit game on, I sprayed her
Get your papes on, play on playa
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Get your papes on

Ruby red grapefruit juice with Grey Goose
Rubies in Hey-Zeus piece
Pimped out like Snoop be, but an East Coast thing
My girl stock-ing tied up in a knot, top of my bean head
Billion dollar dream hear
Went from triple beams to digital
Serving fiends, the minimal
60 G's, no criminal
No mo', Just mo' doe
Mimosas pouring, Oprah's earrings on fingers
While your girl performs cunnilingus
'Cause this big money aroma lingers
Barber cleans his blade, then he give me a fade
Hot towel on the face
Hot models who vomit after they eat so they can stay lightweight
Swallowing my protein like an Ovaltine shake
Come through like Moe Green from Godfather, so clean

Where I step, I Clorox it
Keep 20 G's on both sides of the thighs, that's four pockets
Eighty thousand, browse for the nicest price
But we ain't into buying Conflict Ice
That's the shit they stole from the Congo and other black soil
True mack for you
Nappy hair, just spinnin'
Honey gave me a massage with the happy ending
Finest females I just came on, and sprayed her
Gotta get your papes on, play on playa

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It's kinda hard for a playa like you
But let me show you how a nigga like me get revenue
What you never do
Is punk out, what you better do
Never let the game get ahead of you
Get a better view
Better yet a better crew
Praise God, I'ma marry you
Get your homie, carry you, bury you
Slowly, roll me another blunt stuff it
Lick it, puff it, tuck it - fuck it
That man, that gang, that bang it was
In D-O double G we trust
Yep yep, young loc with the two step
He creepin' with two Tec's
He's sleepin' with two chicks
Right before he blast, all you heard was two clicks (blaw)
End of existence, for instance
Rewind it, replay it, re-chop it, remix it
Re-twist it, god damn D-O double G, cause we missed it
Travel slow, I'm a Indian but not a Navajo
I smoke the big leaf in all the big deef's
My hair in two braids, I'm the big Chief
Ladahdah be dahdadah
Yeah break that down, how fresh ya are
The king from Queens, Mr. Escobar
Connect with the best from the west, yes yes ya are
Oh my God, it's Snoop Dogg and Nas
Playa play on...