

# Players

Too \$hort

Mother fucker  
Always can't be players  
Players  
Always can't be players

Players are the realest time to go  
If you don't understand I'll let you know  
Players are the people who just can't stand  
Having one woman and just one man  
Players are the ones who always see  
Players are the ones that you always meet  
Couldn't fall in love, even if you tried  
Couldn't be devoted unless you lied  
It's the players in the world to the west you play  
Fresh young tenders every day  
Breaking hearts every time your love is real  
Players say love just ain't the deal  
But the old and wise couldn't tell you why  
Players just don't live happy lives  
So all you fake want to be's I hope you hear  
Players always can't be players

Do you want to be a player  
Players  
Always can't be players  
Mother fucker  
Do you want to be a player  
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It's Saturday night, it's time to have fun  
Parties all going and players come  
Sometimes in 3's sometimes in 2's  
Fresh ball point pens, ready to use  
It all makes sense, maybe it doesn't  
Players just always use that luttan  
Give it up everyday when the players play  
Just don't act snooty when the players say  
What's your name and number let me get my pen  
Do you have any sisters too and that's to Kim  
'Cause I rap to Kim, and that's the truth  
And right now I gotta go rap for you  
Baby, like players speak  
Baby right there is a stone cold freak  
Trying to be a player, but she don't hear  
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Players are the bored I hate to say  
Nine out of ten don't know the play

Falling in, falling out, does it ever last  
Players are the world, they're just too fast  
Your life is at best when you lose control  
Taking love from the way you know you told  
You could love so much, just give you time  
Your nothing but a player don't say your mine  
Cause the way I love, is not your type  
Trying to get everything you can for life  
Too bad you don't know what I think you should  
Too much of a good thing ain't so good  
Your nothing but a player, whatever you feel  
You can't be loved cause your not real  
But tricks in the city could solve right there  
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It's not only the men, it's the females too  
Come out the shop with the fresh hair-dews  
Working that bottom like it's on top  
Looking so good you just don't stop  
The guys can't help but to come your way  
So your giving out your number 3 times a day  
Your a player, baby, the real mccooy  
Last week I saw you with my homeboy  
Now you want to tell me, I'm the one  
And all I want to do is just have some fun  
Cause a girl like you, I know your kind  
Think you look too good 'cause your so fine  
You'll be 30 years old still playing games  
Giving out fake numbers and more fake names  
But you'll find out, it may take 2 years  
Players always can't be players