

# Play Dirty (Chopped & Screwed)

## Chamillonaire & Paul Wall

Play dirty, like I slipped in mud before the game  
And the coach wouldn't even let a playa go change  
Play dirty, I talk more trash than Ali  
I float like a butterfly and sting like a bee  
Play dirty, break ya nose like Rodman did Pippen  
The minute you start trippin', I'll slip the banana clip in  
Play dirty, everything in life ain't fair  
So sometimes you gotta play dirty, do you feel me on that there?  
Man fuck a rule book cuddy I  
play dirty  
I cook 2 on stovers when I cook birdies  
I got tattoos white boxers T-shirts and slugs  
If in the mirror then I'm fixin' my mug  
I put a nigga on the top floor  
I beat him with a jack show him that I'm not a hoe  
Fill an application out at papadeaux's  
Work my way up to manager and rob the hoes  
You never know what I'm gonna do next like a lava lamp  
Pull out the pockets on the damn dada pants  
Ridin' in a throwed lil' car hotter than some fiya ants  
I be actin' like Bin Laden, I think I got a problem man  
I ain't the baddest in the world but I'm the  
baddest you done seen  
I want you out that car now pull over like trina  
Ya patna owe me cash, I'm gon' get that bank  
Put a bomb under the car and a twist in the gas tank what  
Play dirty, like I slipped in mud before  
the game  
And the coach wouldn't even let a playa go change  
Play dirty, I talk more trash than Ali  
I float like a butterfly and sting like a bee  
Play dirty, break ya nose like Rodman did Pippen  
The minute you start trippin', I'll slip the banana clip in  
Play dirty, everything in life ain't fair  
So sometimes you gotta play dirty, do you feel me on that there?  
Catch me at the club with a clutch at my waist  
If a hata run up I leave a scuff on his face  
Blood on his face get drug thru a lake  
For goodness sake invite the hood to his wake  
Banana in ya tail pipe sugar in ya tank  
Dis combobulate ya fuel pump when ya car crank  
Swallow up ya fear break a bottle on a chair  
Grab a model by the hair when you holla in the air  
Girl, give me your number or I'll steal ya car  
Lew hawk at the bar robbing mone from the tip jar  
Throw ya neighborhood up if you ain't barrin'  
And if a busta hold the place don't sit there and ignore it  
Break a hata nose dismantle his jaw  
Them Hollywood Boys gon' handle the bar  
If he tries to make a move then take him to the lot  
Trunk pop stash pot with the automatic glock

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>