

# Int'l Players Anthem (feat. Three 6 Mafia)

## UGK

So I typed a text to a girl I used to see  
Sayin' that I chose this cutie pie with whom I wanna be  
And I apologize if this message gets you down  
Then I CC'ed every girl that I'd see-seed 'round town  
And hate to see y'all frown but I'd rather see her smilin'  
Wetness all around me, true but I'm no island  
Peninsula maybe, it makes no sense, I know crazy  
Give up all this pussy cat that's in my lap, no lookin' back  
Spaceships don't come equipped with rear view mirrors  
They dip as quick as they can, the atmosphere is now ripped  
I'm so like a pimp, I'm glad it's night  
So the light from the sun would not burn me on my bum  
When I shoot the moon, high jump the broom  
Like a preemie out the womb, my partner yelling "too soon  
Don't do it! Reconsider, read some liter-  
-ature on the subject. You sure? Fuck it  
You know we got your back like chiroprac-tic  
If that bitch do you dirty we'll wipe her ass out in some detergent  
Now hurry hurry go on to the altar  
I know you ain't a pimp, but pimp remember what I taught ya:  
Keep your heart, Three Stacks, keep your heart  
Hey keep your heart, Three Stacks, keep your heart  
Man these girls is smart, Three Stacks, these girls is smart  
Play your part... play your part."  
My bitch a choosy lover, never fuck without a rubber  
Never in the sheets, like it on top of the cover  
Money on the dresser, drive a Kompressor  
Top notch hoes get the most, not the lesser  
Trash like to fuck with \$40 in the club  
Fuckin' up the game, bitch it gets no love  
She be cross country, givin' all that she got  
A thousand a pop, I'm pullin' Bentleys off the lot  
I smashed up the gray one, bought me a red  
Every time we hit the parkin' lot we turn head  
Some hoes wanna choose but them bitches too scary  
Your bitch chose me, you ain't a pimp, you a fairy  
Baby you been rollin' solo, time to get down with the team  
The grass is greener on that other side, if you know what I mean  
I show you shit you never seen, the Seven Wonders of the World  
And I can make you the eighth if you wanna be my girl  
When I say my girl I don't mean my woman, that ain't my style  
Need a real street stalker (stalker) to walk a green mile

We piling up the paper on the dining room table  
Cause you able to realize I'm the truth and not a fable  
We rock the freshest Sable, keep that 'chilla on the rack  
What I look like with some thousand dollar shit up on my back?  
I'm a million dollar mack that need a billion dollar bitch  
Put my pimpin' in your life, watch ya daddy get rich  
Easy as A-B-C, simple as 1-2-3  
Get down with U-G-K, Pimp C, B-U-N B  
Cause what's a ho with no pimp, and what's a pimp with no hoes  
Don't be a lame, you know the game and how it goes  
We tryna get choseEeny meeny decisions, with precision I pick or  
Make my selection on who I choose to be wit' girl  
Don't touch my protection, I know you want it to slip  
But slippin' is somethin' I don't do, tippin' for life  
That's like makin' it rain every month on schedule  
Let me tell you, get your parasol umbrella  
Cause it's gonna get wetter  
Better prepare ya for the C support  
She supposed to spend it on that baby but we see she don't  
"Ask-ask Paul McCartney, the lawyers couldn't stop it"  
"Slaughter-slaughterin' of them pockets"  
"Had to tie her to a rocket"  
Send her in to outer space, I know he wish he could  
Cause he payin' 20K a day, that bitch is eating good  
Like an infant on a double D titty, just getting plump  
Cause you miscalculated the next to the-the last pump  
"Dump-dump in the gut, raw from the giddy up"  
"Better choose that right one or pick-pick the kiddies up"  
"(Shit)"

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

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