

# I'm a Playa (Featuring Three 6 Mafia)

## Paul Wall

Yessir, SwishaHouse!  
DJ Paul and Juicy J productions  
Paul Wall, SwishaHouse, Hypnotize Minds, Three 6 Maf-i-UHH!  
It's goin downEighty-fo's (eighty-fo's) candy paint (candy paint)  
Switchin lanes (switchin lanes) sippin drank (sippin drank)It's Paul Wall baby yeah that's me,  
these hoes wanna know what I'm 'bout  
Princess cuts all on my neck and on my wrist and in my mouth  
Do's open, do's close, where's the camera I'll strike a pose  
I'm still ridin on elbows, in eighty-threes and eighty-fo's  
The gangsta slab is what I flip, woodgrain is what I grip  
That purple drank is what I sip, in my cell phone keep a chip  
I'm talkin bid'nness I put it down, I'm choppin blades and I'm poppin shrooms  
I'm from the land of that fry smoke, got plex I got the pump  
Weighted trunk and chunk the deuce, keep it movin I'm on the prowl  
I'm on the hunt for some one night love, best believe that it's goin down  
Money and hoes, cars and clothes, diamond rings and ice grills  
SwishaHouse we keep it trill, and hold it down baby what's the deal  
We put them 47 inch jelly screens in them Escalade  
We po' that purple drank straight up like it's that Kool-Aid  
We like them girls that eat it up and never be afraid  
While you cry but ask how they givin up the fade  
Ye ain't got screens if they ain't touch screen  
with the removable screen, lookin mean on the scene  
When hoes see me they sayin everybody ain't able  
Cause I turned the back of my Caddy pickup into a pool tableJuicy J, I'm the mayne, got the  
G's, fuck the fame  
See a lil' freak, run some game, and she goin I'ma take some brain  
I'm on the slab, posted up, white Cadillac with the white guts  
I'm on the scene, drankin lean, mixed with Spire in a plastic cup  
I'm from the hood, call it North, where Project Pat went to jail and court  
But now he back on the Southern bricks, we gon' drink a lot and players smoke Newport  
Uptown, hit the blush, or watch these diamonds blind you up  
Nothin but self-made millionaires so you {?} can shut the fuuuuuuuuuck  
I got a deep freezer up on my neck and sno-cones up in my ear  
A ice tray up in my mouth, I'm lookin somethin like a chandelier  
You can call me the ice man, I cause a blizzard every time I breathe  
Posted up on that South Lee, with Big Mix and my boy Lil' Heat  
Where's the drank I'm runnin low, Cabbage Head told me it's a drought  
But not to worry dough never doubt, I'll go to the doctor with a cough  
It's Paul Wall baby that's my name, fly like a plane what it do  
I drop the top of my potnah plaque and chunk the deuce to that boy Gooch  
Just like a midget I'm sittin low, and like a snail I'm crawlin slow

Where's Mike, where's Bawdy, he on the grind ducked on the low  
Yeah I like my music slow, yeah I like my train mud  
I'm chopped up by Michael Watts, it's Paul Wall baby that's what's up "I'm a playa, ain't no  
doubt, hoes wanna know what I'm 'bout" "I'm a playa, I'm a playa, I'm a playa, I'm a playa..."  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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