

Player's Ball

Outkast

Intro: the scene was so thick, low rides, '77 seviles, El dawgs
nothin' but them 'lacs, all the players, all the hustlers
I'm talking about a black man's heaven, yea know what I'm saying?
peaceVerse 1: (andre 3000)
it's beginning to look a lot like what?
follow my every step, take notes on how I crept
I'm 'bout to go in depth, this is the way I greet
my reason here's my ghetto rep, I kept
to say, the least no no it can't cease
so I begin to piece my two and two together, gots no snowy weather
have to find something to do better bet!
I said subtract so shut up that, nonsense about some solid, solid I got
say crunk if it ain't real, it ain't right, I'm like no matter what the season
forever chill with Smith I sip my fifth I chill with Wesson
I got my reason so tell me what did you expect?
you thought I'd break my neck to help y'all deck the halls oh
naw I got no other means of celebrating, I'm getting blizzard at ho-jo
I gots that hoochie waiting, I made it through to another year
can't ask for nothing much mo' it's outkast
for the books I thought you knew so now you know, let's go
Hook: all the players came from far and wide
wearing afros and braids in every gangstar ride
now I'm here to tell yah there's a better day
when the player's ball is happenin' on all day ayandayVerse 2: (big boi)
hallelujah, hallelujah you know I do some thing
much different than I used to, 'cause I'm a playa doin' what the playas do
the package store is closed okay my day is woofin'
this is ridiculous, I'm getting serious I'm getting curious
'cause the house is smelling sick of chittlings all this vicious
I make no wishes 'cause the modern folk is in the back getting tipsy
off the noggin, how ya settlin' for contact smoke
they havin' a smoke out in my back seat
they passing erb rewinding verses 'cause it's in the air
I hit the parks, I hit the cuts, I'm making switches
clickin' the switches side to side looking for old snitches
I'm wide open on the freeway my pager broke my vibe
'cause a junkie is a junkie three-sixty-five
it's just another day of work to me the spirit just ain't in me
grab my pistol and my ounce see what these junkies got to give me
'cause it's like that, yeah! forever pimpin', never slippin'
that's how it is! check it
Verse 3: (big boi)

ain't no chimneys in the ghetto
so I won't be hangin' my socks on no tip
how far does it tick fix me a drink I got the remedy
so bring in that ham (not!), don't need no ham hocks
don't play me like I'm smoking rocks
I got the munchies we gots the Mary Jane in the dungeon
just to let you know, 'cause in 1993 that's how we comin'
so hoe, hoe, hoes, check my kings ass fro the gin
and juice got me tipsy so on
(andre 3000)

it goes give me ten and I'll serve you then now we bend
the corners in my cadillac my heart does not go pity-pat for no rat
I'm leaning back my elbows out the window, coke, rum and indo
fills my body where's the party, we roll deep we dip to underground
sees a lot of hoes around, I spit my game while waiting countdown
a five, a four, three, two here comes the one
a new year has begun P-funk spark another one(hook)Outro: (peaches)
here's a little something for the playas out there hustling
getting down for theirs, from east point, college park, decatur, devry?
you know niggaz world wide, down for theirs

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>