

Rappin' 4-Tay, Playa 4 Life

(feat. Master P)

[intro: Master P (4-Tay)]

Whatsup Franky J (You know how we do it Bad Boy)
You think they ready for this Master P and 4-Tay hookup?
(I know they aint ready baby) Ya heard me
(Yeah, OGS) We gonna show them how Gs do it
(Rag Top and No Limit) How playas do it
(Pop that shit P)

[verse 1: Master P]

I started from the South, then I moved to the Bay
Got Gs and a house, got carrow and some hay
Them stalkers I be ballin
Fiends steady callin
Got Os from Frisco, Texas, Dallas, to New Orleans
In the game I'm on top
No more runnin from the cops
CDs and cassettes in plastic bags just like rocks
Big S on my Lex
Million dollar checks
Hotels and president suites, Alize, weed, and Moet
In the game to make scrilla, fuck being famous
Independent Black-owned like Andy and Amos

[chorus: Mater P]

I'm a playa 4 life
A playa 4 life (uuggghh)
I'm a playa 4 life

[verse 2: Rappin' 4-Tay]

Two bona-fide P-L-A-Y-As
Master P and Rappin' 4-Tay
From New Orleans ballin' back up to the Bay
We keeps shakin' and breakin' these suckas
True playas dont fuck with bustas
Its No Limit baby, them West Coast Bad Boyz
Best to check our tabloids
Ballin like Palo, cant have no fake bitches on my squad
I'm Rappin 4-Tay aint never made me none, givin Southside playas props
Got more hoes than Swiss cheese - Nigga please
Once I pop these Ps on em
And get to stackin these Gs on em - 360 degrees on em
Rumblin and bubblin'
Done had enough of this so I'm strugglin'
Still roll with mobstaz, steak and lobsters, haters be buggin
But they feelin me, I'm glistenin'
Hoes whistlin- this game so tight
Master P and Rappin' 4, playas for life

[chorus x4: 4-Tay]

I'm a playa 4 life, a playa 4 life, a playa 4 life
(From the South to the West, playas keep your game tight)

[break: 4-Tay]

Me and P from the 9-7 til the casket drop
No Limit and Rag Top
Keepin em sprung like research monkeys, ya know?
I'm a playa 4 life
G status equals cabbage
And about that Ra Ra?

[verse 3:]

I tried to tell you mothafuckers but ya- ya wouldnt listen to me

Thought it wouldnt last, so take a blast
Best to get with me
Crazy, wanna knock me but cant stop me
Feds wanna lock me up
But I'ma keep stackin them presidents fool, ask me if I give a fuck
Gangstas mob to this
Playas ride to this
Dedicated to them hustlas late night stackin up on them grips
Gettin' cloudy-cloudy
Man, y'all so rowdy-rowdy
Much love to that playa Master P because he bout it-bout it

[chorus: Master P]
(Bout it bout it)
Cuz we playas 4 life
Playas 4 life [x4]
Niggaz from the Bay and the South win right
Cuz we playas 4 life, playas 4 life
So when you run up on us playas, y'all haters think twice
Cuz we playas 4 life, playas 4 life (uugghh)

[outro:Master P]
Nigga, playas 4 life, ya heard me?
Rappin' 4-Tay, Master P, big Franky J hookin it up baby
We signin off nigga, bout to jump on Delta nigga
Takin trips all around the dizorld, I mean the wizerld nigga
Slangin that shit, cheddar cheese nigga
Even y'all haters buyin this shit nigga
Y'all gotta check it out nigga
Cuz we playas 4 life (uugghh)
No Limit and Rag Top, feel it!
Playas 4 life!