

# 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 anothr 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

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