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.

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