

Pharrell Williams, Keep It Playa

(feat. Slim Thug)

[Slim Thug]

Say P, man the other day, boy I'm at the club, mane with this broad or whatever. I walk in, I see he talkin' to some dude or whatever uknowhaimsayin. So I-I holler at her, I say 'Aye man, check this out man, I seen you over there hollarin at ol' boy. I ain't hatin' on that, uknowhaimsayin'. But I got a friend comin' through, too. So when you see her, don't trip, uknowhaimsayin', keep it playa mane, uknowhaimsayin'.

[beat starts]

So my broad shows up or whatever, mane. This girl wanna take a swang at her, mane.

[Pharrell]

That ain't right.

My man favourite record right here

(uh-uh-uh), (uh-uh-uh) haha, (uh-uh-uh) yessur (uh-uh-uh) P's chick (uh-uh-uh)

[Veres 1: Pharrell]

Before you say it's cheaper to keep her

We consider and read her

Man, she might be the type that want P to feed her

She wants a little cheaper, a little margarita

Mane, them draws comin' off when she see the two-seater

So put your Porche up, (uh)

Get your divorce up, (uh)

I'm sure she'll sign it when she seen me put my doors up

Mane, them niggas only wanna mother-fucker here

She threw her heels in the ocean, so she stuck to chill

The trunk is still, hopin' there's something between ya

Now she laughin' how she took your ass to the cleaners

Mane, I'm on your side, not tryna inconvient

Just know we got them mean keys in them plastic meaners

So keep it player dawg,

Don't make me say it, naw

Do something drastic, know that plastic heavy weighing, dawg

If it ain't music, or this money, I don't play at all

And she ain't either, so that means she doesn't weight at all

[Chorus]

Now we can both post sip or keep it playa mane

And we can both pull a misses, keep it playa mane

Or we grind our wrists and keep it playa mane

Or you can scam cocksuck if you a hater mane

I keep 'em ladies going uh-uh-uh,

uh-uh-uh (haa), uh-uh-uh (yea), uh-uh-uh

[Verse 2: Slim Thug]

I'm a grown mane, Thug ain't the one to play no games with ya

Thug the one to call and come get out the chain with ya

And hang with ya, when ya full of Patrone

And oh yeah, brang one of ya cute partnas along

Because I'm only 25, and still going live

I got the estate by the pool, by the lake outside

I wake up and gotta pick which car I'ma drive

The Double R 760, or the 645, I'm

Havin' thangs, mane, check out the chain

Money aint never been a thang

You see watch and the rang (the watch and the rang)

Rocks the nicest, never seen nuthin' like this

I'ma Boss I on' ask what it cost, my life priceless

Baby girl you might just

Get the shatter shine

Long as you not selfish or learn to share sometimes

And of course I'm still you'res and you're still mine
But you can't be a hater, mane
You gotta keep it playa, mane

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Pharrell]

They say JLo shouldn't show her ass and all
Knowin' the worst thing could happen is a nigga could palm
Now my angent sayin' the only way that he could be calm
I put a hundred mil on each song, like my name was LaBron (whaa)
Not the ice, my beat is worth more
Attractive like a whole damn Jacob store
See niggas hate you more when you take they broad
But his girl looked in my ear and seen her matrix door
Dude's is foolish, they hues us to chew us
I mean, the smirfs, the green, the rocks is so bluish
You can't out bling me, or BBC jean me
You ain't got no vibe, you can go and ask MiMi
I think and relay it
I blink and PJ it
You wanna make fast bucks, take this and Ebay it
And all you Phantom owners know why you can't stand me
Got one in Virigina 'nother one in Miami
Yessur

[Chorus]