

Play Dirty (Chopped & Screwed)

Chamillionaire & Paul Wall

Play dirty, like I slipped in mud before the game
And the coach wouldn't even let a playa go change
Play dirty, I talk more trash than Ali
I float like a butterfly and sting like a bee Play dirty, break ya nose like Rodman did Pippen
The minute you start trippin', I'll slip the banana clip in
Play dirty, everything in life ain't fair
So sometimes you gotta play dirty, do you feel me on that there? Man fuck a rule book cuddy I
play dirty
I cook 2 on stovers when I cook birdies
I got tattoos white boxers T-shirts and slugs
If in the mirror then I'm fixin' my mug I put a nigga on the top floor
I beat him with a jack show him that I'm not a hoe
Fill an application out at papadeaux's
Work my way up to manager and rob the hoes
You never know what I'm gonna do next like a lava lamp
Pull out the pockets on the damn dada pants
Ridin' in a throwed lil' car hotter than some fiya ants
I be actin' like Bin Laden, I think I got a problem man I ain't the baddest in the world but I'm the
baddest you done seen
I want you out that car now pull over like trina
Ya patna owe me cash, I'm gon' get that bank
Put a bomb under the car and a twist in the gas tank what Play dirty, like I slipped in mud before
the game
And the coach wouldn't even let a playa go change
Play dirty, I talk more trash than Ali
I float like a butterfly and sting like a bee Play dirty, break ya nose like Rodman did Pippen
The minute you start trippin', I'll slip the banana clip in
Play dirty, everything in life ain't fair
So sometimes you gotta play dirty, do you feel me on that there?
Catch me at the club with a clutch at my waist
If a hata run up I leave a scuff on his face
Blood on his face get drug thru a lake
For goodness sake invite the hood to his wake Banana in ya tail pipe sugar in ya tank
Dis combobulate ya fuel pump when ya car crank
Swallow up ya fear break a bottle on a chair
Grab a model by the hair when you holla in the air Girl, give me your number or I'll steal ya car
Lew hawk at the bar robbing mone from the tip jar
Throw ya neighborhood up if you ain't barrin'
And if a busta hold the place don't sit there and ignore it Break a hata nose dismantle his jaw
Them Hollywood Boys gon' handle the bar
If he tries to make a move then take him to the lot

Trunk pop stash pot with the automatic glock

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>