1, 2, 3

Jessica Fichot

1 to the motherfuckin' 2 to the motherfuckin' 3
1, 2, 3 points I gotta get across
1 don't 2 make me 3 go off
1, 2, 3 points I gotta get across
1 don't 2 make me 3 go off
1, 2, 3 points I gotta get across
1 don't 2 make me 3 go off
1, 2, 3 points I gotta get across
1 don't 2 make me 3 go off
We came up from the bottom to the top started wit the rocks
Used to sell 'em to the fiends now I got 'em in my watch
Two years off the scene heard enough of ya fuckin' trash
We returned now to make you suffer like succotash
Run up and the pump'll blast my niggaz is dopin'
I'm the film in the camera nigga picture me rollin'
Picture me blowin' trees chiefin' purple daily
Weeds no seeds call it Virgin Mary
Chevy they say we broke up
(Oh, yeah)
But we do shows and split ends like blow dried hair
Hold up Joe stop the song
(What)
Field Mob the answer to the question
What if Big and Pac woulda got along?
Put us on whoever song fast slow no facade
Getcha Bible check the credits Shawn go slow for God
Wit that said I been blessed oh man
The chain red like a caffeine free Coke can
So damn the critics y'all really fake
We got hotter 16s than than R. Kelly tape
Make cheddar when I grab the mic see when the Mob in town
Hoes go out in bad weather like a satellite
Never have to ask 'em twice do it for the fuck of it
Anything pop a pill drink a lil suck a dick
Who you wit fuck ya click stay in ya place
Charlie Murphy what did the five fingers say to the face?
(Slap)
1, 2, 3 points I gotta get across
1 don't 2 make me 3 go off

1, 2, 3 points I gotta get across
1 don't 2 make me 3 go off
1, 2, 3 points I gotta get across
1 don't 2 make me 3 go off
1, 2, 3 points I gotta get across
1 don't 2 make me 3 go off
I swear to God you never heard me spit it this way I'm warnin' ya
I'm finna snap like turtle lips in a lake
Wrap more than a Egyptian coroner ya rhymes are borin' us
Listenin' to you is like watchin' wet paint dry
Ya lyrics I bet they taste sweet
Stop spittin' them Kit-Kat candy bars and give me a break please
Start writin' ya rhymes yaself as a matter of fact
Here's a mirror and a map go and find yaself
'Cause you been fake you frontin' like you did time in the state pen
But really was a nerd at Penn State
Cut the bullshit ya not a hustler
Y'all remind me of where I rent my DVDs at y'all some blockbusters
Confessin' like Usher soft as baby food
Fixin to get us off the block like star 82
Mad 'cause I'm comin' up and you ain't and I'm buyin' stuff that you can't
I ain't 50 Cent but I got bucks in the bank
And I got a million dollar dick bitch wood worth a lot of cash
If I fuck her in the butt she have money out her ass
Claimin' you pimpin' but ain't got one bitch
The only hoes is the one you water ya lawn wit
To you hoes that fuck for fun and the ones that fuck for fetti
If you ain't finna fuck Shawn then you ain't finna fuck Chevy
To The Source like a groupie in love with Jordan Jackson
Vick Ervin and Tyson I want 5 mics man damn
1, 2, 3 points I gotta get across
1 don't 2 make me 3 go off
1, 2, 3 points I gotta get across
1 don't 2 make me 3 go off
1, 2, 3 points I gotta get across
1 don't 2 make me 3 go off
1, 2, 3 points I gotta get across
1 don't 2 make me 3 go off

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/