

# 1, 2, the 3

## Geto Boys

Yo, let's do it  
We gon' do this one  
Let the beat ride for a minute though  
Will, him in the house from the town  
FaceMob in this bitch, 'bout to tear shit down  
Uh-huh, yeah, there it is, yeah Still the truth in the game, ain't a damn thing changed  
Prone to tote heat up and then shoot flames  
Double the O.G. of a deuce thug thang  
Bitches who know me know how I do dames Still, fuckin' with James, we roll in this shit hard  
I locked up the south, he locked the fifth ward  
Loaded and cocked, I'm known to be a block bleeder  
Known to get paper and I ain't fin' to stop neither I got Ferrari's, drive Porches and shit  
Ranch got horses, golf courses and shit  
Eat shrimp, steak, crab, raw oysters and shit  
And still fuck around with all my boys in the bricks International nigga, I been in and out the States  
Kingston, Brazil, bitches feedin' me grapes  
I can cut it and bake, all I need is some soda, a plate  
A microwave, Pyrex and a cake You can get it how you want it, what I'm spittin' is free  
I don't need to hold in court what I can hold in the streets  
Niggaz know how I was raised so ain't no question in these  
Consequences you gon' face when niggaz fuckin' with me One for the niggaz wanna cross me up  
Two for the bitches wanna toss me up  
Three for the people tryin' to get my mail  
Wanna send me to jail so they can lock me up Four for the hoes who wanna block my shine  
Five for the snitch who went and dropped that dime  
Six for the suckers who ain't got no game  
That's a goddamn shame, that's why he hatin' on mine From the north to the south, I don't need no passes  
You bitches get out of line, I'ma bleed yo' asses  
Look man, I ain't the huffin' puffin' type  
I'ma put that pistol in your motherfuckin' life Mayor, can I call my crib, I be gettin' them greens  
Fuckin' the finest hoes that can fit in some jeans  
Take an interest in politics, shoppin' and Van Gogh  
Shoot a motherfucker up and then go vote They say variety is the spice of life  
So we'll fuck the black broads and lay pipe to the whites  
Puerto Ricans and Latinos, Japs and Filipinos  
What is y'all trippin fo'? Pussy is pussy I ain't gotta come where you live to shoot you in your sleep  
I know niggaz in yo' hood that'll do you for me  
Youse a bitch-made pussy born with no nutsac  
I'm a motherfuckin' stand up cat, that's on the one One for the niggaz wanna cross me up

Two for the bitches wanna toss me up  
Three for the people tryin' to get my mail  
Wanna send me to jail so they can lock me up  
Four for the hoes who wanna block my shine  
Five for the snitch who went and dropped that dime  
Six for the suckers who ain't got no game  
That's a goddamn shame, that's why he hatin' on mine  
Spot a fine-ass bitch and I'm scoopin' her up  
You can sleep on me nigga if you're stupid enough  
But I'll be standin' in your bed receivin' hate from your woman  
You could bust in, but not while I'm cummin'  
Cause I'm cummin' everywhere, in her hair, on her face  
On her earring, even on the motherfuckin' ceiling  
Keep it playa with a playa, let me get my nut  
After that, you could kill the bitch, I don't give a fuck  
Yes indeed, Chuck smoke good weed  
If it ain't Hydro get the fuck out the do'  
You niggaz drink a few shots and your faculty slow  
I down the whole fuckin' bottle like it's H2O  
Got the heart and the steel and the will to bust  
I'm the little big man with the big ol' nuts  
Don't fuck with bitch-mades, too real for that  
Got the fame and the name but I still will Jack, nigga  
One for the niggaz wanna cross me up  
Two for the bitches wanna toss me up  
Three for the people tryin' to get my mail  
Wanna send me to jail so they can lock me up  
Four for the hoes who wanna block my shine  
Five for the snitch who went and dropped that dime  
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