

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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