

# 3 Kings (Ft. Dr. Dre & Jay Z)

## Rick Ross

Yeah, classic hip hop shit  
Dr. D-R-E  
Rozay and Jay, let's get 'emWe started out moppin' floors  
And now we front row at the awards  
Number one for the last twenty years  
If you real mothafucka scream cheers! (cheers, cheers)  
Mothafucka scream cheers! (cheers, cheers)  
Yeah and it is what it is  
He wanted to shine at the swap meet  
Til the white boys got him in that hot seat  
I only love it when her hair long  
You should listen to this beat through my headphones  
Money long, number one twenty years strong  
Fuck a gym, I am him, Andre Young  
G5's to 6-4s, Dre got 'em  
If the bitch bad I got her in red bottoms  
Great weed, nice homes, bread proper  
Tec nine, one chamber, top shotta  
Bentley coupe, new yacht, my helicopter  
Born broke, real nigga straight out of Compton  
The fuck you magazine niggas want from me?  
I rewrote the game, nigga, now talk money  
All black on my Al Capone shit  
I built a house, nigga get your own shit  
I only love it when her hair long  
You should listen to this beat through my headphonesSee y'all niggas  
Hit the switches on that shit one time, huh  
Let the top downI came a long way from the weed game  
Twenty stack seats at the Heat game  
And I'm still strapped with the heat man  
And we steppin' on a nigga feet man  
80 pair of sneakers came from the D game  
Cousin was a Crip, said it was a C thing  
Brown bag money in a duffle bag  
Fuck 'em all, wet 'em and we gotta double back  
The homie whippin' chickens in his momma kitchen  
On the mission, said he get it for his son tuition  
Real nigga's dreams comin' to fruition  
Stumble, but I never fall, leanin' on my pistol

I only love her when the ass fat  
We should listen to this track in my Maybach  
I'm just tryin' to be a billionaire  
Come and suck a dick for a millionaireUh, it's just different  
I know it feels differentUh, I only love her if her eyes brown  
Play this shit while you play around with my crown  
King H-O, y'all should know by now  
But if you don't know, uh  
Millions on the wall in all my rooms  
Niggas couldn't fuck with my daughter's room  
Niggas couldn't walk in my daughter's socks  
Banksy bitches, Basquiat  
I ran through that buck fifty Live Nation fronted me  
They workin' on another deal, they talkin' two hundred fifty  
I'm holdin' out for three  
Two seventy five and I just might agree  
Ex-D-boy, used to park my beamer  
Now look at me, I can park in my own arena  
I only love her if her weave new  
I'm still a hood nigga, what you want me to do?  
Been hoppin' out the BM with your BM  
Taking her places that you can't go with your per diem  
Screamin' carpe diem until I'm a dead poet  
Robin Williams shit, I deserve a golden globe bitch!  
I take a Ace in the meanwhile  
You ain't gotta keep this Khaled, it's just a freestyle  
Fuck rap money, I've made more off crates  
Fuck show money, I spent that on drapes  
Close the curtains, fuck boy, out my face  
I whip the coke, let the lawyer beat the case  
Murder was the case that they gave me  
I killed the Hermes store, somebody save me  
Stuntin' to the max like wavy  
Oh shit!  
Oh, stuntin' to the max, I'm so wavy  
Used to shop at TJ Maxx back in '83  
I don't even know if it was open then  
I ain't know Oprah then  
Have the XL 80 bike  
Loud motor, they be like, "Damn!" when I'm comin' through, rang  
Had the grill in '88, y'all niggas is late  
You got all that, right?  
I love this shit like my own daughter  
Let's spray these niggas, baby, just like daddy taught ya

Young, this is just different

Songwriters

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