

3 Kings (Houston Rockets Remix)

Slim Thug & Bun B

When I hit the club all the girls show me love
While I'm at the bar, got drank by the jug
In the VIP with the chicks and the drugs
It's the TIP Bun-B and slim thug
When I hit the club all the girls show me love
While I'm at the bar, got drank by the jug
In the VIP with the chicks and the drugs
It's the TIP, Bun-B and slim thug I got drank by the Pint Dro by the pound
Headed to the club in the boss top down
Slim thug 'bout to clown represent H-Town
If you love me you gon' smile if you hate me you gon' frown
'Cause me and my boss hoggs bout to ball till we fall
This year, I won't stall, slim thugga want it all
Goin' solo, first CD out that nots slow-mo
Here's another hit thanks to the drank and they do
Fa sho though we got the club shut down
Tryna pick which chick I'ma cut now
Got a fetish for thick girls thats caramel brown
On a hunt and uggh guess what I just found
Come in VIP with me boo, while we post up
We blowin' purple stuff we pourin' purple stuff
We blowin' rolled up stuff, ya can tell that we rich
It slim thugga, TIP and Bun-B bitch
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22's on a brand new coupe wit no roof
A hundred and fifty dollar tennis shoes, no suits
We some ballers pimp you oughta be followin' our suits
No ad-libbin nigga just do like I do
Don't get it confused but dude I'm not you
If you ain't heard the news I'm known to speak truth
Thats why I'm at the bar buyin' all these green goose
Passin' it to the wall but Mayne is they loose
That ma nigga slim thug they mean what they do
Say the black one a slut but the red would cut too

Give 'em number to the suite and tell 'em to fall threw
And tell that nigga ESG and Paul wall too
I know bun did had been fun wit them freaks, yeah
Do it like a G for screw and Pimp C
From the a but got all of Houston with me
At the super bowl full of [incomprehensible] nigga
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We goin' hard in the paint like Carmello
This is for the boys who sip purple and sip yellow
Shorty shake ya jelly like Jello she curvy like a J.LO
Damn baby poke me off before I even said, "Hello"
Is it the car, is it the ice is it the grill
'Cause I'm a star that pay the price to keep it trill
She at the bar, she lookin' nice, she on da pill
And she got two more wit her ready so tell me how you feel
See pimpin' ain't made nigga pimpin' ain't raised nigga
Nigga pimpin' is born pimpin' since its early dayz
These niggaz get to trippin' playa pimpin' ain't lazy
And if ya Miss. Pimp C throw up ya deuces and ya tres
We thought of many ways and perfected the grind
Makin' million dollas more six figa checks will get signed
Slim thug you up next to shine and I can't even lie
Wit me and TIP you done wrecked 'em this time foo!
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