

# Two Three (feat. Rick Ross)

## Master P

I ball like I'm two-three  
Bitch I hustle like I'm two-three  
I'm on the block like two-three  
Bitch I'm back, y'all niggas remember me?  
I ball like I'm two-three  
Nigga hustle like two-three  
I'm on the block like two-three  
Now I'm back bitch, y'all remember me? Michael Jordan of the street shit  
So hard, showed you niggas how to eat, bitch  
Twenty-three on my muthafuckin' pinky finger  
Twenty-three million on the mansion, what you thinkin'?  
Pussy nigga, you gon' stop me?  
Fake nigga ain't make me  
Twenty-three years old when I got rich  
Twenty-three thousand, spend it on an outfit  
Versace know me by my muthafuckin' first name  
Twenty-three grand, [?] on my fuckin' chain  
Twenty-three on muthafuckin' Forbes, nigga  
Twenty-three exotic cars in the garage, nigga  
Drop from the line, my tongue hang out of my mouth  
People rush in the trap, my niggas runnin' 'em out  
My lil whoa wanna ball, he keep ski-masking off cars  
Holidays around the corner, sold a fake key to his dawg  
See me in that Mpisane, bitch I knock out your noodle  
Bought my whoa a Camaro, all my bitches Sahara  
I got that make you disappear money, abracadabra  
Niggas up in the rafters, it's the Heat verse the Raptors  
We sit with the owners, yeah there go those rappers  
I don't need no tickets, trap jump like it's Blake Griffin  
I'm worth fifty tickets, pussy don't make no difference  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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