3hree Kings (feat. Freeway)

The Underachievers

- Verse 1: AK
I got 7 mac 11's, it's a 147 on any peasant
With a stone cold vengance will get ya brethren
This the daily routine chase dreams and scoop cream
But of course this broke niggas wanna get in between
So i keep my eye wide on the New York crime side
It's 33 reasons why i'm just too fly
My ora stay beaming indigo blue feeding off ya soul
Fool beating off the pro tools ahh
Do what i gotta till my crew hold a lotta ones
Momma see what i become shining on the world her son
Told me i would be the one way before neyo
You niggas ain't believe though now i'm bombing like my weed smoke bitch!
- Verse 2: Issa Gold
Smoking on this loosie still elegant like a 2 piece
Mister writing on my iPhone i stuffed my pockets with lose leafs
Like loose leaves fall in autumn i turn the clock never stalled em
Spit fire like we some sawyers they look they never saw us
I'm painting let me do my thang yo type always bend a name or 2 that i'm 7 chains
Bumping they music will leave stupid like heroin rather medicine
That's to eat that proper sediment for better man
Like a black hearse we lead and we stay ahead of them
Edison the way the light bulbs on my head they shimmering
If yo shit ain't lit you ain't using yo head severit
Shoutout for the battle but none of these niggas helmets fit ughh!
You unprepared homie you need my messages
My flow like walking on stilts giving niggas that leverage dropping gems and shit
Filled up inside of my penmanship peep the redder it
We make new rules like we presidents
I'm tryna win but in the process of a better man
Who you better than? never me nigga i got synonym
Stay anonymous only few niggas conspire with
Spitting higher shit that boom bap lyrical scientist
People trying it tell em conquer their whole environment
Yo tv lying man flip egg brain and they frying it
Devine, illuminated fire spinning 3 eyes
Creating my reality since a nigga was knee high
- Verse 3: Freeway
See i, come through and always handle my B.I

Rock split life after death shouts to B.I
G.I Puppies up in heavens with the angels
Leave them niggas on ankles sting them niggas like a bee hive
We are street kings similar to T.I
We are 3 kings gifted on the M.I
C.I see why niggas hate cuz we up
Mad as shit cuz they down
I would hate to be y'all
My gun would make you revolve
I got 8, 38's increase the murder rates
I send niggas to pearly gates
I Know magic my gun would make you levitate
Hit you with the shotty catch a body then we celebrate

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