

# 3 Kings

## Rick Ross feat. Dr. Dre and JAY Z

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  
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While I'm at the bar, got drank by the jug  
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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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