

3 Kings

Rick Ross

Yeah, classic hip hop shit
Dr. D-R-E
Rozay and Jay, let's get 'em We 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 headphones See y'all niggas
Hit the switches on that shit one time, huh
Let the top down I 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 millionaire Uh, it's just different
I know it feels different Uh, 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

CARTER, SHAWN / YOUNG, ANDRE / ROBERTS, WILLIAM / WEARY, JIMMY LEE / SHEPHERD,
CLARA MPublished by

Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents
pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>