

# 1, 2, 3

## Koree

1 to the motherfuckin' 2 to the motherfuckin' 3  
1, 2, 3 points I gotta get across  
1 don't 2 make me 3 go off  
1, 2, 3 points I gotta get across  
1 don't 2 make me 3 go off  
1, 2, 3 points I gotta get across  
1 don't 2 make me 3 go off  
1, 2, 3 points I gotta get across  
1 don't 2 make me 3 go off  
We came up from the bottom to the top started wit the rocks  
Used to sell 'em to the fiends now I got 'em in my watch  
Two years off the scene heard enough of ya fuckin' trash  
We returned now to make you suffer like succotash  
Run up and the pump'll blast my niggaz is dopin'  
I'm the film in the camera nigga picture me rollin'  
Picture me blowin' trees chiefin' purple daily  
Weeds no seeds call it Virgin Mary  
Chevy they say we broke up  
(Oh, yeah)  
But we do shows and split ends like blow dried hair  
Hold up Joe stop the song  
(What)  
Field Mob the answer to the question  
What if Big and Pac woulda got along?  
Put us on whoever song fast slow no facade  
Getcha Bible check the credits Shawn go slow for God  
Wit that said I been blessed oh man  
The chain red like a caffeine free Coke can  
So damn the critics y'all really fake  
We got hotter 16s than than R. Kelly tape  
Make cheddar when I grab the mic see when the Mob in town  
Hoes go out in bad weather like a satellite  
Never have to ask 'em twice do it for the fuck of it  
Anything pop a pill drink a lil suck a dick  
Who you wit fuck ya click stay in ya place  
Charlie Murphy what did the five fingers say to the face?  
(Slap)  
1, 2, 3 points I gotta get across  
1 don't 2 make me 3 go off

1, 2, 3 points I gotta get across  
1 don't 2 make me 3 go off  
1, 2, 3 points I gotta get across  
1 don't 2 make me 3 go off  
1, 2, 3 points I gotta get across  
1 don't 2 make me 3 go off  
I swear to God you never heard me spit it this way I'm warnin' ya  
I'm finna snap like turtle lips in a lake  
Wrap more than a Egyptian coroner ya rhymes are borin' us  
Listenin' to you is like watchin' wet paint dry  
Ya lyrics I bet they taste sweet  
Stop spittin' them Kit-Kat candy bars and give me a break please  
Start writin' ya rhymes yaself as a matter of fact  
Here's a mirror and a map go and find yaself  
'Cause you been fake you frontin' like you did time in the state pen  
But really was a nerd at Penn State  
Cut the bullshit ya not a hustler  
Y'all remind me of where I rent my DVDs at y'all some blockbusters  
Confessin' like Usher soft as baby food  
Fixin to get us off the block like star 82  
Mad 'cause I'm comin' up and you ain't and I'm buyin' stuff that you can't  
I ain't 50 Cent but I got bucks in the bank  
And I got a million dollar dick bitch wood worth a lot of cash  
If I fuck her in the butt she have money out her ass  
Claimin' you pimpin' but ain't got one bitch  
The only hoes is the one you water ya lawn wit  
To you hoes that fuck for fun and the ones that fuck for fetti  
If you ain't finna fuck Shawn then you ain't finna fuck Chevy  
To The Source like a groupie in love with Jordan Jackson  
Vick Ervin and Tyson I want 5 mics man damn  
1, 2, 3 points I gotta get across  
1 don't 2 make me 3 go off  
1, 2, 3 points I gotta get across  
1 don't 2 make me 3 go off  
1, 2, 3 points I gotta get across  
1 don't 2 make me 3 go off  
1, 2, 3 points I gotta get across  
1 don't 2 make me 3 go off

Lyrics provided by

<https://damonlyrics.com/>