

# 1, 2, 3

## Drop Out Orchestra

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

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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)

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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

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