

Climax Blues Band

"1, 2, the 3"

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[Scarface]

Yo, let's do it

... we gon' do this one

Let the beat ride for a minute though

Will {?} in the house from the town

FaceMob in this bitch, 'bout to tear shit down

Uh-huh, yeah, there it is

Yeah

Still the, truth in the game ain't a damn thing changed

Prone to tote heat up and then shoot flames

Double the O.G. of a deuce thug thang

Bitches who know me know how I do dames

Still, fuckin with James we roll in this shit hard

I locked up the South, he locked the 5th Ward

Loaded and cocked, I'm known to be a block bleeder

Known to get paper and I ain't fin' to stop neither

I got {?} drive Porsches and shit

Ranch got horses, golf courses and shit

Eat shrimp steak crab raw oysters and shit

And still fuck around with all my boys in the bricks

International nigga, I been in and out the states

Kingston, Brazil, bitches feedin me grapes

I can, cut it and bake, all I need is some soda, a plate

A microwave, Pyrex and a cake

You can get it how you want it, what I'm spittin is free

I don't need to hold in court what I can hold in the

streets

Niggaz know how I was raised so ain't no question

these

Consequences you gon' face when niggaz fuckin with

me

There it is

[Chorus]

One for the niggaz wanna cross me up

Two for the bitches wanna toss me up

Three for the people tryin to get my mail

Wanna send me to jail so they can lock me up

Four for the hoes who wanna block my shine

Five for the snitch who went and dropped that dime

Six for the suckers who ain't got no game
That's a God damn shame, that's why he hatin on mine

[Willie D]

From the North to the South I don't need no passes
You bitches get out of line, I'ma bleed yo' asses
Look man, I ain't the huffin puffin type
I'ma put that pistol in your motherfuckin life
Mayor {?} call my crib, I be gettin them greens
Fuckin the finest hoes that can fit in some jeans
Take an interest in politics, Chopin and Van Gogh
Shoot a motherfucker up and then go vote
They say variety is the spice of life, so we'll
fuck the black broads and lay pipe to the whites
Puerto Ricans and Latinos, Japs and Filipinos
What is y'all trippin fo'? Pussy is pussy
I ain't gotta come where you live to shoot you in your
sleep
I know niggaz in yo' hood that'll do you for me
Youse a bitch-made pussy born with no nutsac
I'm a motherfuckin stand up cat, that's on the one

[Chorus]

[Bushwick Bill]

Spot a fine-ass bitch and I'm scoopin her up
You can sleep on me nigga if you're stupid enough
But I'll be standin in your bed receivin from your
woman
You can bust in, but not while I'm cummin
Cause I'm cummin everywhere, in her hair, on her face
on her earring, even on the motherfuckin ceiling
Keep it playa with a playa, let me get my nut
After that, you can kill the bitch, I don't give a fuck
Yes indeed, Chuck smoke good weed
If it ain't hydro get the fuck out the do'
You niggaz drink a few shots and your faculty slow
I down the whole fuckin bottle like it's H2O
Got the heart and the steel and the will to bust
I'm the "Little Big Man" with the big ol' nuts
Don't fuck with bitch-mades, too real for that
Got the fame and the name but I still will jack, nigga

[Chorus]

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