

Chubb Rock "3 Men at Chung King"

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Verse one: red hot lover lover tone

The pen hits the paper, ink spills and fills, the lines
With lyrics that thrills like my dillz
Take it on the grilled cheese tour, then I drop it
Don't care about the niggaz cause the girls are gonna
jock it
Take her to my hotel, no speaking, just freaking
Leave my door open so the niggaz can come peak in
Rip the nappy dug out niggaz bug out with the hopes
They can get theirs, but in the meantime they takin
notes
Here comes my kid, here comes my kid (ahhhhh)
But I caught him in the rubber lid, huh
Chitty chitty bang bang, gotta go gotta go
The hoe is in a coma so I tippy tippy toe
Walkin in the dark (tripped) slipped on my shoe
(arrrrgh!! ohh shit!!) [tone is that you?]
Damn, more fornication
Puba take the mic 'cause I'm here for the duration

Verse two: grand puba

Before I get this wreck I usually start with a 40
But forties are no more 'cause now I'm drinkin 64's
Call on grand puba, chubb rock if you want it done
Hon spread the 411 as if her name was kaity chung
Into devil bashing, always stay in fashion
Love maxing and relaxing, hittin skins with a passion
As a shorty I kept some dice I banked on seven or
eleven
'cause my pops had it hard similar to james evans
Now shit flipped, I'm on the hip-hop
To the beat you don't stop, rock on!
I kick the new type of lingo, hit the spot that'll tingle
Make the girls wanna jingle, so they run and get the
single
My simple task is to make you shake that ass
On the quick fast, and to make it last
It's just three men at chung king getting busy

We've come a long way since kunta kintizzy
And you don't stop, rock on
Chubb rock flip the script 'cause I'm gone

Verse three: chubb rock

Yippi-yi-yeah, stay, hooray, yo, hurrah
I jumped up upon the mic with the chubbster, tone, plus
the pu-ba
Intricately go far
Chillin in the mansion, nuff fashion (ahhh)
Relax, and dig into the track and react
I want a martin luther riff 'cause I don't like to pack my
iron
Watchin kids on the corner buyin, gettin zooted then
lyin
Test and I commence, to firing
One two three shots and then I tune the black watch
Reclean my cylinder and then I grab my crotch
And squeeze, the testes and then I grab my wood and
cup it
Oh there goes the nut I just busted
Get myself together, 'cause I'm the man
I knew it, I wanted to do a duet with the grand
Mystic ruler took the 40 out of the cooler
Now we're rippin the track, we shoulda did one sooner
And then we roll up on the groove field assist the team
And now I'm straighter than 9:15
Get a little dough for this three man skit
I'll end the jam with a curse

Uhh, umm fuck?
Or is it damn? or what?

Shit. and slide out of the vocal booth and get a dollar
chung king soda
Grand puba, tone, plus now we're over and we're out

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