

Curren\$y "3 Wishes"

Visit "[3 Wishes](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

In the studio I read a magazine
They had a column in there asking people
If they had 3 wishes
What would they wish for?
So I figured I'd ask myself...
So if I had 3 wishes
This right here would be my first:

I wish I could bomb drop from the top of the
Superdome
On my skateboard, head up, play ball!
Ollie over curbs in the 3rd Ward
And then shook through the?
Holla at tough guy Dodo
Let him bang my brand new album
In these Range Roves
Puff a couple L's with him
Go home, change clothes
I go bring Polo, with matching Bally
Animals. And then it's on to?
To holla at my nigga Soulja Slim
From the CutThroat Committee
Split up a Philly, fill it with sticky
And talk about all the hoes we fucked
In out city. Give my man a hug
Then I gotta get going, St. Bernard
I holla at my homey Ace
Let him see my new whip, ride out
To the IHOP in the east and get a
Bowl of cheese grits...
That's what I wish for
See, the 3 people I was talking about
They're not alive no more
East is a part of New Orleans
Destroyed by Hurricane Katrina
Here's my 2nd wish:

[Verse 2]

I just wish my nigga Wayne
Would get the respect that he deserves
In this fuckin game, he's the illest
With these words, I know I might've said

That shit before, but I'm just making sure
It's heard! And my nigga Maine would
Have the same success that I have
Cause I'm oh-so blessed, yes
And for my nigga Dizzy, 10 million

Platinum plates, cause you work hard
Homeboy, you deserve that
And then we'd have a spliff
Won't crumble to pieces like them other
Real cliques. And we all get rich
Then we all have kids
They they all get rich, then they
All have kids. Then they all get rich
Then they have some more kids...
Then they all stay rich and
Those kids have more kids
And they all get rich, then those kids
Have kids... alright, alright

I know that was a big wish...
But I have a lot of people
That I wanna thank, I feel like they
Deserve that... now it's time for the 3rd wish:

[Verse 3]

I just wish that my ex girl would've never
Fucked with any of my homies
Cause it took a toll on me
Now I give a fuck about her baby cause
I feel like everyone is a phoney
I'll never love again, move another bitch in
Let her live in my crib, give her keys
To my whip, shit... she ruined that
For all these hoes - now it's YMOB
You know what I do
Young Money Over Bitches, I don't
Give em tongue kisses, I just
Hit em with that dick and have em
Pose for naked pictures
And show em to my niggas, and then
I gotta flip em, let everybody get a piece
And after that I send em
Back to where they living, but with her
I was different. Word on the street was
She was wyling out pretending not to hear it
Girl, you had a good nigga. Oh no, I wasn't
Perfect, but I had a good spirit
That's the last of my wishes...

That's a surprise to a lot of y'all huh?

More than cars and skateboards and weed
I did graduate nigga!

Visit [Curren\\$y](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.