

Rick Ross**"3 Kings"**

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[Intro: Dr. Dre]

Yeah, classic hip hop shit

Dr. D-R-E

Rozay and Jay, let's get 'em

[Verse 1: Dr. Dre]

We started out moppin' floors

And now we front row at the awards

Number one for the last twenty years

If you real, mothafucka scream cheers!

Mothafucka scream cheers!

Heh, and it is what it is

He wanted to shine at the swap meet

Til the white boys got him in that hot seat

I only love it when her hair long

You should listen to this beat through my headphones

Money long, number one twenty years strong

Fuck a gym, I am him, I'm Andre Young

G5s to 64s, Dre got 'em

If the bitch bad I got her in red bottoms

Great weed, nice homes, bread proper

Tec nine, one chamber, top shotta

Bentley coupe, new yacht, my helicopter

Born broke, real nigga straight out of Compton

The fuck you magazine niggas want from me?

I rewrote the game, nigga, now talk money

All black on my Al Capone shit

I built a house, nigga get your own shit

I only love it when her hair long

You should listen to this beat through my headphones

[Interlude: Rick Ross]

See y'all niggas

Hit the switches on that shit one time, ugh

Let the top down

[Verse 2: Rick Ross]

I came a long way from the weed game

Twenty stack seats at the Heat game

And I'm still strapped with the heat man

And we steppin' on a nigga feet man

80 pair of sneakers came from the D game
Cousin was a Crip, said it was a C thing
Brown bag money in a duffle bag
Fuck 'em all, wet 'em and we gotta double back
The homie whippin' chickens in his momma kitchen
On the mission, said he get it for his son tuition
Real nigga's dreams comin' to fruition
Stumble, but I never fall, leanin' on my pistol
I only love it when the ass fat
We should listen to this track in my Maybach
I'm just tryin' to be a billionaire
Come and suck a dick for a millionaire

[Interlude: Jay-Z]

Uh, it's just different
I know it feels different

[Verse 3: Jay-Z]

Uh, I only love her if her eyes brown
Play this shit while you play around with my crown
King H-O, y'all should know by now
But if you don't know, uh
Millions on the wall in all my rooms
Niggas couldn't fuck with my daughter's room
Niggas couldn't walk in my daughter's socks
Banksy bitches, Basquiat
I ran through that buck fifty Live Nation fronted me
They workin' on another deal, they talkin' two hundred
fifty
I'm holdin' out for three
Two seventy five and I just might agree
Ex-D-boy, used to park my beamer
Now look at me, I can park in my own arena
I only love her if her weave new
I'm still a hood nigga, what you want me to do?
Been hoppin' out the BM with your BM
Taking her places that you can't go with your per diem
Screamin' carpe diem until I'm a dead poet
Robin Williams shit, I deserve a golden globe bitch!
I take a Ace in the meanwhile
You ain't gotta keep this Khaled, it's just a freestyle
Fuck rap money, I've made more off crates
Fuck show money, I spent that on drapes
Close the curtains, fuck boy, out my face
I whip the coke, let the lawyer beat the case
Murder was the case that they gave me
I killed the Hermes store, somebody save me
Stuntin' to the max like wavy
Oh shit!
Oh, stuntin' to the max, I'm so wavy
Used to shop at TJ Maxx back in '83

I don't even know if it was open then
I ain't know Oprah then
Have the XL 80 bike
Loud motor, they be like, "Damn!" when I'm comin'
through, rrraaanngg
Had the grill in '88, y'all niggas is late
You got all that, right?
I love this shit like my own daughter
Let's spray these niggas, baby, just like daddy taught
ya
Young, this is just different

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