

Rick Ross

"Three Kings"

Visit "[Three Kings](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Yeah, classic hip hop shit
Dr D-R-E, Rozay and Jay
Lets get 'em
We started out mopping floors
Now we front row at the awards
Number 1 for the last 20 years
If you real muthafucker scream cheers
Muthafucker scream cheers
And it is what it is
He wanted to shine at the swap meet
Til the white boys got him in that hot seat
Only love it when her hair long
You should listen to this beat through my headphones
Money long, number 1, 20 years strong
Fuck a gym, I am him, Andre Young
G5â€²s to '64â€²s, Dre got 'em
If the bitch bad I got her in red bottoms
Great weed, nice homes, bread proper
Tech 9, long chamber, top shotta
Bentley coupe, new yacht, my helicopter
Born broke, real nigga straight outta 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 the house, nigga get ya own shit
I only love it when her hair long
You should listen to this beat through my headphones

See yall niggas
Hit the switches on that shit one time
Lay the top down
I came along way from the weed game
20 stack seats at the Heat game
And I'm still strapped with the heat man
And we stepping' on a nigga feet mayne
8 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, yeh we gotta double bag
The homie whipping chickens in his momma kitchen
On a mission, say he get it for son's tuition
Real nigga's dreams coming to fruition

Stumble but I never fall leaning on my pistol
I only love her when that ass fat
We used to listen to this track in my Maybach
I'm just tryna be a billionaire
Come and suck a dick for a millionaire

It's just different, I know it feels different
I only love her if her eyes brown
Play this shit while you play around with my crown
King H-O, yall should know by now
If you don't know
Millions on my wall in all my rooms
Niggas couldn't fuck with my daughters room
Niggas couldn't walk in my daughters socks
Banksy bitches, Basquiats
I ran through that buck 50, Live Nation fronted me
They working on another deal, they talking 250
I'm holding out for 3, 275 and I just might agree
Ex D-boy, used to park my Beemer
Now look at me I can park at 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 you can't go with your per-diem
Screaming carpe diem until I'm a dead poet
Robin Williams shit, I deserve a Golden Globe
I take an Ace in the meanwhile
You aint gotta keep this, it's just a freestyle
Fuck rap money, I 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
Ooh shit, stuntin' to the max I'm so wavy
Used to shop in TJ Maxx back in '83
I don't even know if it was open then
I aint know Oprah then
Had the X180 bike, loud motor
They be like, damn when I'm coming through
Had a grill in '88
Ya'll niggas is late
You got all that right?
I love this shit like my own daughter
And spray these niggas baby just like daddy taught ya
Young, it's just different

Visit [Rick Ross](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

