

T-Pain "Welcome To Thr33 Ringz Intro"

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[Circus Intro]

...

[Applause]

(T-Pain):

Hate this sh*t, man.

Inhales

Gotta do this sh*t every night, man.

I'm so sick of this "circus" sh*t.

So sick, listen to this; everybody clapping and sh*t.

This n*gga singing and sh*t,

Cause he "ringleader."

[Overlapping]

(Gorilla Zoe):

Why you say all that sh*t, n*gga?

(T-Pain):

I'm just sa ying,

This n*gga think he the "ringleader" and sh*t;

F*ck that motherf*cker.

[Overlapping]

(Gorilla Zoe):

I know one thing;

If motherf*cker 'Pain

Knew we was out here,

Smoking' in his Cadillac

Right outside the tent--

This n*gga mad as f*ck...

(T-Pain)

Maaa----aan.

Clicks Tongue

Maaa-----aan,

F*ck 'Pain,

F*ck this "clown" sh*t;

I can't be a "clown."

[Overlapping]

(Gorilla Zoe):
Gaww--DAMM,
N*gga!
I'm sayin';
I gotta do what
I gotta do.

(T-Pain):
F*ck that n*gga,
I can't be a "clown."

(Gorilla Zoe):
I got kids, n*gga.

(T-Pain):
N*gga, all we perform
Is for kids;
F*CK THIS SH*T.

(Gorilla Zoe):
Well, this is
What we do, n*gga.

(Young Ca\$h):
HEYyy---

[Overlapping]

(Gorilla Zoe):
Ohhh--ohh,
Sh*t; dropped
Dropped it!

(Young Ca\$h):
HEYYYYy;
N*gga, get your
Sh*t together;
We doin' a brand new
Show tonight--
You n*ggas,
Stop smoking' in my
F*ckin' Cadillac.

(T-Pain):
NAPPY BOYyyyyyy
WOOooooooooooooo
Uhhh---uhh, uhhhh---uhhhh
Yeyyy;
Thr33 Ringz...

Yehh...
Class "Clown" Jump.
Third time around y'all.

(T-Pain):
If I was just to step into ring,
And outta the box
Would e'rybody be on my...
Or will I stop?
Say hello to my lil' friend,
Hey; styles change up like Lil' Kim.
Fake, I let my heat swang,
T-Pain, so active homeyy
Da way da beat bump;
N*ggas tryna get proactive on meh
DAMMMM!
But I done, cleared
Da rumors.
E'rything in the open.
Now you know how
Big the room is.
Tell 'em what the
Truth is;
Dey can't handle it.
They think a n*gga's
Slicker than a
Mayonnaise sandwich---
But they be like,
"... G-G---G-AWW-DAMMIT."
PAUSE;
This n*gga pocket fatter than
Sanna Claus.
OHHhhh... !
This n*gga career big,
Like some granny drawers.
Had to get a piano to put
His Grammy on.
Yeahhhh, Ferrari, Bentley, Escalade,
Beamer, Bentley Coupe,
Cut the checks,
Let's get paid.
F*ck a Vette,
Make it rain,
Lamborghini.
I don't cover sh*t up
Like a transfer-tini.
I give a damn if you see me
I'mma did what I does.
I ain't doin' sh*t wrong,
Like I'm kissin' my cousin.
I know you wanna hear

Something' different.
Ain't you tired of his sh*t?
Ain't you curious about this sh*t?
Even if you picked the sh*t up
From a distance.
At least stand still, for a second
And listen.
I'm telling' you now,
It ain't a thing.
I got the "bling-bling" of
A rapper, but I sing,
So welcome to Thr33 Ringz.

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