

Assholes By Nature f/ Bulletproof

"3-16's"

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[Verse 1 - Z-Ro]

Haha surprise nigga, It's Joseph Mcvey in the flesh
don't tell me ya'll can't remember me - I was the
egghead that was poorly dressed
I never said much, although I was able to hide it - life
had me fed up
I couldn't wait for the day I got my first burner, eager to
let that lead bust
it was a headrush and every since then, the guns split
wigs if he snitchin
I ain't come here to make friends, if you cool - cool if
not get off my dick then
I'm that nigga that never made a radio song
but yet I hear myself each I turn my radio on
of course by far I'm the most gangsta - J Prince is ever
gon'sign
and nigga my shows be sold out - 2:30 in the mornin
and still a line
full of niggas and bitches tryna get in, I watch 'em push
and they pull
ain't nobody ever had connection this full
ya'll niggaz snitch when ya'll get caught up by these p -
pigs on a pay roll
it's a handsome ransom you can smoke right here
cause they say so
ya'll niggaz don't really know me, ya'll just know a
niggaz songs
it's on you, I can be the man to shake ya hand or crack
ya dome - bitch

(Chorus - Z-Ro)

Huh that's right mothafucka - I'm serious
this is one of three sixteens
Huh mothafucka - I'm serious
this is one of three sixteens
Huh punk ass niggaz - I'm serious
this is one of three sixteens
Screwed Up Click nigga - I'm serious
and this has been one of three sixteens

[Verse 2 - Trae]

Yeah I'm on the way so tell the hood don't trip
I'm doin ninety through the gutta, gettin head in the
whip
the tip of these hollow tips, the same color as Crips
if I let 'em loose they have ya practicin the art of a flip
only positive message I got is stay the fuck out my face
'fore I leave ya swoll up, lookin like Timbaland - fresh
off the weights
I don't need to expand shit - bitch I'm content with my
space
I get mo'ass then half these rap niggaz, get ass on
they face
I'm ghetto bitch, bitch I don't give a fuck about force
I'm in the hood more then a asian be in Honda Accord's
they say my temper got the qualities of a bad
entertainer
I'm a fuckin asshole - stupid ass that's a no brainer
they told me to keep it cool, but I tell 'em - I keep it me
if it wasn't for the streets, shit tell me what the fuck I
would be?
I wasn't raised by no Russell Simmons - I was raised by
the G's
tryna take the nigga out of me, nigga please - get the
fuck out of here!

[Chorus - Trae]

Yeah - I'm serious
this is two of three sixteens
I'm serious
this is two of three sixteens
mothafucka - I'm serious
this is two of three sixteens
I'm serious
this is two of three sixteens

[Verse 3 - Bulletproof]

Mr.Invincible it's nothin that I can't do
flow sick, the kidd need Saint Jewel
these siloclone clones can't stand a G
lyrical manslaughter my reason for insanity
fake rappers, I do this shit with a passion
Teflon clothes and wear guns as a fashion
breath of fresh air, Rap A Lot's new breed
Joe Pesci paper, my money make ya crew bleed
strap in my lap, kush in my willow wrap
hard body music, this ain't no jello rap
ridin dirty with number three on repeat
we three assholes with Pimp C on the beat
keep the heat on his seat - these po'city streets cold
livin by the G - code, my niggaz in beast mode
call the coroner cause Bulletproof killin 'em

these niggaz weaker then Smirnoff and I ain't feelin
'em

[Chorus - Bulletproof]

Nah, mothafucka - I'm serious

this is three of three sixteens

Haha, bitch nigga - I'm serious

this is three of three sixteens

Trae, Z - Ro - these niggaz hoes and I know it

and this is three of three sixteens

Yeah, mothafucka - I'm serious

and I hope you enjoyed these three sixteens

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