

Mr. 3-2

"2 Hell and Back"

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[Mr. 3-2]

We having it, flossing on Madison feeling great
Everyday in the mall, we ball and parlay
Sipping drank blowing hay, doja in my ashtray
Keeping my composure, but I would never ever stay
I cried lied, just to get money
Walking round like a zombie, messing up like a dummy
The man took it all from me, cause I wasn't showing
love
Now I ride down on dubs, and get Chinese back rubs
In the club I mix and mingle, with niggaz ladies and
hoes
Bidness before pleasure, real playas get chose
Neck chest and wrist froze, but what do it all mean
The cash the cream, staying focused with ghetto
dreams
Making green ice and platinum, fill the invisible set
Diamonds I'm shining steady grinding, is you feeling
me yet
Trillion cut, ear rings that bling
All up in ya face, cause she's a mazarelli rule
everything

[Hook - 2x]

I done been to hell and back, but now my life on track
The root of all evil, I gotta have that
Sitting on stacks, counting mazarelli cheese
The money the feddy the paper, having it like a
disease

[Mr. 3-2]

Now money plus attitude, equals boss hogging
Real gon be real, and the fake keep falling
No stalling big balling, U-Hauling work
In a disguise Cadillac, Fleetwood with the skirts
Pig on my head, and a cowboy hat
Waiting at the police, touching down on where the cash
at
Gotta have that playboy, every nickel and dime
I'm still struggling and hustling out here like you, trying
to get mine

On my own time, looking to see a better tomorr-a
Boss of all bosses, I don't take I give orders
Assets with your broads, and my vocab pay the rent
Never forget the times, when my pockets was stuffed
with lint
Heaven sent Mr. 3-2, I've been through it
Put it down it go down, but stay true to it
Life the game, it's a whole lot of pressure
Be smart, cause the dramas of the world will test ya

[Hook - 2x]

[Mr. 3-2]

I got the game checkmate, building clientele state to
state
Moving legal weight, like cd's and tapes
Better repeats our pocket, it profit all day
Promoting and politicing, shows up the highway
Don't play with my, big face dollar signs
Scratching and biting to get it, and grind
It all come in time busting a mind, how it use to be
Now-a-days I got a lil' some'ing, better to see
And look forward to, cause ain't nothing promised
But death and the Penitentiary, that could find us
Graduated with honors, or didn't graduate at all
I know how to go get it, so I know how to ball
Never fall or U-Haul, more work than 18 wheelers
And gotta be strapped, cause the jealous wanna kill us
Fill us with lies, rumors and allegations
Cause boys and broads in the streets, these days be
hating

[Hook - 2x]

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