

## Mr. 3-2

### "G.O.V"

Visit "[G.O.V](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Mr. 3-2]

Raw and uncut, straight off the press  
I got a whole lot of shit, on my chest  
A vest won't save ya, from the slugs I'ma shoot  
Still the same nigga, God first then the loot  
G-O-V, you better respect me  
If you respect living, nigga I hold the key  
To life, it's wicked and shife of my situation  
So bitch I do what I gotta, to get to my destination  
Niggaz hating you know that, but I'm still gon ball  
Pockets overstuffed, trying to tear down the mall  
Y'all tripping think I'm slipping, on my game  
With a platinum piece and chain, hitting million dollar  
stangs  
Legal, you looking at the Chief Executive Officer  
Mr. 3-2, the Governor Boss that's bossing ya  
Lossing a, six hundred B-E-N-Z  
In the year 2001, it's the

[Hook - 2x]

G-O-V, that's me  
Reality, is a must to me  
It's the G-O-V

[Mr. 3-2]

Nigga come on with it, bitch what ya tal'n bout  
We could fuck it up knuckle up, or bust guns shots  
You're hot and stressed out, but better not stood up  
These motherfuckers, got the G-O-V fucked up  
Hoe what's up, on my god damn paper  
You prolly done tricked it off, cause you's a bitch by  
nature  
Bitch by nature, nigga that's you  
Come short, what's in it my issue nigga I'ma sue  
Nigga fuck you, and everything you stand fo'  
I showed love, and you actually tried to play me like a  
hoe  
No bullshit, playtime's over  
Mob with S.U.C., or get your ass mobbed over  
All in your face, but Street Game going FED  
Getting head stacking bread, with J-Money and Infrared

'Nuff said, cause boys don't like it already  
But they can kiss my ass, and eat a dick I said it

[Hook - 2x]

[Mr. 3-2]

Southside playa, run through my blood and bones  
Mr. 3-2, Fat Pat and Michael Dirty Corleone  
I'm the dirtiest of the dirty, in the Click  
Don't trust me round ya chick, if you love that bitch  
I made a switch had to change, to make some change  
Now I'm the big Boss, that call shots at Street Game  
That's my name that's me, 360 degree  
I'ma bite scratch ya, got to get to the top of the tree  
Quit blocking a G, onto the V goal tending  
Fuck all you fake motherfuckers, bitch I'm bout winning  
I ain't spending, or tricking with broads that's a no-no  
I laugh it for the doja and drank, fa sho though  
Solo riding fo' do', Cadillac Deville  
Gotta holla at that H.A.W.K., mobbing nigga on the real  
Cause if it pop off, I know he got my back  
Ready to bring hat, for whatever it's like that

[Hook - 2x]

Visit [Mr. 3-2](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.