

Mr. 3-2 f/ Billy Bad Ass**"Royalty"**

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[Hook - 2x]

Copper platinum, silver and gold
Even with lint in my pockets, I'm still gon hold
Sitting swoll down South, diamonds in our mouth
We gotta put it in your face, just to show you what we
bout

[Mr. 3-2]

Platinum tongue, platinum game platinum speaking
Pimping the streets, over these beats I'm freaking
Thugged out Iceberg, Gucci and coochie
Strapped up at all times, I can't let these niggaz do me
Taking this gangsta shit truly, keeping it playa
Governor of this rap game, the Boss Man with long hair
Sitting in a Versacci chair, calling shots
Street Game CEO, my pockets is addicted to knots
We bleed blocks and bust shots, and ride down on ya
From Texas to NYC, all the way back to California
You's a goner I got to get ya, straight like that
Squash the chat, erasing your feature off the map
What's the hap's on my feddy, cause I'm coming to get
it
Can't mention this shit cold, but I'm leader ridiculous
I'm wicked and stay true, to who loyal to me
Copper platinum silver and gold, representing royalty

[Hook - 2x]

[Billy Bad Ass]

For the love of this game doing the thang, loving this
game
Who's to blame, bitch read the chain
Invisible set princess cut, spell my name
Fuck you know bitch, ain't no need to explain
I keep a thing for aim, flip a V-12 with bang
4.6 range, riding the South with terrain
Strapped like Jesse James, the real gon feel my pain
Check my veins, and if I knock down the drugs
Check my block, and if I knock down a thug
Check my glock, it'll be eleven and one slug
With niggaz with mean mugs, thinking they seen slugs

But I was leveled and seen, with niggaz dicks in the
mud

[Hook - 2x]

[Billy Bad Ass]

Copper, platinum, silver and gold
Pimps, killers, dealers and hoes
Is all I know, riding close and slow from massive cold
Got licks where I whip's, 36 to 84
A Street Game contract, like big Shaq shit
And the Governor got my back, for you niggaz with that
jack shit
You don't know, you better ask
Cause Billy Bad Ass, will get you a toe tag bitch

[Mr. 3-2]

Sitting swoll I'm cold, in this street game I play
Me and Billy Bad Ass, ready to put work in cause it pays
Punk watch what ya see, about royalty
Cause you don't wanna cross that line, in your L-I-F-E
G-O-V, represent the almighty dolla
Fake niggaz speak like hoes, but real niggaz holla
Holla-holla, if you ain't talking bout nothing
Bitch you better move around, get out my face and
stack some'ing
Quit fronting like you the man, cause I'm knowing you's
a runner
I'm a 3rd Coast Boss, with my lil' bro right up under ya
Hitting these streets like thunder, in a Benz on cutters
Mean mugging for the world, ready to kill a
motherfucker

(*talking*)

Ha hoe niggaz we fa sho niggaz, kick do' nigga
Smoke dro, fuck your hoe fa sho nigga
Running these broads bitch, royalty is money bitch
Know I'm tal'n bout

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