

### 3 Kings

Rick Ross

Yeah, classic hip hop shit  
Dr D-R-E, Rozay and Jay  
Lets get 'em  
We started out mopping floors  
Now we front row at the awards  
Number 1 for the last 20 years  
If you real muthafucker scream cheers  
Muthafucker scream cheers  
And it is what it is  
He wanted to shine at the swap meet  
Til the white boys got him in that hot seat  
Only love it when her hair long  
You should listen to this beat through my headphones  
Money long, number 1, 20 years strong  
Fuck a gym, I am him, Andre Young  
G5's to '64's, Dre got 'em  
If the bitch bad I got her in red bottoms  
Great weed, nice homes, bread proper  
Tech 9, long chamber, top shotta  
Bentley coupe, new yacht, my helicopter  
Born broke, real nigga straight outta Compton  
The fuck you magazine niggas want from me?  
I rewrote the game nigga, now talk money  
All black on my Al Capone shit  
I built the house, nigga get ya own shit  
I only love it when her hair long  
You should listen to this beat through my headphones

See yall niggas  
Hit the switches on that shit one time  
Lay the top down  
I came along way from the weed game  
20 stack seats at the Heat game  
And I'm still strapped with the heat man  
And we stepping' on a nigga feet mayne  
8 pair of sneakers, came from the d-game  
Cousin was a crip said it was a c-thing  
Brown bag money in a duffle bag  
Fuck 'em all, wet 'em, yeh we gotta double bag  
The homie whipping chickens in his momma kitchen  
On a mission, say he get it for son's tuition  
Real nigga's dreams coming to fruition  
Stumble but I never fall leaning on my pistol  
I only love her when that ass fat  
We used to listen to this track in my Maybach  
I'm just tryna be a billionaire  
Come and suck a dick for a millionaire

It's just different, I know it feels different  
I only love her if her eyes brown  
Play this shit while you play around with my crown  
King H-O, yall should know by now  
If you don't know  
Millions on my wall in all my rooms  
Niggas couldn't fuck with my daughters room  
Niggas couldn't walk in my daughters socks  
Banksy bitches, Basquiats

I ran through that buck 50, Live Nation fronted me  
They working on another deal, they talking 250  
I'm holding out for 3, 275 and I just might agree  
Ex D-boy, used to park my Beemer  
Now look at me I can park at my own Arena  
I only love her if her weave new  
I'm still a hood nigga, what you want me to do?  
Been hoppin' out the BM with your bm  
Taking her places you can't go with your per-diem  
Screaming carpe diem until I'm a dead poet  
Robin Williams shit, I deserve a Golden Globe  
I take an Ace in the meanwhile  
You ain't gotta keep this khaled, it's just a freestyle  
Fuck rap money, I made more off crates  
Fuck show money, I spent that on drapes  
Close the curtains, fuck boy out my face  
I whip the coke, let the lawyer beat the case  
Murder was the case that they gave me  
I killed the Hermes store somebody save me  
Stuntin' to the max like wavy  
Ooh shit, stuntin' to the max I'm so wavy  
Used to shop in TJ Maxx back in '83  
I didn't even know if it was open then  
I ain't know Oprah then  
Had the Xl80 bike, loud motor  
They be like, damn when I'm coming through  
Had a grill in '88  
Ya'll niggas is late  
You got all that right?  
I love this shit like my own daughter  
And spray these niggas baby just like daddy taught ya  
Young, it's just different