

Mr. 3000

Tony Yayo

Mr. 3000

It's mr. 3000

Yea, yea, yea

Popping on the highway
Share courses with those that didn't make it
My eyes all faded
Grim reaper when I'm waving the tec
I'll leave you deeper than the national debt
Yea, yea, cleeko and rose till our guts explode
Cuban cigars, spanish villa, baddest hoe
Yea, call me mr. 3000
My weed, a pretty hairstyle on pradhan
Slip past the border and shoot a custom agent
Tendo behind me so my trunk is fragrant
Uh, gettin money is my occupation
Try to stop me, board game operation
My crazy nigerians I'll lay you down
Chopper hit a chopper black hawk down
See my mind is like a crime encyclopedia
It's hard to make it to heaven the devil keep g'ing ya
And if these labels ain't seeing ya
The dope is in the boyarife you splurge when we reing up
Pretty bitch and she tripping off the papa smurfs
Pop 2 in the coupe she lifting up her skirt
I put ya dick in the dirt she ain't fuck machina
44 raging bull, robert deniro
Loyalty over greed hoe niggaz die slow
Yo michael told me I don't ever trust a frito
4-10 with the tayo
It's like saving private ryan in my hood bro
Yaaa, 100 bottles it look like god coming
Highway to heaven when the work come in
Koneba, tony in that hot tub
I ice turn her to bonita in this dope cause
Connect on the phone he say hello
I need a tan of pale yellow
That really mean he got that tan and that yellow
Sugar hill shit rob melo
10 bricks right off a furlow
Blunt ashes of rozay,
Marc jacobs all white girls from norway, foreplay
3 wheels on a caddy
Bad bitch on her back her ass like damn
And, fuck a connect I need a coke farmer
And a man made submarine underwater

I told y'all niggaz man

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