

Shoot Da 3

Kevo Muney

(Once again, I'm locked in with TP, we finna make a hit)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, nigga
Money on top of money, nigga
Bad bitches only, you know?
Free all my niggas locked up too
Yeah

I miss all my niggas locked up, wish they can reduce they sentence
Behind the scenes, you pay for pussy, but swearin' you pimpin'
I ain't finished, I'ma smoke a blunt 'fore I walk in the dentist
Cut off my last couple bitches, I ain't doin' no ass kissin'
Missed my flight, I'm finna fuck this ho at the last minute
Booked another flight because it's gettin' too hot in the trenches
I'm just gettin' cake, I'm out the way, I done moved out the city
Niggas try to act like they with me, but I know they ain't with me
I'm a smooth dude like Bobby Brown, I need me a Whitney
This the same young nigga from South Memphis, I finally did it
Swear to God I miss Lil Lump, I wish Lil Lump was right with me
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I'm on the way up
Make the bitch choke, smoke dope on the wake up
Nine times out of ten, I'm in designer or I'm J'd up
He was tryna act like he OG, but he ain't raise us
On God, my young nigga see everything, but he don't see much
He was just walkin', now he paralyzed from the waist up
Nah, it ain't 'posed to went like that at all
But I guess times change, my mind changed, I'm evolved

Yeah, gotta grow up, I went from a lil' boy to a man
Ho, don't get it twisted 'cause I'm twenty-one, bitch, I'm advanced
These hoes really junkies, they call me lil' Muney, I got bands
Nigga, you know it ain't no real issue, nigga, you just a fan
Yeah, half these young niggas jokes to me
Who the fuck you 'posed to be?
I ain't doin' no show for free
I need my tokens, Chuck E. Cheese
All this shit from grindin' and hard work, it ain't luckily
I'm too 3rd Wall, wide open, lay up, I'll still shoot the three (Pat-ah)

Shoot the three, thinkin' small, pray for a bigger vision
God done blessed me, dog, now I'm on the television
Smooth man of reason
Life sentence conviction
Was throwin' signs, now he cryin', that was your decision (Nah)
He done shot the three once, he done shot that thirty (Bang, bang)
Police caught him ridin' dirty, now he lookin' at thirty (Skrرت)
While I'm countin' thirty, my gal, she's so pretty
These diamonds teeth got 'em flirty, they so thirsty
Poppin' Perkies, 30s, your pockets hurting
Tried to rob, but he got popped by that owner Kirby
Should've never jumped in the street, should've stayed a nerdy
That red stuff leakin' out your head like a busted Slurpee

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