3 Commandments

Mike G

You listenin to the future of this rap shit
Its no actin, still trappin
Never slackin, where the strap? Under my mattress
Turn him holy with this Magnum. Get ya Ma$e on
Street Fighter I just sit back and Capcom
The straps drawn
The set will rip a hole thru ya Teflon
Blue steel ill nose pistol long as back arms
Crackin bitches, just another lick to pass on
Run up in the house and clean that shit out when ya dad gone
Real nigga, from the east. You better ask about me
And think about this Glock before you jock and rap about me
Creepin down the block, the.40 cocked
He out his boundaries, murk a nigga then we outti
We don't do the county, and that's just the way it goes
Get money, fuck hoes. Cause that's all a nigga know
He was trippin, now he slippin its a go
Choppa shells around the neck, all my niggas cutthroat
Fatts

Money. Bitches
Can't forget the weed
Give me those three things
And that's all a nigga need
Countin' Gs, chasin' paper
While these bitches on they knees
Money bustin' out the seams
So she tryna join the team

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It's always been my intention to capture this attention
On that money making mission, everyone seems to envision
Now you listen, got my heart then love letters that are written
Love late nights with women draped in laces on my linen
I do it cause something's missing
You put me in this position
We might take awhile to get it cause everyone's different
From foreign girls that just like cruising in my car
To white chicks that do it for cocaine and carry on, yo
At my shows I hype it up, blowing good then light it up
Always looking for better, I can never get high enough
Sicker than your average Crenshaw graduate
Leaving stores with bags with Ts wrapped in plastic
Succeed, you'll see everything that you imagined
Believe, that's the first thing you need to make it happen
Get it good, while you got it, doesn't matter where you going
Tell my neighbors "See you later" and leave with my doors open, yeah

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