

Mr. 3-2, G.O.V.

[Mr. 3-2]

Raw and uncut, straight off the press
I got a whole lot of shit, on my chest
A vest won't save ya, from the slugs I'ma shoot
Still the same nigga, God first then the loot
G-O-V, you better respect me
If you respect living, nigga I hold the key
To life, it's wicked and shife of my situation
So bitch I do what I gotta, to get to my destination
Niggaz hating you know that, but I'm still gon ball
Pockets overstuffed, trying to tear down the mall
Y'all tripping think I'm slipping, on my game
With a platinum piece and chain, hitting million dollar stangs
Legal, you looking at the Chief Executive Officer
Mr. 3-2, the Governor Boss that's bossing ya
Lossing a, six hundred B-E-N-Z
In the year 2001, it's the

[Hook - 2x]

G-O-V, that's me
Reality, is a must to me
It's the G-O-V

[Mr. 3-2]

Nigga come on with it, bitch what ya tal'n bout
We could fuck it up knuckle up, or bust guns shots
You're hot and stressed out, but better not stood up
These motherfuckers, got the G-O-V fucked up
Hoe what's up, on my god damn paper
You prolly done tricked it off, cause you's a bitch by nature
Bitch by nature, nigga that's you
Come short, what's in it my issue nigga I'ma sue
Nigga fuck you, and everything you stand fo'
I showed love, and you actually tried to play me like a hoe
No bullshit, playtime's over
Mob with S.U.C., or get your ass mobbed over
All in your face, but Street Game going FED
Getting head stacking bread, with J-Money and Infrared
'Nuff said, cause boys don't like it already
But they can kiss my ass, and eat a dick I said it

[Hook - 2x]

[Mr. 3-2]

Southside playa, run through my blood and bones
Mr. 3-2, Fat Pat and Michael Dirty Corleone
I'm the dirtiest of the dirty, in the Click
Don't trust me round ya chick, if you love that bitch
I made a switch had to change, to make some change
Now I'm the big Boss, that call shots at Street Game
That's my name that's me, 360 degree
I'ma bite scratch ya, got to get to the top of the tree
Quit blocking a G, onto the V goal tending
Fuck all you fake motherfuckers, bitch I'm bout winning
I ain't spending, or tricking with broads that's a no-no
I laugh it for the doja and drank, fa sho though
Solo riding fo' do', Cadillac Deville
Gotta holla at that H.A.W.K., mobbing nigga on the real
Cause if it pop off, I know he got my back
Ready to bring hat, for whatever it's like that

[Hook - 2x]