

Mr. 3-2, Boss of All Bosses

(*talking*)

That's what it must be, that's right
Yeah, as I walk through the valley of death
I shall fear no evil, or no man
But God is on my side, and with the Governor I'll ride
The boss of all bosses, and we ain't taking no losses

(Mr. 3-2)

I control that shit down South, so what's happening what's up with ya
Mr. 3-2, the new down South Governor
White sheets cover ya slugs smother ya, it's a mafia hit
Ain't no stopping this shit, then you got's to die before you can get out the click
We profit in chips, moving around worldwide
My hustles grow and expanding, put our paper off a side
Ready to ride, and do dirt if I gotta
Unload a seventeen shotter, got the Bentley Rolls dropper
Sipping muddy codien and leaning, the world is mine
Trace a generation, nothing but killers in my bloodline
It's redesigned fuck and split the mind, to take over
Loose lips sink ships, so motherfucker I'ma show ya overthrow ya
I got these broads, up under you understand
While you falling in love, the whole time I'm peeping your hand
Lil' broads bring the grands, and keep a G stack
But ain't no reason for the treason, I'm just a Governor like that

(Hook - 2x)

The boss of all bosses, down Southerner
Mr. 3 to the 2, the Governor
Ghetto politician, go and vote for me
Cause my whole cavulry, represent reality

(Mr. 3-2)

I'm a fool, so I act a fool on the track
Cut boys no slack, put bullets in they back
Up close I could smell ya, blood splatter over me
Killer for real, it's the G-O-V
I got down and say, Vatos waiting on the word
To fuck boys off, over respect and birds
I calm my nerves, but brain relaxer
It's the bill collector, and I'm a real bad actor
Big blades on a tractor, chopping up the South
All the way to the East and West, yes they know what I'm about
All my cashers let it shout, if you feel this heavyweighter
Pieced up creased up, a million dollars later
You feel the do' maker, nigga like me
In this new millennium, the year 2G
Who I be, S.U.C. my family to the end
Hope I don't hit the Penn, but if I do it's on again

(Hook - 2x)

(Mr. 3-2)

Threwed off connected, and I'm from the old school
I lay down the law, and what I say rules
Start busting with the tool, on them niggaz who be hating
Ain't nothing fly bout me, but my conversation
Ask your lil' mama, or your main thang
Bout Mr. 3-2, CEO of Street Game
Let the AK's rain, fully automatic assault rifle
Trying to get my life right, and live by the bible
It's a thin line, between your body and a hundred pounds
Today it's all good, tomorrow you six feet in the ground
I'm out of town, with a broad that's fine looking jazzy
While your whole family in black, carrying your casket

(Hook - 2x)