

Mr. 3-2, Mafia Convention

(*talking*)

Ha-ha 2001 Mr. 3-2, boss of all bosses bitch
Thought I was going somewhere, motherfucking right
I'm going to the god damn bank, know I'm saying
Keep on talking down, you gon have a dick in ya mouth

(Mr. 3-2)

Talking shit, will get your ass kicked quick
Fucking with the G-O-V, nigga I'd do the hit
Immigrate ya misplace ya, now they can't find ya
Princess cut invisible set, gon blind ya
Boss of all bosses, number one mob boss
And everybody wanna know, what Mr. 3-2 brought
Fuck my head a couple times, I'ma chunk it up as a loss
They screaming like it's the end though, I'ma fuck ya off
From the North to the South, I demand my respect
Man I'ma wreck, but ain't no plex
Like dead for a motherfucker, to call me out my name
Governor down South, Southerner Street Game
Everything's gravy, baby we in the do'
So I'ma get it while it's good, even break a couple do's
Real playas get chose, swang down on 4's
And I got more broads, than Versacci goglow

(Hook - 2x)

The mafia convention, is some shit I gotta mention
Boys talking down on my name, like some hoes they be bitching
I'm just itching, ready to scratch
Big ol' heavyweight, so it ain't no match

(Mr. 3-2)

Ready to scratch ready to snatch ya, out of the frame
I ain't bout to leave ya no fame, so I say no names
Use to be my ace Boo-Koo, my number one nig'
But for that devilish shit you did, I oughtta kidnapped ya lil' kids
Get rid, of your ass forever
Delete ya mistreat ya, and teach ya with the Baretta
Boys is scared of, Mr.-Mr. 3-2
Sipping on green mixed with rootbeer, A&W
Show my raw naked ass, on stage for real
Fucking with that Killuminati, Donny smith steel
Now I chill kick back, counting hundred dollar bills
What's the deal pop the seel, ride down on ya like it's kill
X pills and hydro ponie, blowing a hunk of chronic
Nobody know where I sleep bitch, ya can't find me
Every major wanna sign me, I'm thinking seven or eight digits
Greedy for the green, I gotta have a couple of mill tickets

(Hook - 2x)

(Mr. 3-2)

Loyal to my people, I call family
The ones who got love for me, unconditionally
Listen to me, the S.U.C. we clicked up
Play pussy in these H-Town streets, ya get bucked
On the come up, staying down
Southside mobster, connected underground
Out of town networking, putting up clientele
We the shit fucking your bitch, and got the whole sale
Oh well we shot calling, triple balling moving fast
In these days of the last, that they hated on the mash
I want it all and then some, living like a savage
Don't play ya games at all, down and dirty for the cabbage
25 point of karats, glassy ice on the piece

Eight thousand dollar drank, lost it in the streets
I know the shit weak, that was out of control
Play with me if you want to, I'ma knock you out and go

(Hook - 2x)

(*talking*)

Two dollar gangsta ass niggaz, rotten ass hoes