

# Mr. 3-2, Royalty

(Hook - 2x)

Copper platinum, silver and gold  
Even with lint in my pockets, I'm still gon hold  
Sitting swoll down South, diamonds in our mouth  
We gotta put it in your face, just to show you what we bout

(Mr. 3-2)

Platinum tongue, platinum game platinum speaking  
Pimping the streets, over these beats I'm freaking  
Thugged out Iceberg, Gucci and coochie  
Strapped up at all times, I can't let these niggaz do me  
Taking this gangsta shit truly, keeping it playa  
Governor of this rap game, the Boss Man with long hair  
Sitting in a Versacci chair, calling shots  
Street Game CEO, my pockets is addicted to knots  
We bleed blocks and bust shots, and ride down on ya  
From Texas to NYC, all the way back to California  
You's a goner I got to get ya, straight like that  
Squash the chat, erasing your feature off the map  
What's the hap's on my feddy, cause I'm coming to get it  
Can't mention this shit cold, but I'm leader ridiculous  
I'm wicked and stay true, to who loyal to me  
Copper platinum silver and gold, representing royalty

(Hook - 2x)

(Billy Bad Ass)

For the love of this game doing the thang, loving this game  
Who's to blame, bitch read the chain  
Invisible set princess cut, spell my name  
Fuck you know bitch, ain't no need to explain  
I keep a thing for aim, flip a V-12 with bang  
4.6 range, riding the South with terrain  
Strapped like Jesse James, the real gon feel my pain  
Check my veins, and if I knock down the drugs  
Check my block, and if I knock down a thug  
Check my glock, it'll be eleven and one slug  
With niggaz with mean mugs, thinking they seen slugs  
But I was leveled and seen, with niggaz dicks in the mud

(Hook - 2x)

(Billy Bad Ass)

Copper, platinum, silver and gold  
Pimps, killers, dealers and hoes  
Is all I know, riding close and slow from massive cold  
Got licks where I whip's, 36 to 84  
A Street Game contract, like big Shaq shit  
And the Governor got my back, for you niggaz with that jack shit  
You don't know, you better ask  
Cause Billy Bad Ass, will get you a toe tag bitch

(Mr. 3-2)

Sitting swoll I'm cold, in this street game I play  
Me and Billy Bad Ass, ready to put work in cause it pays  
Punk watch what ya see, about royalty  
Cause you don't wanna cross that line, in your L-I-F-E  
G-O-V, represent the almighty dolla  
Fake niggaz speak like hoes, but real niggaz holla  
Holla-holla, if you ain't talking bout nothing  
Bitch you better move around, get out my face and stack some'ing  
Quit fronting like you the man, cause I'm knowing you's a runner  
I'm a 3rd Coast Boss, with my lil' bro right up under ya  
Hitting these streets like thunder, in a Benz on cutters

Mean mugging for the world, ready to kill a motherfucker

(\*talking\*)

Ha hoe niggaz we fa sho niggaz, kick do' nigga

Smoke dro, fuck your hoe fa sho nigga

Running these broads bitch, royalty is money bitch

Know I'm tal'n bout