

# Rick Ross, 3 Kings ft. (Dr. Dre & Jay-Z)

[Dr. Dre:]

Yeah, classic hip hop shit

Dr. D-R-E

Rozay and Jay, let's get 'em

We started out moppin' floors

And now we front row at the awards

Number one for the last twenty years

If you real, mothafucka scream cheers!

Mothafucka scream cheers!

Heh, and it is what it is

He wanted to shine at the swap meet

Til the white boys got him in that hot seat

I only love it when her hair long

You should listen to this beat through my headphones

Money long, number one twenty years strong

Fuck a gym, I am him, I'm Andre Young

G5s to 64s, Dre got 'em

If the bitch bad I got her in red bottoms

Great weed, nice homes, bread proper

Tech nine, one chamber, top shotta

Bentley coupe, new yacht, my helicopter

Born broke, real nigga straight out of Compton

The fuck you magazine niggas want from me?

I rewrote the game, nigga, now talk money

All black on my Al Capone shit

I built a house, nigga get your own shit

I only love it when her hair long

You should listen to this beat through my headphones

[Rick Ross:]

See y'all niggas

Hit the switches on that shit one time, ugh

Let the top down

[Rick Ross:]

I came a long way from the weed game

Twenty stack seats at the Heat game

And I'm still strapped with the heat man

And we steppin' on a nigga feet man

80 pair of sneakers came from the D game

Cousin was a Crip, said it was a C thing

Brown bag money in a duffle bag

Fuck 'em all, wet 'em and we gotta double back

The homie whippin' chickens in his momma kitchen

On the mission, said he get it for his sons tuition

Real nigga's dreams comin' to fruition

Stumble, but I never fall, leanin' on my pistol

I only love it when the ass fat

We should listen to this track in my Maybach

I'm just tryin' to be a billionaire

Come and suck a dick for a millionaire

[Jay-Z:]

Uh, it's just different

I know it feels different

[Jay-Z:]

Uh, I only love her if her eyes brown

Play this shit while you play around with my crown

King H-O, y'all should know by now

But if you don't know, uh

Millions on the wall and all my rooms

Niggas couldn't fuck with my daughter's room

Niggas couldn't walk in my daughter's socks  
Banksy bitches, Basquiat  
I ran through that buck fifty Live Nation fronted me  
They workin' on another deal, they talkin' two hundred fifty  
I'm holdin' out for three  
Two seventy five and I just might agree  
Ex-D-boy, used to park my beamer  
Now look at me, I can park in my own arena  
I only love her if her weave new  
I'm still a hood nigga, what you want me to do?  
Been hoppin' out the BM with your BM  
Taken to places that you can't go with your per diem  
Screamin' carpe diem until I'm a dead poet  
Robin Williams shit, I deserve a golden globe bitch!  
I take a ace in the meanwhile  
You ain't gotta keep this Khaled, it's just a freestyle  
Fuck rap money, I've made more off crates  
Fuck show money, I spent that on drapes  
Close the curtains, fuck boy, out my face  
I whip the coke, let the lawyer beat the case  
Murder was the case that they gave me  
I killed the Hermes store, somebody save me  
Stuntin' to the max like wavy  
Oh shit!  
Oh, stuntin' to the max, I'm so wavy  
Used to shop at TJ Maxx back in '83  
I don't even know if it was open then  
I ain't know Oprah then  
Have the XL 80 bike  
Loud motor, they be like, "Damn!" when I'm comin' through, rrraaanngg  
Had the grill in '88, y'all niggas is late  
You got all that, right?  
I love this shit like my own daughter  
Let's spray these niggas, baby, just like daddy taught ya  
Young, this is just different