

Three Kings (feat. Dyce Payne)

The Lox

Dyce Payne]
They gone say the same thing (bout' us)
It's always been the same thing (bout' us)
We gone stay the same way
Never will we ever change
You fuckin' with the three kings King ever lasted, in the money and fashion
Champagne and good weed smokes my passion
Whoever makin' the plate, I need the biggest ration
I get the type of headaches that'll melt down aspirin
Wakin' up gasping, dancing with the devil breaking bread witAnnotateh assassins
Pain when I'm laughing
Boss shit, I shoot the office you put your staff in
Enjoy now, cause in the future you'll be a has been
King of the four-five dirty niggas that all ride
You don't want a bullet in your mouth like fluoride
Louch, Kiss and I let a bullet or a sword fly
Kings of the slums front line when it's war time
Hold up! Checkmate king me
L-O-X see the treasure that it bring me?
Fifty large in the carry on
You ain't reach our level yet nigga carry on
One hit wonderama, then you grow out of them niggas like your old pajamas
Talk about us on your little block
She can't call so she text while she suckin' cock
I don't give a fuck a' what your hood say
You barley made one-hundred dollars on a good day
Always keep that metal on my hip
And my hand and feet work is even better don't trip
Royalty at it's finest, might as well address me as your highness
Loyaly, barz, pure flyness, we been the same way since we was minors
A1 respect from the jump start, for fact we pumped hard and dumped hard
Straight from the palace to the junk yard
A lot of times a king is your trump card
All eyes on, hustle till the pie's gone
Integrity is something we can't compromise on
Never change the three letter acronym
L-O-X, the streets still backin' em'
Three kings

