

# 3hree Kings (feat. Freeway)

## The Underachievers & A3C

I got 7 mac 11's, it's a 147 on any peasant  
With a stone cold vengeance will get ya brethren  
This the daily routine chase dreams and scoop green  
But of course this broke niggas wanna get in between  
So i keep my eye wide on the New York crime side  
It's 33 reasons why i'm just too fly  
My ora stay beaming indigo blue feeding off ya soul  
Fool beating off the pro tools ahh  
Do what i gotta till my crew hold a lotta ones  
Momma see what i become shining on the world her son  
Told me i would be the one way before neyo  
You niggas ain't believe though now i'm bombing like my weed smoke bitch!  
Smoking on this loosie still elegant like a 2 piece  
Mister writing on my iPhone i stuffed my pockets with lose leafs  
Like loose leaves fall in autumn i turn the clock never stalled em  
Spit fire like we some sawyers they look they never saw us  
I'm painting let me do my thang yo type always bend a name or 2 that i'm 7 chains  
Bumping they music will leave stupid like heroin rather medicine  
That's to eat that proper sediment for better man  
Like a black hearse we lead and we stay ahead of them  
Edison the way the light bulbs on my head they shimmering  
If yo shit ain't lit you ain't using yo head severit  
Shoutout for the battle but none of these niggas helmets fit ughh!  
You unprepared homie you need my messages  
My flow like walking on stilts giving niggas that leverage dropping gems and shit  
Filled up inside of my penmanship peep the redder it  
We make new rules like we presidents  
I'm tryna win but in the process of a better man  
Who you better than? never me nigga i got synonym  
Stay anonymous only few niggas conspire with  
Spitting higher shit that boom bap lyrical scientist  
People trying it tell em conquer their whole environment  
Yo tv lying man flip egg brain and they frying it  
Devine, illuminated fire spinning 3 eyes  
Creating my reality since a nigga was knee high  
See i, come through and always handle my B.I  
Rock split life after death shouts to B.I  
G.I Puppies up in heavens with the angels  
Leave them niggas on ankles sting them niggas like a bee hive  
We are street kings similar to T.I  
We are 3 kings gifted on the M.I  
C.I see why niggas hate cuz we up

Mad as shit cuz they down  
I would hate to be y'all  
My gun would make you revolve  
I got 8, 38's increase the murder rates  
I send niggas to pearly gates  
I Know magic my gun would make you levitate  
Hit you with the shotty catch a body then we celebrate

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>