

## 3 Men At Chung King

Chubb Rock

Check it out...

Verse one: red hot lover lover tone

The pen hits the paper, ink spills and fills, the lines  
With lyrics that thrills like my dillz  
Take it on the grilled cheese tour, then I drop it  
Don't care about the niggaz cause the girls are gonna jock it  
Take her to my hotel, no speaking, just freaking  
Leave my door open so the niggaz can come peak in  
Rip the nappy dug out niggaz bug out with the hopes  
They can get theirs, but in the meantime they takin notes  
Here comes my kid, here comes my kid (ahhhhh)  
But I caught him in the rubber lid, huh  
Chitty chitty bang bang, gotta go gotta go  
The hoe is in a coma so I tippy tippy toe  
Walkin in the dark (tripped) slipped on my shoe  
(arrrrgh!! ohh shit!!) [tone is that you? ]  
Damn, more fornication  
Puba take the mic 'cause I'm here for the duration

Verse two: grand puba

Before I get this wreck I usually start with a 40  
But forties are no more 'cause now I'm drinkin 64's  
Call on grand puba, chubb rock if you want it done  
Hon spread the 411 as if her name was kaity chung  
Into devil bashing, always stay in fashion  
Love maxing and relaxing, hittin skins with a passion  
As a shorty I kept some dice I banked on seven or eleven  
'cause my pops had it hard similar to james evans  
Now shit flipped, I'm on the hip-hop  
To the beat you don't stop, rock on!  
I kick the new type of lingo, hit the spot that'll tingle  
Make the girls wanna jingle, so they run and get the single  
My simple task is to make you shake that ass  
On the quick fast, and to make it last  
It's just three men at chung king getting busy  
We've come a long way since kunta kintizzy  
And you don't stop, rock on  
Chubb rock flip the script 'cause I'm gone

Verse three: chubb rock

Yippi-yi-yeah, stay, hooray, yo, hurrah  
I jumped up upon the mic with the chubbster, tone, plus the pu-ba  
Intricately go far  
Chillin in the mansion, nuff fashion (ahhh)  
Relax, and dig into the track and react  
I want a martin luther riff 'cause I don't like to pack my iron  
Watchin kids on the corner buyin, gettin zooted then lyin  
Test and I commence, to firing  
One two three shots and then I tune the black watch  
Reclean my cylinder and then I grab my crotch  
And squeeze, the testes and then I grab my wood and cup it  
Oh there goes the nut I just busted  
Get myself together, 'cause I'm the man

I knew it, I wanted to do a duet with the grand  
Mystic ruler took the 40 out of the cooler  
Now we're rippin the track, we shoulda did one sooner  
And then we roll up on the groove field assist the team  
And now I'm straighter than 9:15  
Get a little dough for this three man skit  
I'll end the jam with a curse

Uhh, umm fuck?  
Or is it damn? or what?

Shit. and slide out of the vocal booth and get a dollar chung king soda  
Grand puba, tone, plus now we're over and we're out