

Two Three

Master P

I ball like I'm two-three
Bitch I hustle like I'm two-three
I'm on the block like two-three
Bitch I'm back, y'all niggas remember me?
I ball like I'm two-three
Nigga hustle like two-three
I'm on the block like two-three
Now I'm back bitch, y'all remember me?

Michael Jordan of the street shit
So hard, showed you niggas how to eat, bitch
Twenty-three on my muthafuckin' pinky finger
Twenty-three million on the mansion, what you thinkin'?
Pussy nigga, you gon' stop me?
Fake nigga ain't make me
Twenty-three years old when I got rich
Twenty-three thousand, spend it on an outfit
Versace know me by my muthafuckin' first name
Twenty-three grand, on my fuckin' chain
Twenty-three on muthafuckin' Forbes, nigga
Twenty-three exotic cars in the garage, nigga

Drop from the line, my tongue hang out of my mouth
People rush in the trap, my niggas runnin' 'em out
My lil whoa wanna ball, he keep ski-masking off cars
Holidays around the corner, sold a fake key to his dawg
See me in that Mpisane, bitch I knock out your noodle
Bought my whoa a Camaro, all my bitches Sahara
I got that make you disappear money, abracadabra
Niggas up in the rafters, it's the Heat verse the Raptors
We sit with the owners, yeah there go those rappers
I don't need no tickets, trap jump like it's Blake Griffin
I'm worth fifty tickets, pussy don't make no difference

[Hook]