Two Three

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' first name 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]

Master P