

## Welcome to Thr33 Ringz

T-Pain

Nappy boy!  
whoo!  
Uh-uh, uh-uh, uh-uh, uh-huh  
Thr33 Ringz  
Yeah, we the class clowns jump shoot  
3rd time around dawg.  
If I was just to step in the ring  
& outta the box  
Would everybody be on my  
Or will I stop?  
Say hello to my little friend, hey  
Styles change up like lil kim face  
I let my heat swing T-Pain so actin' homie  
The way the beat bump niggas try to get proactiv on me, damn  
But I done cleared the rumors  
Everything in the open  
Now you know how big the room is  
Tell em what the truth is  
They can't handle it  
They think a nigga slicker than a mayonnaise sandwich  
But they be like g-g-g-god damn it, pause  
This nigga pocket fatter than Santa Claus,  
This nigga career big like some granny drawers  
Hadda get a piano to put his grammy on  
Yeah, ferrari, bentley, escalade, beamer, mini-coop, cut the ch  
ecks, let's get paid fuck a bitch, make it rain, lamborghini  
I gon' cover shit up like a transfer-tini  
I give a damn if you seen me I'm a did what I does  
I ain't doin shit wrong like I'm kissin' my cousin  
I know you wanna hear somethin different.  
Ain't you tired of his shit?  
Ain't you curious about this shit?  
Even if you picked this shit up from a distance at least stand  
still for a second and listen.  
I'm tellin' you now it ain't a thing  
I got the bling bling of a rapper but I sing  
So Welcome To Thr33 Ringz