

## Mr. 3000

Tony Yayo

Mr. 3000  
It's mr. 3000  
Yea, yea, yea

Popping on the highway  
Share courses with those that didn't make it  
My eyes all faded  
Grim reaper when I'm waving the tec  
I'll leave you deeper than the national debt  
Yea, yea, cleeko and rose till our guts explode  
Cuban cigars, spanish villa, baddest hoe  
Yea, call me mr. 3000  
My weed, a pretty hairstyle on pradlan  
Slip past the border and shoot a custom agent  
Tendo behind me so my trunk is fragrant  
Uh, gettin money is my occupation  
Try to stop me, board game operation  
My crazy nigerians I'll lay you down  
Chopper hit a chopper black hawk down  
See my mind is like a crime encyclopedia  
It's hard to make it to heaven the devil keep g'ing ya  
And if these labels ain't seeing ya  
The dope is in the boyarife you splurge when we reing up  
Pretty bitch and she tripping off the papa smurfs  
Pop 2 in the coupe she lifting up her skirt  
I put ya dick in the dirt she ain't fuck machina  
44 raging bull, robert deniro  
Loyalty over greed hoe niggaz die slow  
Yo michael told me I don't ever trust a frito  
4-10 with the tayo  
It's like saving private ryan in my hood bro  
Yaaa, 100 bottles it look like god coming  
Highway to heaven when the work come in  
Koneba, tony in that hot tub  
I ice turn her to bonitain this dope cause  
Connect on the phone he say hello  
I need a tan of pale yellow  
That really mean he got that tan and that yellow  
Sugar hill shit rob melo  
10 bricks right off a furlow  
Blunt ashes of rozay,  
Marc jacobs all white girls from norway, foreplay  
3 wheels on a caddy  
Bad bitch on her back her ass like damn  
And, fuck a connect I need a coke farmer  
And a man made submarine underwater

I told y'all niggaz man  
Mr. 3000