

# Three

## Future & Young Thug

Peter Piper picker, I never kept her  
Peter Piper pepper, we never kept 'em  
Yeah I got more bracelets on than you got chains, bro  
Me and my dawg's dope came in on the same boat  
Whippin' the same dope, I put the bitch in the eighth stroke  
Right out the ghetto, too rap for the letto, yeah  
Caught my first body out in Bentley Coupe, yeah  
Ten real murders from my Migos, yeah  
Rock the Cuban link, top of my knees (yeah, yeah)  
Ostrich seats, bite your sleeves (yeah, yeah)  
Trippin', I'm like a referee up with these gators (yeah)  
Trip on my spot, it was no more basic cable (yeah)  
I mixed some Act with some yellow Tuss like a Laker (yeah)  
Three shot 'em like a mothafuckin' Pacer (Southside, yeah, yeah)  
Never lose like my mothafuckin' McGregor, ya heard? (Yeah)  
Inside the whips come red like ketchurp (Yeah)  
Count this money up with glasses like a mixer (Yeah)  
Codeine laboratory like on Dexter  
Bad yellow skin, Philippine  
Envious and gin never win  
Chrome, hard lens, help me sin  
Hit him in his back, South Central  
Made a lot of M's right from sinnin'  
Ready to smoke the pen by my women  
I prefer the shrimp, tired of chicken  
Ever saw me limp? That's  
I got more rings than you got hoes, bro  
I bought my BM a Bentley with the wings, yeah  
I let my kids fly private I'm Supreme, yeah  
Real killers move in silent, take that clean batch, yeah  
I want the one with the real hair  
I'm out the jungle, a real bear  
Put a chinchilla on anywhere  
I'm out that zoo, zoo, zoo  
I'm a gorilla, ape, nigga, ain't ate  
Ain't fantasize for all you niggas in yellow tape, yeah  
'Cause these niggas, they ain't loyal, they been chillin' with the ops  
Doe Boy came in that 450 Spyder straight from off the block  
Had to throw my crack a few times, don't fuck with or with no cop  
Check on Google, I'm out my noodle  
I feed shrimps to all my shooters  
Ayy my bitch a bad bitch, so I turned her to a recruiter

I'm a real assassin, quarter M for a back end  
Shawty got real sassy when I gave her that Patek  
If I bust it down today she'll never go back average  
So much Chanel I might as well open up my own store  
Used to use these belts as pillows, sleepin' on floors  
Original BMG nigga, yeah the Feds know  
I'm the richest nigga came from Lil' Mexico  
If you ever catch me limpin', 'cause I'm a pimp  
Chrome helps me see the haters, I can't see 'em  
Gotta keep 10 mil' stashed under my hoe's bed  
And I gotta keep some ice like a meth head

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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