

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 limp', '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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