

# Three Kings (feat. Dyce Payne)

## The Lox

Dyce Payne]

They gone say the same thing (bout' us)  
It's always been the same thing (bout' us)  
We gone stay the same way  
Never will we ever change  
You fuckin' with the three kings King ever lasted, in the money and fashion  
Champagne and good weed smokes my passion  
Whoever makin' the plate, I need the biggest ration  
I get the type of headaches that'll melt down aspirin  
Wakin' up gasping, dancing with the devil breaking bread witAnnotateh assassins  
Pain when I'm laughing  
Boss shit, I shoot the office you put your staff in  
Enjoy now, cause in the future you'll be a has been  
King of the four-five dirty niggas that all ride  
You don't want a bullet in your mouth like fluoride  
Louch, Kiss and I let a bullet or a sword fly  
Kings of the slums front line when it's war time  
Hold up! Checkmate king me  
L-O-X see the treasure that it bring me?  
Fifty large in the carry on  
You ain't reach our level yet nigga carry on  
One hit wonderama, then you grow out of them niggas like your old pajamas  
Talk about us on your little block  
She can't call so she text while she suckin' cock  
I don't give a fucka' what your hood say  
You barley made one-hundred dollars on a good day  
Always keep that metal on my hip  
And my hand and feet work is even better don't trip  
Royaly at it's finest, might as well address me as your highness  
Loyal, barz, pure flyness, we been the same way since we was minors  
A1 respect from the jump start, for fact we pumped hard and dumped hard  
Straight from the palace to the junk yard  
A lot of times a king is your trump card  
All eyes on, hustle till the pie's gone  
Integrity is something we can't compromise on  
Never change the three letter acronym  
L-O-X, the streets still backin' em'  
Three kings

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>

