

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