

## Three 6 Mafia f/ Lil Jon, Project Pat "What Cha Starin At"

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\* second single

(DJ Paul, Juicy J, & Frayser Boy in studio thinking up  
hook, beat in background)

What'cha starin' at?

I'm not a mirror

What'cha starin' at?

I'm not a mirror

What'cha starin' at?

I'm not a mirror

What'cha starin' at son?

What'cha starin' at?

(Yeah, we got it!)

What'cha starin' at son?

What'cha starin' at?

(Beat starts, Intro, Lil Jon)

Yeah, I see ya pussy nigga (I see ya)

I see all y'all pussy niggas! (I see y'all fuck niggas!)

Checkin' us out and shit (Yeah!)

Nigga always wanna hate on a motherfuckin' nigga

(Always fuckin' hatin')

Cause a nigga got these ho's, ya know I'm talkin' bout?

(I got 'em all)

Got these five golds in my mouth (Yean' know!?)

Smokin' that good weed

And I got plenty motherfuckin money!

(DJ Paul)

Project Pat!

Three 6 Mafia!

Lil Jon!

Hypnotize Minds!

(Hook, Lil Jon)

What'cha starin' at!?

I ain't a mirror! (What'chu lookin' at!?)

What'cha starin' at!?

I ain't a mirror! (What'chu lookin' at!?)

What'cha starin' at, nigga

What'cha starin' at!? (What'chu starin' at!?)  
What'cha starin' at, nigga  
What'cha starin' at!? (What'chu starin' at!?)

What'cha starin' at!?  
I ain't a mirror! (What'chu lookin' at!?)  
What'cha starin' at!?  
I ain't a mirror! (What'chu lookin' at!?)  
What'cha starin' at, nigga  
What'cha starin' at!? (What'chu starin' at!?)  
What'cha starin' at, nigga  
What'cha starin' at!? (What'chu starin' at!?)

(Verse 1, Project Pat)  
Project Pat-ah  
Pistol pack-ah  
Skull crack-ah  
In the V.I.P, buyin' Goose like a trap-ah  
Green smoke-ah  
Purple Kush blunt roll-ah  
Always needin' change, I'm a big-face fold-ah  
Dope holdin'  
Fourty-four is enforcin'  
A punk tried me once  
Flippin' baileys like a horse-man  
What'cha lookin' at boy? As I'm walkin' by  
In the club, in my face  
Bout to blow my high  
Pop the pill  
While you muggin, I'm groovin  
'Less you wanna die  
My nigga, keep it movin'  
Cause we shoot first  
And ask questions la-terr  
Have ya skull leakin'  
Like a busted tomat-errr

(Hook)

(Verse 2, Juicy J)  
Err'body in my clique, we dra-a-ank  
Err'body in my clique, got ba-a-ank  
Err'body in my clique, we ba-a-all  
Gold teeth niggas comin' straight from North No-o-orth  
"Everyday We Hustlin", just like Rick Ro-o-oss  
Err'day we strugglin, and err'day we sno-o-ort  
These niggas can't fuck wit' my hood, we de-e-EEP  
The last thing ya see, is the bottom of my fe-e-eet

(DJ Paul)  
Now let the fame begin

I'm born and bred off in the City of Sin  
The dirty dime, whoadi, Memphis Ten.  
When my niggas get dough  
Stuff the white up they nose  
Take the kush, break down  
Sprinkle in Cigarillos  
When my homies ride high, wit' the bump  
Err-eh, bad sometimes might ride wit' a body, err-eh  
Back, then we clinged in the club  
Outside ain't jokin'  
In the parkin' lot, outcomes, what'cha smokin?

(Hook)

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