

## **three six mofia**

### **"whatcha know"**

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Typed by raycerx1@aol.com

Juicy J (Big Gipp):Yeah yeah yeah

Three 6 Mafia (Here it is)Know what I'm sayin'Goodie  
Mob (Triple Six Mafia)

ATL (Big Gipp)M town connection (Man)What you know  
about that?

(You can't ask fo' no mo')What you know? What you  
know?(I'ma hit ya back)

What you know?

Chorus:

DJ Paul & Big Gipp [together] (2x)

What you know? What you know?'Bout the B's bout that  
O

'Bout these streets, 'bout this 9'Bout these niggaz doin'  
time

What you know? What you know?Bout the kickin' in the  
do'

Layin' cuckers on the flo'Gettin' low down with the  
dopeLord Infamous:

In Memphis, I'm a felonist, don't fuck with ghetto  
presidents

Run up in your residence, gather all the evidence

Murder list is specialist, clickin' on this medicine

Unloadin' a Tec in this, hang you by your neck-a-lace

All in for the blessedness, Lord Infamous reck-a-less

Mobbin', I'm the messiest, best, there is no testin' this

Hellraiser, I'm hookin' 'em, four star chef, I'm cookin' 'em

Like that, now I'm bookin' 'em, slash they eyes out look at 'em

Crunchy Black:

What you know about killaz, what you know about dealers

What you know about niggaz that live fake, know I'm for real-a

What you know about bitches, what you know about clickin'

One in the chamber so nigga now you know I'm out to get ya

What you know about reobbin', what you know about mobbin'

Mobbin' all through the hood nigga doin' my job 'n

I ain't tryin' to be starvin', I'm just leg over barbin'

Poppin' shots at your head, nigga doin' my job 'n

Chorus:

DJ Paul & Big Gipp [together] (2x)Juicy J:

Juciy always be gamin', keep that roast to the flame 'n

Slangin' dope in the Grove, all the way to Black Haven

Call your boy on the cell, if you want somethin', hail

We got prostitutes and whitey-white just tryin' to make mail

Have you been to the North, Memphis where I be stayin'

Where them golds, they be shinin', nothin' but smiles on they faces

Always stumblin', rumblin', keep the freaky hoes comin'

If they wanna suck the dick, we put that nut in they stomach

DJ Paul:

Ain't no problem that's to big, nigga fucked up 'bout no task

Two of them coloreds with them masks, sawed-off pumps for mega-blast

Forty-thousand, one in the chamber, buck artila for gettin' his own man

Nigga I'm my own man, never catch me runnin' from no man

It's so strange, the look on you face that does not bring

Or brings it to doors lane, put blood on your close lane

Your eyes be like closin', hoes from head to toes 'n

Fuck 'round with the chosen, got you stiff like posin'

Chorus:

DJ Paul & Big Gipp [together, Big Gipp sings] (2x)Big Gipp (Juicy J):

Don't give a fuck, I'm stayin' slizzard

Tough like chicken gizzards, strickly 'Cardi, wizard

Pill popper, afro, straight blowedCorner coves, what I'm talkin', what you know

'Bout that girl, 'bout that boy, keep that nose itchin'

Skin scrachin', junkies steady bitchin'

I can't feel it, nigga please, stop that actin', cough it up

4 for the 5, is what I'm sellin', sawed-off 12 'n started bailin'

Kickin' do's, snatchin' clothes, catchin' hoes, gettin' cases

Sittin' in the country thinkin' about my money on

vacation

This for the ones that love the club pop, sip-sip

Gipp dip, In a ho, in the jail, rollin' crip

Keep it crackin', keep it throwed, who shot first, nobody  
knows

How it goes, what you know, 'bout these streets I'm  
down fo'(ATL

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