

"Three 6 Mafia,Lil' Flip" "Don't Cha Get Mad [Explicit Album Version]"

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You know we gotta do one for all these niggaz
Out here sideline hatin' y'knowhatl'msayin'
Don't get mad 'cause a nigga straight up
Out the paint shop or car wash or the car lot or what not

Feelin' mean on the scene wit a pocket full of green
y'knowhatl'msayin'
And any one of y'all hoes think a nigga gon' give 'em
Somethin' I can't give ya shit but this dick in ya
muthafuckin' mouth
And ya muthafuckin' hole and you gotta reach me
somethin'

For that ho' 'cause I ain't for free bitch
Pay whatcha muthafuckin' weigh

I pull up clean in my black fuckin' truck
Rims still spinnin' so you know I'm cuttin' up
I'm ridin' down the street bumpin' nothin' but us
I spotted me a freak, she was 'bout to catch a buzz

I asked her what's her name baby it could be love
But you know ya boy don't fuck wit nothin' but sluts
The ones that make money and stack them bucks
A bank for that cap and a bank for that butt, slut

Nigga, I'll tell yo gal she can suck on this big ol' dick
And won't be fucked up 'bout it if she pay her rent to a
pimp
And in the public's eyes she can be legit be my bitch
At the shake junt, she gotta work a trick get the grip

Never no back talkin' 'cause I call her jack backhand
slap
She come up short wit' money baby then I snap wit' a
strap
She gotta let these hoes know who the shit runnin' this
And you just might have to throw some blows take a hit
wit' the fist

Don't cha get mad when I swerve and I twist
Ridin', ridin' down yo block I got my charm out the

window

Don't cha get mad when I swerve and I twist
I ain't braggin' on myself but I deserve this miss

Don't cha get mad when I swerve and I twist
Ridin', ridin' down yo block I got my charm out the
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Don't cha get mad when I swerve and I twist
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I'm swervin', I'm twistin' from side to side
I got that iron right on my side
Them 20-inch vogues wit' the yellow stripes
A 'rillo rolled up wit' some of that light

The 360 turn on the fold down screens
Turn it all the way around and watch it from the front
seat
The knock in the back got the trunk on rattle
Them hoes flockin' to my whip thick like cattle

Hey, you better put that money in my hand
I was born to be a mack not yo' muhfuckin' man
You mad 'cause I hit cha ho me and her split cha dough
Why you actin' surprised, I know you heard this shit
befo'

Me and Quint pushin', Vettes smokin' dro', no stress
One tech two glocks infra red no vests
I clock dollaz and pop collaz for a livin'
I'm at Pressure World every time I hit Memphis

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