

Three 6 Mafia "Don't Cha Get Mad"

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You know we gotta do one for all these niggaz
Out here sideline hatin', y'knowhat I'm sayin'?
Don't get mad 'coz a nigga straight up
Out the paint shop or the car lot or what not

Feelin' mean on the scene wit a pocket full of green
Y'knowhat I'm sayin'? An' 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 an' ya
muthafuckin' hole

An' you gotta reach me somethin' for that, ho'
'Coz I ain't for free, bitch
Pay what cha muthafuckin' weigh

I pull up clean in my black fuckin' truck
My 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 an' stack them bucks
A bank for that cap an' a bank for that butt

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

An' never no back talkin' 'coz 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
An' you just might have to throw some blows
Take a hit wit the fist

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

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

Don't cha get mad when I swerve an' 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 an' 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 an' watch it from the front
seat
The knock in the back, get 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' muh' fuckin' man
You mad 'coz I hit cha, ho, me an' her split cha dough
Why you actin' surprised, I know you heard this shit
before?

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

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