

## Three 6 Mafia "Fuck What U Heard"

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Yeah, nigga, this shit still goes on  
Punk, motherfuckas  
I want you to listen to every  
Motherfuckin' word in this song, bitch

'Cause this is directly to you, hoe  
You motherfuckin' in the face ass  
Cross this nigga, fuck y'all  
This for you nigga, bitch

Fuck what u heard  
Fuck what u heard about me, nigga  
Fuck what u heard

Fuck what u heard about me, nigga  
Fuck what u heard  
Fuck what u heard about me, nigga  
Step up to these killas, feel the fuckin' trigger

Fuck what you heard if ya ain't heard this  
That I roll wid a group ah niggas quick to throw fits  
Quick to go get, quick to go rob him a bitch  
Quick to go lay down some platinum hits

I'm tired of you bitches go runnin' y'all mouth  
Talkin' about, we ain't really keepin' it South  
I put the gun in yo' mouth and blow ya motherfuckin'  
brains out  
Fuck what you heard and it just no doubt, nigga

Niggas like to gossip like some bitches  
They down be round they bitches  
'Cause they bitches groupie bitches  
And since I cut Three 6 these bitches wanna claim my  
dick

We throwin' hits, they throwin' fits  
These bitches need to quit, they wanna be down wid it  
But these niggas won't admit it, they droppin' to they  
knees  
They beggin' please to be a 6

You niggas on my dirt  
I smack you like a bird  
Because you fulla sherm  
And by the way, fuck what u heard, boy

Fuck what u heard  
Fuck what u heard about me, nigga  
Fuck what u heard  
Fuck what u heard about me, nigga  
Step up to these killas, feel the fuckin' trigger

My nigga, fuck it what you heard  
You need to find out the truth  
Or get ya guns  
And come and test this hundred ninety proof

Pounds and silent spotted  
Nuthin' but tickets in my wallet  
All these hatas got me scopin' man  
They still can't stop it for sure

There's crosses all up in this shit  
Crosses all up in my click  
Got most of them crosses out  
But still I got a few to get

Those who used to be wid me like  
Hope that boy ahead and he fall  
Sick ah hearin' from they dog  
Man, you need some beats from Paul

Never happy, keep on rappin'  
Tryna live as good as me  
Just bought my crib for a half a mil  
My life complete

I guess that's why they dis like  
And claim my shit wouldn't twirk  
Tryna make them locals come above me  
But it didn't work

I got you bitches hot  
(Hot)  
You hopin' that I stop  
(Stop)  
I'm ten years in the game  
Wid out a fuckin' clock  
(Clock)

It's like I hear me  
And it's like I don't hear me

I guess I get bad off in these streets  
While they bail off

I was born up in the ghetto streets  
Always learn to pack the heat  
Call me on my cellular phone  
If you want that work from me

Cowards like to talk and plan  
Point some fingers say some names  
Nigga, if you claim you buck  
Handle ya fuckin' business, man

I been rollin' from the start  
Always snatch a coward car  
Evergreen is where I'm from  
Sippin' on the syrup we slum

In the night we smoke and light  
At the club we start a fight  
When we pimpin' on yo' bitch  
We show them golds and flash the ice

Fuck what u heard  
Fuck what u heard about me, nigga  
Fuck what u heard  
Fuck what u heard about me, nigga  
Step up to these killas, feel the fuckin' trigger

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