

## **Three 6 Mafia "That's Right"**

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Despite what you heard or what you saw  
When you look at me man you see hardcore  
A real street hood nigga wish a nigga would nigga  
I can give a damn what you think about it all

If you think I'm crazy, that's right  
If you think I'm lazy, you're damn right  
'Cause it don't really matter what you think about me  
Nigga fuck you baby, that's right

996 got my hands on my first milla-lies  
Sold 7 damn near and a quarter bill  
Enemies close but my .45's closer  
You can be the starter but I'ma be the closer

Tell me what these haters say and tell me what these  
haters talk  
I reside in mansions, they don't, it ain't my fault  
Half of the shit I do, I do it just to make these suckers  
mad  
And the rides they claimin' to get, already had

10 dollars tees but the G's fifteen hundred  
Your lifetime dreams and I already done it  
Plus I done it with your wife, she said I made her night  
But I didn't hit her back 'cause her mouth wasn't right  
Train your bitch nigga!

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Yessir, everybody in my click, we jank  
Everybody in my click, goddamn  
Everybody in my click, we ball  
Cold teeth niggas coming straight from North Naw

Every day we hustlin' just like Rick Ross  
Every day we're strugglin' and every day snuff  
These niggas can't fuck with my hood, we dee  
The last thing you see is the bottom of my feet

And I don't give a damn my nig, I'm a fool, I'm a fool  
Get to fuckin' round here, shoulda knew, shoulda knew  
Hit a crack and you're dead, what it do, what it do  
And underneath the seat is the heat, I'ma shoot, I'ma  
shoot

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Fuck you baby, fuck you baby, fuck you baby, that's  
right  
Fuck you baby, fuck you baby, fuck you baby, that's  
right  
Fuck you baby, fuck you baby, fuck you baby, that's  
right  
Fuck you baby, fuck you baby, fuck you baby, that's  
right

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