

## Three 6 Mafia "What Cha Starin' At"

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(feat. Young Jeezy, Lil' Jon & Project Pat)

Yeah i see you pussy niggas (i see ya)  
I see all yall pussy niggas (i see all you f\*\*ken niggas)  
Checken us out and shit(yeah)  
Nigga always wanna hate on mutha f\*\*ken  
nigga(always f\*\*ken haten)  
Cause a nigga got theses hoes (know what I'm talken  
about)I got em all  
Got these five golds in my mouth(yeey know)  
Im smoken that good weed  
And i got plenty of mutha f\*\*ken money(f\*\*k nigga)

[Chrous: x2]

Whatcha starin at i aint mirror(whatcha lookin at)  
Whatcha starin at i aint mirror(whatcha lookin at)  
Whatcha starin at nigga watcha starin at(watcha starin  
at)  
Whatcha starin at nigga watcha starin at(watcha starin  
at)

Project pata pistol packa skull craka  
In the vip buying goose like a choppa  
Green smoka purple cush blunt rolla  
Always needen change I'm a big face folda  
Dope holden 44 is enforcen  
A punk tried me once left him headless like a  
horsemen(horsemen)  
Watcha lookin at boy as I'm walkin by  
in the club in my face bout to blow my high  
pop the pill why you mugen and I'm grooven  
unless you wanna die my nigga keep it movin  
Cause we shoot first and ask questions later  
Had your skull leaking like a busted tomater

[Chrous: x2]

Whatcha starin at i aint mirror(whatcha lookin at)  
Whatcha starin at i aint mirror(whatcha lookin at)  
Whatcha starin at nigga watcha starin at(watcha starin  
at)  
Whatcha starin at nigga watcha starin at(watcha starin  
at)

Every body in my click we dra- a -ank  
Every body in my click got ba -a -ank  
Everybody in my click we ba -a -all  
Gold teeth niggas comin strait from no -o -orth  
Every day we hustlin just like rick ro -o -oss  
Every day we strugglin and every day we snu -u -ull  
These niggas can't f\*\*k my hood we de -e -eep  
The last thing youll see is the bottom of my fe -e -eet

Now let my fame begin I'm born and breed up in the  
city of sin  
The dirty dime know that memphis ten

where my niggas get doe stuffed it right up their nose  
Take the cush break down sprinkle it sacred loads  
Where the homies ride high with the bump (eveerp)  
back  
sometimes might ride with a body (eveerp) back  
when we clinked in the club outside aint jokin  
In the parkin lot our guns (eveerp) broken (broken)

[Chrous: x2]  
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