

Three 6 Mafia "Whatcha Know"

Visit "[Whatcha Know](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Big Gipp)
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Three 6 Mafia
(Here it is)
Know what I'm sayin'
Goodie Mob
(Triple Six Mafia)
ATL

(Big Gipp)
M-town connection
(Man)
What you know about that?
(You can't ask fo' no mo')
What you know?
What you know?
(I'ma hit ya back)
What you know?

What you know? What you know?
'Bout the B's, 'bout that O
'Bout these streets, 'bout this 9
'Bout these niggaz doin' time

What you know? What you know?
'Bout the kickin' in the do'
Layin' suckers on the flo'
Gettin' low down with the dope

What you know? What you know?
'Bout the B's, 'bout that O
'Bout these streets, 'bout this 9
'Bout these niggaz doin' time

What you know? What you know?
'Bout the kickin' in the do'
Layin' suckers on the flo'
Gettin' low down with the dope

In Memphis, I'm a felonist, don't fuck with ghetto
presidents
Run up in your residence, gather all the evidence

Murder list is specialist, clickin' on this medicine
Unloadin' a Tec in this, hang you by your neck-a-lace

All in for the blessedness, Lord infamous reck-a-less
Mobbin', I'm the messiest, best, there is no testin' this
Hellraiser, I'm hookin' 'em, four star chef, I'm cookin'
'em

Like that, now I'm bookin' 'em, slash they eyes out look
at 'em

What you know about killaz, what you know about
dealers?

What you know about niggaz that live fake? Know I'm
for real-a

What you know about bitches, what you know about
clickin'?

One in the chamber so nigga now you know I'm out to
get ya

What you know about robbin', what you know about
mobbin'?

Mobbin' all through the hood nigga doin' my job 'n
I ain't tryin' to be starvin', I'm just leg over barbin'
Poppin' shots at your head, nigga doin' my job 'n

What you know? What you know?

'Bout the B's, 'bout that O

'Bout these streets, 'bout this 9

'Bout these niggaz doin' time

What you know? What you know?

'Bout the kickin' in the do'

Layin' suckers on the flo'

Gettin' low down with the dope

What you know? What you know?

'Bout the B's, 'bout that O

'Bout these streets, 'bout this 9

'Bout these niggaz doin' time

What you know? What you know?

'Bout the kickin' in the do'

Layin' suckers on the flo'

Gettin' low down with the dope

Juciy always be gamin', keep that roast to the flame 'n
Slangin' dope in the Grove, all the way to Black Haven
Call your boy on the cell, if you want somethin', hail
We got prostitutes and whitey-white just tryin' to make
mail

Have you been to the North, Memphis where I be stayin'
Where them golds, they be shinin', nothin' but smiles
on they faces
Always stumblin', rumblin', keep the freaky hoes comin'
If they wanna suck the dick, we put that nut in they
stomach

Ain't no problem that's to big, nigga fucked up 'bout no
task
Two of them coloreds with them masks, sawed-off
pumps for mega-blast
Forty-thousand, one in the chamber, buck artila for
gettin' his own man
Nigga I'm my own man, never catch me runnin' from no
man

It's so strange, the look on you face that does not bring
Or brings it to doors lane, put blood on your close lane
Your eyes be like closin', hoes from head to toes 'n
Fuck 'round with the chosen, got you stiff like posin'

What you know? What you know?
'Bout the B's, 'bout that O
'Bout these streets, 'bout this 9
'Bout these niggaz doin' time

What you know? What you know?
'Bout the kickin' in the do'
Layin' suckers on the flo'
Gettin' low down with the dope

What you know? What you know?
'Bout the B's, 'bout that O
'Bout these streets, 'bout this 9
'Bout these niggaz doin' time

What you know? What you know?
'Bout the kickin' in the do'
Layin' suckers on the flo'
Gettin' low down with the dope

Don't give a fuck, I'm stayin' slizzard
Tough like chicken gizzards, strickly 'Cardi, wizard
Pill popper, afro, straight blowed
Corner coves, what I'm talkin', what you know

'Bout that girl, 'bout that boy, keep that nose itchin'
Skin scrachin', junkies steady bitchin'
I can't feel it, nigga please, stop that actin', cough it up
4 for the 5, is what I'm sellin', sawed-off 12 'n started
bailin'

Kickin' do's, snatchin' clothes, catchin' hoes, gettin'
cases
Sittin' in the country thinkin' about my money on
vacation
This for the ones that love the club pop, sip-sip
Gipp dip, In a ho, in the jail, rollin' crip

Keep it crackin', keep it throwed, who shot first
Nobody knows
How it goes, what you know, 'bout these streets
I'm down fo'
(ATL)

Visit [Three 6 Mafia](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.