

Triple 6 Mafia "Jealous Ass Bitches"

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[DJ Paul]

Jealous, jealous, jealous, jealous ass bitches!

Jealous ass bitches!

Jea, Jea, jealous ass bitches! jealous ass bitches!

[Chorus - repeat 4X]

Draped up and dripped out, know what I'm talkin bout

Jealous ass bitches, let that steam out ya collar ho!

[DJ Paul]

My killas and playas

We gotta hear the speaker upon a certain subject tho

These niggas hata so they talk shit bout us to our hoes

They talk shit tryna put salt in our peeing

These niggas being

Some hating bitches but not seein

We goin after you enemies

Anger is all in me

Graspin another clip

Infared and feel these

Cross outs

Or get tossed out

On that pizzacks

Slammed to the pavement

For a fizz (JEALOUS!)

Never really cool wit me

Hoes ya gotta put em up

Backstabbers and downers hold ya down but bitch im

bout some commers

Puttin them guns up

For ya lame

Take no charges for ya man

Toe to toe witch a hoe

No problem man we can swang bang Bitch!

[ScareCrow]

Well I be damned

Its ScareCrow, and Goddy Cally, Tomontana and Hafa

We choppin off ones on these fuckin ass bitches cuz

they ain't got shit else to offer, Baraka

I'm only 5'5" so I love when they call me Lil' Poppa

I can't get a post, the copper so close

Less evil down here by tha dock cuz they think they
some coners
But in a lil while you fuck niggas gone need some
blood doners
We ridin through India launcher
Put dirt in they launcher
They dead on the corner we comin real loca
I tell ya the nigs in my click man we comin real loca
They stayin real blow on tha snow
Always Coca Cola... but not the kind in the can
The kind in the drank cooler or in the drink stand
These niggas got faith in they strap like a crucifix
Run on there knees like the purist christian
And niggas in mafia land do not give a damn matter
you penny or brands
We dont have to been that great cuz its no smoking the
store Kalicofalilo? check yo collar

[Chorus 2X]

[Gangsta Boo]

A nova gettin money lendin niggas pimp by the Boo
They want me to smile but steady I frown
Aint nothin but gangsta up in me fool
For what its worth im takin you bitches main
Niggaz and dollars he's whinnin diamond his lady
So let that steam out yo collar
And face reallity
You cant compare when it come to misses Boo
Cant be taking no losses from none of you project ho
bitches
I'm livin it up stayin down, tryna get what I can
From the 9-6 to 2G, I'm lovin money now man
So why you playa hatin
Ho you need to dig what I peep
You wonderin why you aint bail
Cuz you be fuckin for free
So since you hot you better let that steam up outta your
collar
I'm gettin richer and richer I love the almighty dollar

[Juicy J]

Back when I was broke
didnt nobody wanna fuck wit me
hangin wit my nigga D.
Magic in this property
snipers gaurdin niggas
wit them triggers
slangin nuttin but fruit
making junkies flip into a zone
like they on that screw

those was my itles
Dan and J. said stick to rap
cuz if you die in that shit
ima get tha gat
3 years past and I finnaly got a fuckin break
3-6 Mafia missed the styles
niggas start to hate
fo i started makin cheese
sellin tapes
underground players stay down
now they frown when I come around
but im maintaining
still drankin
hatin I cant destroy
every time I ride
All I hear is fuck witcha boy

[Chorus 2X]

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Draped up and dripped out
Jealous ass bitches, let that steam out ya collar ho!

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