

Three Six Mafia "U Got Da Game Wrong"

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Album: Choices

(Feat. Project Pat)

[Verse 1: Juicy]]

Yah, she freaky, freaky deeky, didnt ya see her in a bikini

Porno movies we got plenty, and ya know they smoke them beenies

For this chick you might be feenin, for you birshes, might be dreamin

If she stuck up, I'm like whut up? I ain't got nothin but lent and pennies

Tell yo boyfriend cut the crap-and, heard he got that fire ass capp-and

Always wearin that shiny white gold, tellin everybody its platinum

Dont you groupies hate on Juicy, actin like you never knew me

I ain't the one be droppin dollars, I'm just out to get the chewin

Now she fuckin one of my niggas, pimped the trick weak on the trigga

Watchin us on BET and, chillin wit our nigga Tigger

Why they datin, I ain't hatin, got a call from Sally Payton

Now I'm gamin on this hi-zoe, took her out real latey latey

Pushin Bentleys, ridin caddy, when she see me calls me daddy

Heard she like to chief on chronic, roll it up and hit this Cali

You fuck my bitch, I fuck yo bitch, thats the way it is in showbiz

Mane fa sho that freak you dont kiss, keep that spray for smelly fishes

[Chorus:]

I need a coach bag

Bitch you got da game wrong

I need my hair done

Bitch you got da game wrong

I wanna go out tonight
Bitch you got da game wrong
Mane thats just my friend
Bitch you got da game wrong
I need my car fixed
Bitch you got da game wrong
my baby needs some shoes
Bitch you got da game wrong
I wanna go out tonight
Bitch you got da game wrong
Mane thats just my friend
Bitch you got da game wrong

[Verse 2: DJ Paul]

Bitch, drop that purse like its hot, I'm pickin it up like its
not
Stayin fresh in brand new clothes, sponsored by my
brand new hoes
Keepin one on every block, she fuck up bust her head
with glock
When I slam cadillac do's, 17 inch vogues
On the curb, sip and serve, ask a broad "whats the
word?"
Wrong answer mean as cancer when I'm on that fuckin
bird
Runny nose and roastin hoes, kickin in them hotel do's
Gotta keep that paper right, up all night and hype off
white
Big Bizness, Bizness Big when you talkin bout pimpin
trick
Gotta keep an eye out for them bitches tryna pimp ya
dig?
In the 2 thou, manne that shit done got so popular
Push a pimp like me way back like some backwards
binoculars
But real pimps gon stay afloat like rubber ducks in
white folks tubs
Clouds creepin up above, smoke burnin from this bud
Bitch, feel it 'fore I deal it, hoe how you gon hustle me?
Im born and bred by HCP, I'll leave your blood off in
these streets! Beatch!

[Repeat Chorus]

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