

## Three Six Mafia "Whatcha Know"

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Album: When The Smoke Clears (2000)

(Feat. Big Gipp)

(Juicy J & 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?

[Chorus x2]

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' cuckers on the flo'  
Gettin' low down with the dope

(Lord Infamous)  
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

(Crunchy Black)

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 reobbin', 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

[Chorus x2]

(Juicy J)

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

(DJ Paul)

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'

[Chorus x2]

(Big Gipp & Juicy J):

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...)

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