

Don't Cha Get Mad

Three 6 Mafia

You know we gotta do one for all these niggaz out here sideline
hatin y'knowwhatI'msayin... don't get mad cause a nigga straight up
out the paint shop or car wash or the car lot or whatnot... feelin mean on
the scene wit a pocket full of green y'knowwhatI'msayin... and any one
of y'all hoes think a nigga gon give 'em somethin I can't give ya
shit but this dick in ya muthafuckin mouth and ya muthafuckin
hole and you gotta reach me somethin for that ho cause I ain't
for free bitch. pay whatcha muthafuckin weighI pull up clean in my black fuckin truck

Rims still spinnin so you know I'm cuttin up
I'm ridin down the street bumpin nothin but us
I spotted me a freak she was bout to catch a buzz
I asked her whats her name baby it could be love
But you know ya boy don't fuck wit nothin but sluts
The ones that make money and stack them bucks
A bank for that cap and a bank for that butt
SLUT!

Nigga I'll tell yo gal she can suck on this big ol' dick
And won't be fucked up bout it if she pay her rent to a pimp
And in the public's eyes she can be legit be my bitch
At the shake junt she gotta work a trick get the grip
Never no back talkin cause I call her jack backhand slap
She come up short wit money baby then I snap wit a strap
She gotta let these hoes know who the shit runnin this
And you just might have to throw some blows take a hit wit the fist
Don't cha get mad when I
swerve and I twist

Ridin ridin down yo block I got my charm out the window
Don't cha get mad when I swerve and I twist
I ain't braggin on myself but I deserve this miss
I'm swervin I'm twistin from side to side
I got that iron right on my side
Them 20-inch vogues wit the yellow stripes
A 'rillo rolled up wit some of that light
The 360 turn on the fold down screens
Turn it all the way around and watch it from the front seat
The knock in the back got the trunk on rattle
Them hoes flockin to my whip thick like cattle HEYY. you better put that money in my hand
I was born to be a mack not yo muhfuckin man
You mad cause I hit cha ho me and her split cha dough
Why you actin surprised I know you heard this shit befo'
Me and Quint pushin Vettes smokin dro no stress
One tech two glocks infra red no vests
I clock dollaz and pop collaz for a livin

I'm at Pressure World every time I hit Memphis
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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