

# Three 6 Mafia, U Got Da Game Wrong

chorus

(La chat&Juicy J)

i need a couch bag, bitch u got da game wrong, i need my hair done, hoe u got da game wrong,i need my rent paid, bitch u got da game wrong,i need my nails done, hoe u got da game wrong

verse1

(Juicy J)

Yeah she freaky freaky deeky did ya see her in a bikini  
porno movies we got plenty and you know they smoke them beanies  
for this chick you might be feanin for you virgins nuthin but dreamin  
if she stuck up i'm like wut up i aint got nuthin but lent and pennies  
tell yo boyfriend cut tha crappin heard he got that fire ass cappin  
always wearin that shiny white gold tellin everybody it's platinum  
don't you groupies hate on juicy actin like you never knew me  
aint the one be droppin dollars i'm just out ta get tha chewin  
now she fuckin one of my niggas pimp the hoe we comb tha trigga  
watchin us on b.e.t and chillin wit our nigga tigga  
why they dated i aint hatin got a call from sally payton  
now i'm gamin on this hizzoe took her out real latey latey  
pushin bently's ridin caddy's when she see me call me daddy heard she like ta  
cheef on chronic roll it up and hit this cali you fuck my bitch i fuck yo  
bitch thats the way it is in showbiz make for sho that freak you don't kiss  
keep that spray for smelly fishes.

chorus

(la chat&juicy j)

i need a couch bag, bitch u got da game wrong, i need my hair done, hoe u got da game wrong,i need my rent paid, bitch u got da game wrong,i need my nails done, hoe u got da game wrong,i need my car fixed, bitch u got da game wrong,my baby need some shoes,hoe u got da game wrong,i wanna go out tonight,bitch u got da game wrong, man he just my friend, hoe u got da game wrong.

verse2

(Dj Paul)

Bitch drop that purse like it's hot i'm pickin it up like it's not  
stayin fresh in brand new clothes sponsered by brand new hoes keepin one on  
every block she fuck up bust her head wit glock when i slam caddilac dooes 17  
inch vogues on tha curb sippin syrup askin broad whats tha word wrong answer  
mean as cancer when i'm on that fuckin burb runny nose and roastin hoes kickin  
in them hotel dooes gotta keep that paper right up all night and high off white  
big bizness bizness big when you talkin bout pimpin trick gotta keep a eye out  
for them bitches tryin ta pimp ya dig in tha 2 thou man that shit done got so  
popular push a pimp like me way back some backwards binoculars but real pimps  
gon stay afloat like rubbr ducks in white folks tubs clouds creepin up above  
smoke burnin from this bud  
bitch feel it fo i deal it hoe how you gon hustle me i'm born and bred by  
h.c.p i'll leave your blood off in these streets biatch.

chorus.....