

Three 6 Mafia, Whatcha Starin

Yeah i see you pussy niggas (i see ya)
I see all yall pussy niggas (i see all you f**ken niggas)
Checken us out and shit (yeah)
Nigga always wanna hate on mutha f**ken nigga (always f**ken haten)
Cause a nigga got theses hoers (know what im talken about) I got em all
Got these five golds in my mouth (yeey know)
Im smoken that good weed
And i got plenty of mutha f**ken money (f**k nigga)

Chrous x2

Whatcha starin at i aint mirror (whatcha lookin at)
Whatcha starin at i aint mirror (whatcha lookin at)
Whatcha starin at nigga watcha starin at (watcha starin at)
Whatcha starin at nigga watcha starin at (watcha starin at)

Project pata pistol packa skull craka
In the vip buying goose like a choppa
Green smoka purple cush blunt rolla
Always needen change im a big face folda
Dope holden 44 is enforcen
A punk tried me once left him headless like a horsemen (horsemen)
Watcha lookin at boy as im walkin by
in the club in my face bout to blow my high
pop the pill why you mugen and im grooven
unless you wanna die my nigga keep it movin
Cause we shoot first and ask questions later
Had your skull leaking like a busted tomater

Chrous x2

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Every body in my click we dra- a -ank
Every body in my click got ba -a -ank
Everybody in my click we ba -a -all
Gold teeth niggas comin strait from no -o -orth
Every day we hustlin just like rick ro -o -oss
Every day we strugglin and every day we snu -u -ull
These niggas cant f**k my hood we de -e -eep
The last thing youll see is the bottom of my fe -e -eet

Now let my fame begin im born and breed up in the city of sin
The dirty dime know that memphis ten

where my niggas get doe, stuff the white up they nose
Take the cush break down sprinkle it sacred loads
Where the homies ride high with the pump (in the) back
sometimes might ride with a body (in the) back
when we clinked in the club outside aint jokin
In the parkin lot our guns (eveerp)are smoken (smoken)

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