

Three 6 Mafia, Wonabees

Chorus: Project Pat

Wonabee wonabee
Everybody wonabee
Like a young G
Gold teeth, drinkin' Hennessy
Slang a ounce, to a bird
In the street, like the curb
Candy paint, twenty chrome
Chiefin' on green herb
(2x)

Verse 1: Gangsta Boo

I got this clout NOW!
Back in the day, I wasn't here NOW!
Since I been droppin' these verses
I'm out the head
Just like the babies wanna think I'll come home
I'm from the South blow,
I got Hypnotize gear on my body, throw on the set
Real quick, y'all squeezin' them triggers we bout to pop (pop)
Any fly lil' mama's boy, who movin' up on the block
Think you the stuff, you think you rough, boy quit playin'
Gangsta Boo know where she stay
Between the nozzle you layin'

Verse 2: Crunchy Blac

You tryna wear my shoes
You tryna wear my clothes
You tryna be like me,
I'm tryna be like you bro,
What I'm really tryna say
You got to keep it all real
You can't be takin' no deal
You gotta get you a meal
See it's hard out here,
Peeps'll end ya career
See it's hard out here
People put you in a wheelchair
I'm tryna give you a meal
I'm tryna keep it all real
See you be fakin' a deal
So I'ma let ya see how it feel

Chorus (2x)

Verse 3: Lord Infamous

Thinkin' ya ballin' this bangin'
Ya cold and ya hungry in ya sleep,
You wish that was your life
So y'all been yappin' for a chiefy
Ya greedy and fiendin' to be a happy ?sa-super chi?
But you don't think it because there's plenty
of dues to be paid, up in this industry,
Wanna come in outta nowhere bitch
I kick you on the streets then run in yo ear
And yet you end up wid that set that you claim
To ?requilinquish? your master start, playa,
I can't play yo album mack,
And everybody can't be on the same thing
And everybody can't be a known rapper

Know what I tell ya exactly

Verse 4: Juicy J

In the ghetto we got ghetto stars
Riding in a steamed up car
Lex, wid them tinted windows
Pushing down the Boulevard
In the mouth you see the grill
You face a playa cause he real
Not because he roll and smoke
Or cut some deals, for the bills
Plus I'm tryna stack some G's
Pushing weight like quarter kis
(Hey let me ride in that Lexus truck?)
Freak you betta hit your knees
Never will I save a broad
Gangsta playas comin' hard
Chickenheads get out my car
I'm leavin' frantic in the park

Chrous (2x)

Verse 5: DJ Paul

Y'all hatas ain't no killas
Y'all hatas be hoes
Cause neither one is ridin' down blastin
Wid hugs and vogues
Them boys tryna play the hard role
They get a head hole
Them boys shoulda played the smart role
And kept they ass closed
Instead ah sayin', what they saw
What I did, and who I did it to
Who else is in on it?
Who else you told?
I'm yellow paging 'em too
I had it up to here
I'm killin' this bullshit
Y'all fingers on triggers
And all them niggas on bullshit

Verse 6: Project Pat

So you wanna be ah,
Playa just like me ah,
Ridin' on tortilla's,
Choppin' up a ki ah,
Project dodgin' lizos,
Glocka in my drizaws,
Optimal after mo never do we pissoz,
Do you have a hizap?,
To unload a trigga,
Crushin' on ya paper,
Thinkin' youse a faker,
Now you got to do 'em
Or get played for a sucka,
Handle that use that gat
Or live like a clucka

Chorus (4x)