

# Don't Cha Get Mad (feat. Lil' Flip)

## Three 6 Mafia

You know we gotta do one for all these niggaz  
Out here sideline hatin', y'knowwhat I'm sayin'?  
Don't get mad 'coz a nigga straight up  
Out the paint shop or the car lot or what not  
Feelin' mean on the scene wit a pocket full of green  
Y'knowwhat I'm sayin'? An' 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 an' ya muthafuckin' hole  
An' you gotta reach me somethin' for that, ho'  
'Coz I ain't for free, bitch  
Pay what cha muthafuckin' weigh  
I pull up clean in my black fuckin' truck  
My 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 what's her name, baby, it could be love  
But you know ya boy don't fuck wit nothin' but sluts  
The ones that make money an' stack them bucks  
A bank for that cap an' a bank for that butt  
Nigga, I'll tell yo' gal she can suck on this big ol' dick  
An' won't be fucked up 'bout it if she pay her rent to a pimp  
An' in the public's eyes she can be legit, be my bitch  
'Coz at the shake jaunt she gotta work a trick, get the grip  
An' never no back talkin' 'coz 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  
An' you just might have to throw some blows  
Take a hit wit the fist  
Don't cha, don't cha get mad when I swerve an' I twist  
Ridin', ridin' down yo' block, I got my charm out the window  
Don't cha get mad when I swerve an' I twist  
I ain't braggin' on myself but I deserve this, miss  
Don't cha get mad when I swerve an' I twist  
Ridin', ridin' down yo' block, I got my charm out the window  
Don't cha get mad when I swerve an' 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 an' watch it from the front seat  
The knock in the back, get the trunk on rattle  
Them hoes flockin' to my whip thick like cattle  
Hey, you better put that money in my hand  
I was born to be a mack, not yo' muh' fuckin' man  
You mad 'coz I hit cha, ho, me an' her split cha dough  
Why you actin' surprised, I know you heard this shit before?  
Me an' Quint, pushin' 'Vettes, smokin' 'dro, no  
stress

One tech, two glocks, infra red, no vests  
I clock dollars an' pop collars for a livin'  
I'm at Pressure World every time I hit Memphis  
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