

# Motivated

## Three 6 Mafia

Yeah, man, this go out to all those who hated on the real  
Ya know I'm sayin', I'm a put it to ya like this right here, man  
The truth shall survive, ya know I'm sayin'?  
It's like this right here, man, I mean, you hatin' out here, manBut'chu needa get up on ya somethin', ya know  
I'm sayin'?  
I mean, ya know, good always overcomes evil, man, you know  
And to all real guys out here, man, that's handlin' ya business  
All my brothers, brown, black, white, all accross AmericaAll ya gotta do man, is just, uhh, put God first, ya  
know I'm sayin'?  
And you shall shine, ya know I'm sayin'?  
Aye, man, word to the wise and to the lameMotivated by the haters  
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Here I goes on my hustle playin'Niggas know that I stay  
Down on this money, man, this is do or die  
Hater's mouths be runnin'  
But the bills still comin'Either you gon' lay it down  
Or you get up on ya somethin'  
Bein' broke is a joke  
Very hazardous to healthI don't sell no dope  
Playa, dope sell it's self  
Gotta floss in my wealth  
If ya got it, then show itTwenty-thousand at the Lennox Mall, I'm a blow it  
Petrone, I'm a pour it, purp, I'm a roll it  
Gun to ya head, squeeze triggas, brains blowin'  
Hood nigga from the North side, Memphis, TennesseeTattooed on my left arm, spelled like Hennessey  
Yeah, this go out to all you niggas in the streets  
Who don't know what'cha doin'  
Fe-fi-fo-fum, you can feel the slugsOf this Mossburg shotgun, chest full of blood

You can say that'cha life could end in a flash  
Like the wind blows dead brown leaves to the grass  
I ain't goin' back to jail, when it's on then I shoot  
Momma, get'cha black vest on and a body suit  
Meet him at the altar, don't forget'cha flower basket  
Full of Holy water, dead in a casket  
I'm a basket, of a case  
Either them, either me  
Dyin' all that older, if you go, so it be  
See these niggas, they be hatin' when ya flossin'  
Got the bread, I'm just blessed out hurry  
And I gotta stay  
I'm motivated by the haters  
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