

Dont Cha Get Mad (Ft.Lil Flip)

Three 6 Mafia

[DJ Paul]

You know we gotta do one for all these niggaz out here sideline
Hatin' y' know what I'm sayin'... don't get mad cause a nigga straight up
Out the paint shop or car wash or the car lot or whatnot... feelin mean on
The scene wit a pocket full of green y' know what I'm sayin'... and 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 and ya muthafuckin'
Hole and you gotta reach me somethin' for that ho cause I ain't
For free bitch.. pay whatcha muthafuckin' weigh[Crunchy Blac]

I pull up clean in my black fuckin' truck

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 whats her name baby it could be love

But you know ya boy don't fuck wit nothin' but sluts

The ones that make money and stack them bucks

A bank for that cap and a bank for that butt

Slut[Juicy J]

Nigga I'll tell yo gal she can suck on this big ol' dick

And won't be fucked up bout it if she pay her rent to a pimp

And in the publics' eyes she can be legit be my bitch

At the shake joint she gotta work a trick get the grip

Never no back talkin' cause 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

And you just might have to throw some blows take a hit wit the fist[Chorus:]

[DJ Paul and Mr. Bigg]

Don't cha get mad when I swerve and I twist

Ridin' ridin' down yo block I got my charm out the window

Don't cha get mad when I swerve and I twist

I ain't braggin' on myself but I deserve this miss[Chorus][DJ Paul]

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 and watch it from the front seat

The knock in the back got the trunk on rattle

Them hoes flockin' to my whip thick like cattle[Lil Flip]

Hey... you better put that money in my hand
I was born to be a mack not yo muhfuckin' man
You mad cause I hit cha ho me and her split cha dough
Why you actin' surprised I know you heard this shit befo'
Me and quint pushin' 'vettes smokin' 'dro no stress
One tech two glocks infra red no vests
I clock dollaz and pop collaz for a livin'
I'm at pressure world every time I hit Memphis[Chorus x2]

Songwriters

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