

Motivated

Three 6 Mafia

Everytime i feel this shit, i'm motivated
Not only do we flow this shit, we demonstrate it
We come to far to turn back now, i hope we make it
But everytime them prophets fly, i'm motivated

Back in the days
I used to get down
Pockets on e
I can't do nothin' but frown
Feelin' my belly and don't come around
Had to be pushin' that hope by the pound
Go with da folk that be pullin' a bitch
Not to popular now you know you're the shit
Fuckin' with reala
That know you're legit
Pushin' that shit that you shoot in your wrist
Had ot be down about makin' my grip
Pumpin' the beat
Hopin' the needle won't skip
Nukin' a dinner while flippin' the script
Niggas still trippin' still runnin' they lip
Now they just comin' in larger amounts
Then i stack them in my bank account
This is for half of your ass watch it bounce
Motivation for my power and clout

20 years old
Ridin' in a 80,000 dollar viper
Better watch out for the snipers
They be bumpin' our tapes
But they really don't like us
Why must some local bustas try to dis me
When they don't even know me
Not knowin' i'll run up on they ass
With a motherfuckin' mac
Kill em' all off slowly
I'm tryin' to keep my cool, keep my cool
Cause i got plenty to lose
My fuckin' surroundings be another nigga singin' the blues
So how i keep's myself on top of things and motivate
I quickly erase all you hoes that be playa hatin'

For you motherfuckin' niggas
For you motherfuckin' hoes
Stayin' real as ca be
On my fuckin' ten toes
Never be the one to fall
I'm rising oh so quickly
I know you hate me
But i'm gon' stay motivated
This crazy lady
Don't give a fuck bout' what you say
It don't mean shit
Maybe cause i'm stackin' cheese
And you ain't stackin' nothin' but dicks
Including you niggas too
You be ridin' on dicks

I know you do
I'm stayin' on top of my game
I'll be number one so nigga fuck you

This music game is gonna drive me insane
It's all about figures
Cause when you're dealin' with heavy stakes
Somethin' gon' brake or get injured
Niggas talkin' bout' paying dues
I got the bruises to prove it
Did everything a nigga could do
To make it in the game of rap music
But still everytime i try to make a move some mothefuckers always
Gotta doubt
And then them very same niggas don't know what the fuck they talkin'
Bout'
Keepin' the faith up on my plate
Was the reflection of my face
Sayin' it to make it but still gave the good lord his grace