

# 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