

## Poppin' My Collar

Three 6 Mafia

Now every since I could remember I been popping my collar  
Popping popping my collar, popping, popping my collar  
Every since I could remember I been working this hoes  
And they betta put my money in my hand

Now when it comes to getting bread I got the keys to the bakery  
A lot of dudes swear they play man they some fackery  
Let me catch a girl up out some work in mah site  
And believe I'm gon' be atcha in the daylight with a flashlight  
I'm trying to get paid however money is made  
A lot dudes like to pay ladies to get laid  
But me I ain't no pimp, I just love to borrow  
Paper from a fat bitch, a ugly bitch, a model fa real

Well you know me by the Juice man hanging out with Big Keith  
Standing on tha porch, drinking liquor, drunk, smoking weed  
Trying to get a paycheck, but work that ain't came yet  
Thats why I stay in a girl ear to keep that pussy wet  
So I could get paid and relax in the shade  
And say fuck a nine to five cuz a nigga tired of slaving  
It's never easy for a playa in tha hood on tha come up  
If I meet a gal with three kids or more she get done up

She's just another hoe that I met in the hood  
I told her I was Crunchy Black and it was all good  
She might as well go on head and suck on my wood  
And let me whisper something in her ear if I could  
I got some hoes out there bringing ya boy back some good  
That ghetty green you know what I mean that bitch is understood  
Ain't having to shout at no motherfucking slut  
You know I'm acting bitch make cut a fucking rug  
You better get out there and get my money in the woods  
I'ma hit cha in ya head and leave ya ass with a plug  
You know I gotta have, gotta get my money what  
These hoes out here be fucking for a motherfucking dub, FREAK B  
ITCH!