

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!