Throw Yo Setts In Da Air

Three 6 Mafia

Chorus:
If you niggaz ain't scared throw yo setts in da air
Throw yo setts in da air throw yo setts in da air
If you niggaz ain't scared throw yo setts in da air
Throw yo setts in da air throw yo setts in da air
Cause we some killa ass niggaz
And we don't give a fuck
We come to break the fuckin laws
And tear the fuckin club up
Cause we some killa ass niggaz
And we don't give a fuck
We come to break the fuckin laws
And tear the fuckin club up
[Gangsta Boo]
I think I finally have located the gates of death
Lie awake at night, to hatch my evil plots, I find myself
Stumblin through the dark, up against the fuckin verge of sin
Bodies in my yard, oh my god, them demons came again
People don't you worry cause the Devil's Daughter got a plan
Ho, eternal burnin you in half if you don't comprehend
Understand this shit a gansta bitch is sayin to ya dawg
Lock you in the truck, mob through the night within a mist of fog
Never fear a nigga callin himself a killa, what's up bitch
Boy you claim you so goddam buck wild with that weak ass shit
Chillin at the hideout, smokin out not worried bout a thang
Ballin through Black Haven, deep as hell in that suburban, man
Always watchin my back
Cause niggaz will jack you for your fuckin shit
Female I am, but don't give a damn
If I split some busta bitch's wig
Three 6 Mafia niggazz includin 1 female
That's bumpin so hard on you hoes
The only ones talkin that shit is these jealous ass niggaz
And all playa hatas you know
Chorus
[Juicy J]
Comin from the darkness of the cut of North Memphis bitch
Killas from the evergreen, guards we don't set trip
For my niggaz doin time in 201 for the crime

Let's get in the gangsta line and throw the Funkytown sign
I'm on that other level, a coffin and a shovel
Fly down to put yo ass, before you meet the Devil, the metal
Penalties I pay by punk ass opponents, I practice pain
Juiceman no gain, but I slang that thang that keep them towing thang

[D.J. Paul]
I'm steady scopin out these nothins, that be actin like a bitch
That be actin like a ho
That be actin like a muthafucka busta
That wants no more of the 3-6 Mafia, trizack-wizack niggas
Come and feel these triggas, ya figure ya bad
Bellin out Black Haven but I double dem bucks in yo ass, instead
Triple muthafuckin 6, in the muthafuckin pl-zay
For the n-zine decade
Nigga didn't hear me do, but a muthafuckin click
In somebody's y-zard he laid
Where the niggaz in the club?
Where the niggaz in the streets ain't down with us?
Man, say a few prayers
G-Ds, V-Ls, cr-zips, bl-zoods, all hoods throw yo setts in da air
Chorus
[Lord Infamous]
When the biblical stories were written
They left out the one they call Lord Infamous
Because the horror he possess, was one of a magnificence
He was set up, then loosed, look for suddenly mortal killing
He was set to lead the world into unholy acts of sin
The architect of hell
And inventor of the six interior decorator
Of chambers of eternal punishment
I'm the one that lit the furnace to the flow that burns forever
Supervisor of the torture, Lord, have mercy?
Not me, never
I'm clever with corruption of the Seven Seas and continents
The money shit, the blunt is lit, the bong is hit, astonishin
Watch the world, I crumble it, watch heaven, I rumble it
God kicked Scarecrow out of heaven for he did the Devil bitch
Holdin angels hostage in the basement of Hell Chapel
The only nigga ever to set heaven up for a fuckin gaffold
The Devil fever flowin through the fire hemisphere
Evil niggaz throw yo setts in da air
If you dare
16x: Throw yo setts in da air
-Ah yeah, 3-6 Mafia runnin this, ho. Playa hatin just don't hear me,

though. Nigga got a muthafuckin problem with the clan, step back into this muthafuckin devil click if you can, nigga. Prophet Entertainment runnin this shit for the 9-5, to the 9 triple 6. It's like this, Joe.
Fuck you local ass bustas cause we got bigger blunts to smoke. On that nationwide example, muthafuckas.

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