Da Summa

Three 6 Mafia

Uh uhh, the Three 6 Mafia
Loungin' in the studio
Finna' give y'all a little demonstration
Of how we kick it here in the M-town
Finna' drop somethin' like this
See in Memphis, them playaz be kind of like laid back
In some clean ass rides, blunts in the sack, I'm blowin' the pack
Hittin' the park about three, sometimes a little later
The last day of the week and they couldn't any greater
They leavin' the park and hittin' the South Park strip, ride
The South Gatin' skatin' ring later on that night
We in the lot bumpin' our underground rap tapes
Paul and Juicy part 2, and for another one, hey, just couldn't wait
We back at the crib sweatin' into the room
W-30's as [unverified] in every scenes we use
Straight from the 4 track, two and simple cassette
That's through a pimpsta's mode
Now it's time to hit the stereos stores and collect
We at the club Friday's and Saturday's special request made
Me and Juice Man hit the tables, scooped the Scarecrow off the stage
Bangin' so bunk, there some fools always gotta start a fight
They usually made us close up early that night, in da summa
In da summa
Pimpin' my grooves, we got to ride
Ridin' through the hood with my homies
Gettin' smoked out
In da summa
Pimpin' my grooves, we got to ride
Ridin' through the hood with my homies
Gettin' smoked out
In da summa
Pimpin' my grooves, we got to ride
Ridin' through the hood with my homies
Gettin' smoked out
In da summa
Pimpin' my grooves, we got to ride
Ridin' through the hood with my homies
Gettin' smoked out
In da summa

Drunk off red dog, as we bump through the mystic fog
Me, Scarecrow, Crunchy, Skinny G, and all my bothaz call
Fly got his mind in the sky as we chiefin' blunts
Black Glocks that's in the ride fiendin' for a homicide
Some Tanqueray grab my yey mess with little [unverified]
That's how we always did it since I was a troubled kid
But we don't stop cuz our heart is pumpin' blood like thunder
No man up in the trauma, head is broken In Da Summa
Some of the Scarecrow want the ceremony
Till the sun sets me ease, until the night fall breeze
Rise up to the darkness, listen close to noises in the streets
Grab my Uzi up Indonesia, 6 fill need my breeze
Don't want me black khaki slacks and me black t-shirt
And my automatic gats in case I had to dig up a plot of dirt
Then hit Paul up on his home, tell him to bring his slow ass on
So we can hit the honey comb before the ganja's gone, Da Summa
Pimpin' my grooves, we got to ride

Ridin' through the hood with my homies
Gettin' smoked out
In da summa
Pimpin' my grooves, we got to ride
Ridin' through the hood with my homies
Gettin' smoked out
In da summa
Pimpin' my grooves, we got to ride
Ridin' through the hood with my homies
Gettin' smoked out
In da summa
Pimpin' my grooves, we got to ride
Ridin' through the hood with my homies
Gettin' smoked out
In da summa
Pass the E and J, Koop, then let's take a ride and shoot
To the high school, North Side where the playaz rule
I'm scopin' all the freaks, with some weave and a sexy switch
"Can I get ya numba?"
"I gotta man"
Well, I'm a holla trick
Ballin' down violent time, one time on my mind
If they pull me over I be hopin' they don't find the nine
Made enough from evergreen to holla at Blac and Cam
Chiefin' on the blunts in the alley slangin' balla', yeah
Couldn't forget my roadie big Kurt, Swally, and Dion
Project Pat and the [unverified] shootin' teflon

Just a few homies who I grew up in the hood with me
And the ones in Orange Blossom [unverified] University, yeah
It's gettin' late and I'm ballin' down Elvis street
Blowin' my horn, tryin' to get this girl attention in front of me
'Cuz everyday I'm out there tryin' to get a freak number
That's how the Juice is in da summa
Pimpin' my grooves, we got to ride
Ridin' through the hood with my homies
Gettin' smoked out
In da summa
Pimpin' my grooves, we got to ride
Ridin' through the hood with my homies
Gettin' smoked out
In da summa
Pimpin' my grooves, we got to ride
Ridin' through the hood with my homies
Gettin' smoked out
In da summa
Pimpin' my grooves, we got to ride
Ridin' through the hood with my homies
Gettin' smoked out
In da summa
That's how we do it, so that's how it is
The Three 6 Mafia in the house for the '95
Straight from the M-town The Juice
DJ Paul, Lord Infamous the Scarecrow
The Koopsta Knicca and Crunchy Black
We out

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/