

Dangerous Posse (feat. Frayzer Boy & Lil Wyte)

Three 6 Mafia

The most dangerous posse song ever
It's going down, Hypnotize Camp Posse
You did this nigga, shit talkin'
You wanna talk about something nigga
Talk about how many hoes, clothes and bank rolls we got
Who we got in here?
Juicy J, Lil Wyte, Frayser Boy, Crunchy Black
Lord Infamous and me, DJ Paul the King of MemphisNigga we some maniacs, fuckin' up our brainiacs
Breakin' down some dope, wit a razor boy remember that
Crop a mix with Smilax, take a gun and cock it back
Now I'm 'bout to blow my brains out 'cause I don't give a shit
Hope you give a nigga reason to want ya, the bigger gun the better
The more shit you talk, the more blood the sweata'
The plane crashes, the Devil, the anthrax, the letters
Forgot about the peddlers, we still in it togetherLet me introduce myself, my fuckin' nigga
I'ma be the one to pull that fuckin' trigga
I'ma be the one that's sent to fuckin' getcha
You better watch out 'cause I'll paint a picture
A pretty little picture, now how a nigga getcha
Lock you in the trunk and take care of my business
Paul and Juicy sent me, so you know it's big business
C.B. nigga, ain't leavin' no witnessYeah, make me a believer nigga
Make some shit this bumpin you fuckin' wannabes, Lord rolI am the predator you are the prey
You play the target, Lord play the gage
You play bitches and I mack hoes
You run from niggaz, I find the snub nose
I come from 3 6 picture platinum clique
And you can't sell three copies of your shit
You smoke garbage weed, and cheap packs a blow
You own a vehicle, pick up the ScarecrowFrayser Boy, cockin' toy, ya'll don't wanna fuck with me
Infared got ya scared in protective custody
The Unbreakables, the most hateable, the unescapeables
Time to bust a nigga head, we aren't hesitateable
Ya chest pumped out, mouth talkin' that shit
I'm from the Bay, I'ma show you how a nigga beat a bitch
Time to damage shit, no understandin' this, you know you scandalous
HCP blowin' your lights out like a candle, bitchWell I'm about to rich rip a hole in the industry, holdin' my
energy
Wasn't about to let it, but you had to come testin' me

Givin you one warning change your name before I get your crunk
Lyrically copyrighted all my shit, and plus I'll fuck you up
You don't want to have to cross the path a killers when you on the streets
HCP got WYT to the E and that's just how it be
Quit ya muthafuckin' hatin' playin' all your petty games
If you wanted to ride my nuts that bad you should've asked me man Danger, you muthafuckas wanted a war
bitch, then I'ma bring it on
Catch you in these fuckin' streets, boy and I'ma point the chrome
Put you in the fuckin' car, hoe, and we gon' take you home
To hell with all that cryin' now, nigga we gonna get it on
Beat you with that yawk, dead center across your damn dome
The way you ran your mouth, you should've known to have the fuckin' tone
Beggin' from beginning, man winnin' 'cause our camp is strong
The same way your skull started dentin 'cause we beat it long you niggaz Swear you have the right plan but you
had the wrong mans
Tryin to build a clique like the hypnotize camp
I'm knowin' it wouldn't work so I just sit back
And watch how the trains just runs off the track
'Cause it be to many loses, to many bosses
Too many niggaz that's wantin' they own office
You niggaz gotta realize who got the city owned
Three Six fuckin' Mafia not these damn hoesy'all can't fuck with this
Y'all can't fuck with this
Y'all can't fuck with this

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Songwriters

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