

# Are U Ready 4 Us (feat. Dayton Family)

## Three 6 Mafia

1998, Three 6 mafia, hooked up with the motherfuckin' Dayton family  
Are y'all ready for us? Bring the pain, bitch, ya'll ain't ready for us  
Miphia style, flip time, '98, rollin' like dees, smoke the trees bitch We mafia, is it too much, we mafia mafia  
mafia, ya  
Are you ready for us, we mafai mafia mafia, ya  
We mafia, is it too much, we mafia mafia mafia, ya  
Are you ready for us, we mafai mafia mafia, ya  
'Cause it's the 1990 triple 6 2000 Mixtures of sin and gin on sight, cut the wings off an angel  
On both sides, I'm suin', huntin', all them suckas, state your last name  
First, Meyers, Michael, Lord is killin', Three 6 killin'  
What else will I say? Even children probably don't give a fuck  
If you are naughty or nice at night, sacrifice, good bye, lights out Can you feel me? Can you hear me? Did you  
pick the scene?  
A lot of fools done fucked around town, showed up in your dreams  
Standin' in a hideaway, infra red, them guns spray  
Gotcha shakin', gotcha nervous, knowin' not how to get away Lookin' out the window pane, 'cause all your  
gonna feel is pain  
In your yard, I see a tree, I also see your body hang, see the phone  
Pick it up, the wire that is only cut, I meant to pray  
You're still gonna die, too late, bitch, your time is up We mafia, is it too much, we mafia mafia mafia, ya  
Are you ready for us, we mafai mafia mafia, ya  
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We mafia, is it too much, we mafia mafia mafia, ya  
Are you ready for us, we mafai mafia mafia, ya What the fuck you wanna do? Be a victim of my homicide  
If you try to jack, I'll leave you dead head in the G ride  
And creep up out my vehicle and continue my jack move  
Still gat under the dirt, now put it up in your hand  
Now ain't that smooth, motherfucker, snooze motherfucker Move motherfucker, loose motherfucker, put your  
face down  
To the floor and don't you take a look up, I heard about  
What you cook up, see bitch, this is a stick up  
I'm takin' you off your tippy toes, take your cheese  
And fuck your hoes, givin' you crack sacks Macks back in your cadillacs, drop glock in my draws  
Extra clip up under my balls, my dick's like a 44  
Fuckin' up your pussy wall, you ran your lip about your grip  
And I'm takin' in on the stash box, your pockets are swoll hoe  
And I'm lookin' for a jackpot, I wear a mask on my face So I won't catch a case, keepin' it low key, don't

nobody know me

I'm just like a snake when I creep through your window

So motherfuck the cops, cold hard on me kin though

So motherfuck the 5-0, it's all about survival

I leave them like DOA, bitch, that's dead on arrival We mafia, is it too much, we mafia mafia mafia, ya

Are you ready for us, we mafai mafia mafia, ya

We mafia, is it too much, we mafia mafia mafia, ya

Are you ready for us, we mafai mafia mafia, ya We mafia, is it too much, we mafia mafia mafia, ya

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We mafia, is it too much, we mafia mafia mafia, ya

Are you ready for us, we mafai mafia mafia, ya

Cause it's the 1990 triple 6 2000 Give'em two to the head, three to the neck and the other fuckin' tip

Too his motherfuckin' chest, gotta buck him down, gotta buck him

Down town, talkin' bout' these clowns, talkin' shit up in my fuckin' town

Since he ain't dead yet, check his head, check his chest Playa should have guessed, he was strapped with a fuckin' vest

Hoe you should have known, you was fuckin' with the triple 6

We bust, I knew you wasn't ready for us am I too much to avoid?

Can't you fuck with us in the lexus truck with Juicy J, getting fucked up

Tearin' the club up, what be bumpin' on the radio? Mafia is what I'm screamin', till the day I die, hoe, more game

For the lame, educate them bitches man, stay in focus, hocus pocus

Tryin' my best to maintain High as the sky is why it's my business,

Bitch, open up your own fuckin' account and get up out my shit We mafia, is it too much, we mafia mafia mafia, ya

Are you ready for us, we mafai mafia mafia, ya

We mafia, is it too much, we mafia mafia mafia, ya

Are you ready for us, we mafai mafia mafia, ya We mafia, is it too much, we mafia mafia mafia, ya

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Are you ready for us, we mafai mafia mafia, ya

Cause it's the 1990 triple 6 2000 Six bitch, so don't you fuck with this click, 'cause if you fuck

With this click, you'll get a little of this gun shots

You must don't know who you fuckin' with bitch

'Cause we leavin' bodies in body bags, drop em' off in a ditch Know I mean, kid, know I mean, kid, see we come from

A natural bomb, a natural gun, a natural gimme some

Don't make me make your body numb trick

And have you hollerin' out mafia mafia mafia mafia Stick em' dead, kill em' dead, rush them tricks on down to the flo'

With north memphis convicts, bithces call me koopsta hoe

Fuck me once never twice, wrapped up on that game of dice

How can I lie? When at nine hundred times You said, "Sou was a man of the house", I don't really done it

Koop you hung around that nigga man, try so hard to be a soldier

Bitch, but come out to be dealt with trick, I'm sick in the head

Better call Fred, dirty red, yeah, yeah you gon' look  
Too late fuckin' fool, 'cause you drownin' in your poo poo

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