Last Man Standing

Three 6 Mafia

Chorus (4x): You don't know me
My weapon's here to tell ya
[Lord Infamous]
Torture til they gone never stay alone killas laser chrome
Hunting in the zone where the enemies roam
Massacre the town fire all yo rounds make em all fall down
Please don't make a sound hear the Devil growl
Please don't go to sleep never go to sleep
You may not awake cause I'm goin to take you deep down beneath
The Scarecrow's in the woods, creeping through the woods
Creeping through yo hood, please don't be so scared
Go and take a look
I got behind the steel, may I be forgived, I didn't mean to kill
Now I wipe your bone and blood off my windshield
I'm sitting in the park, fire on the lost, watching body parts
Burning into sparks, bloodied on my saw
Lord Infamous is me, psychpathically, driven in the mind
Seek and you shall find my evil is blind
Cause I give a fuck less, color of your flesh, I just want to mess
Up your fuckin chest with my jet black tech
Chorus 4x
[Gangsta Boo]
Playa what you know about the south side?
Not a damn thing, but yo ass do not realize
South is takin over, nigga, squashin all this bullshit
North, east, west, it's all good, gotta represent
Comin with the quickness, oh my goodness, it's this gangsta bitch
Never solo only roll with niggaz down with Triple 6
What you gettin jealous fo?
Nigga you don't know me so
Bustin so Mafia World, Mafia makin money ho
[Juicy J]
Yeah, this Triple 6 Mafia click it's real
Fool it ain't nothin fake
We tote them glocks and keep them cocked and never hesitate
You wanna run up to this click and talk that ?flodge? and shit
And have yo ass tied up and thrown away off in a ditch
Or see me bitch, drop to yo feet while you flow 20 deep
Deep in the Mississippi River wrapped up in a sheet

And then ya know the Last Man Standin can't be you or me
How could fuck with this and my fuckin N-i-n-e?
BEEYATCH!
Chorus 4x

[D.J. Paul]
The Last Man Standin'll never be part of the B.O.N.E
Comin from that ? 4-0, searchin for my enem-eny
Niggaz tryin to come quick, shut it up you fixin to die trick
40 caliber, gonna rowdy ya to the brains, you fixin to die, bitch
Huh, in the Mid-south we cannot see ya, may never wanna be ya
When you come up out that Chevy with yo draws off
Sawed-offs we be aimin, never with yo games-es
Automatic my brains is, shootin yo fuckin brains in
Three 6 mutha fuckin Mafia, fools we gon rocket ya
Wanna after party ain't no stoppin us
Comin from the M, ain't no love for her or him
Here's a blast from that blast
Man I doubt ya even last in the past
You thought you had some characters, fuckin the wrong click
6 niggaz gonna carry ya, I bury ya
Bitches alive after the rest of demands
The Three 6 Mafia, the last to stand
After the war is over
Chorus 4x
[Gangsta Blac]
Deuce, deuce down, drinkin crown with the Texas thugs
Scrugs, ain't no love, catch me slummed of them fuckin drugs
Boys Club bound, lost and found, biggest man around
Never try to break me down, ?tre 8? though, gon fuckin clown
You don't know this nigga
What, malt liquor got you thinkin strange?
Rico with that fo-fo through the d-z-oor, you don't know this man
G-a-n-g-s-t-a, bitch, glorified shit, trick
Ain't no need for this cause a man will kill you quick
Nigga!
[M-Child]
It's almost nightfall, let me slip on my murderer mugs
A smile to a frown make a nigga think that I'm on drugs
Orange Mound where I be, Mackin Child is who I be
A young to arrested got you stressin to my mystery
Psycho kids split yo wig, all over the mighty dollar
Fuckin with my Devil this ho let this beam up out yo collar
Comin deep, Mafia deep, puttin you niggaz to fuckin sleep
A bomb in yo pager, now watch it blow when the Child beep

BITCH!
Chorus

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