

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 forgiven, 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, psychopathically, 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 slumped 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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