

Gunclaps

Three 6 Mafia

Gunclaps, we hear the gunclaps
The rowdy gunclaps, the bloody gunclaps
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5 a.m in the mornin'
Nigga heard them tones pumpin' like a thousand fire crackers
Nigga gettin' it on
Peep out the window, I was solo flashin'in the streets
Caught by cops
I'm tell them bring some extra tape and plenty sheets
Right they ass Chevy drove by bout' seventy shotguns
Loaded for your roller
Put em' straight to sleep
Hollow points hit my fuckin' window
Make you think your through
Like it's the forth of July
With them niggas spook
I wish the folks would hurry up
I cock my gun back with my thumb
Nigga rowdy rowdy like it's North Memphis, Vietnam
As I gotta check to take a look and then fired back
I realized I was out numbered in a deadly trap
Three 6 Mafia, Prophet Posse, Killa Kaze
With the shotties
Leave your chest cavity
Stoppin' at the autopsy
I slaughter
And I can't help but notice all your pain
When the monsters got that clappin', clappin', clappin'
On them thangs man
We hear the gunshots
Nigga bang diggy dank
Got a shank full of thangs
And it is kind of insane
I Scarecrow with mystical styles
Niggas are getting buck wild
Look at my dirty fouls

Bodies are stacked up in piles
You wanna fuck with me player
First you must say a lil' prayer
Ask the nigga over there
Yeah, that be my preacher there
Niggas are all actin' shy
Grow up actin' now fight
Infamous buckin' all night
Burnin' em' after a light

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Slip, slide come and take a ride
To my fuckin' stash pile
Nigga you can't hide
It's a must Crunchy got a tug
Stuff a nigga in my trunk
Told ya'll niggas what
Crunchy ain't no fuckin' whore
Get down on that floor
Bitch I want more

(More)

Bitch, now give me more
Give me chocolate chunk bitch, I bitch, I kill you more
They pay, that pay that five
Now bitch I want some more
All I wanna feel is some motherfuckin' rain
Let it rain motherfucker, let it rain
(Gon' let it rain)
See you inside by the game that I spit
Never ever in your life
Can you ever get with this
Hey yo, kemosabe
I got hoes smokin' weed up in the lobby
Cocaine fills my body, like Gotti, hotty
Where the keys to room 2-10
I got thugs with price tage bout' to get in
We heard it's goin' down, tricks about 2 mil'
Feel, the fuckin' Prophet Posse get ya killed
Nigga, we got 40 cal's to your face, na'ad mean
Three 6 leave no fuckin' trace
It takes more gunshots for these boys to save ya
Me and Crunchy chunk ya' over like white with a razor

Several automatics in a blazer
Before we bump you off
Give me that plate and the lazer
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