Flashes

The Backseats

I keep on havin' these flashes
Murder by the masses
Sick off human ashes
Hatas passion
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We motherfuckin' whole mothas, glock huggas
Rob till we rob each other, facked on any motherfucka nigga
.40 cal's got me dangery
Like JJ Fad incredible hoe, don't make me angry
We Prophet Posse got you in the cross
We done gotcha in the motherfuckin' scope, we done shot cha
We get more wilder than a chicken with his head cut off
Three 6 Mafia hypnotizin' don't make me set it off
Screamin' notha fuckin' murder, murder, murder on my mind
Gettin' wild with these hella fried rhymes on ya mind
Never the on be mistaken, never the one takin' a loss
I always be the fuckin' one who to be the damn doubt
Watcha say, nigga what, you wanna get up in my shit
Shit gonna get your ass in trouble, shit gonna get your head split
Stay focused, stay rollin' when I'm ridin' dirty nigga
Gettin' twisted off some nigga, dedicated to you killa
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Guess who was scared
Niggas stalkin' in the Memphis streets
The Triple 6 them Mafia niggas, you don't wanna meet
Creep up on your ass and let the barrel sweep
Sweep and let the blast take you from off your feet
And to your family and your friends I know them hoes will miss you
You should have warned them that the Three 6 Mafia out to get cha
Would you walk to his house with a pistol
Could you let the heat go like you shouldn't have missed him
It's the blue lights in the night when I go for ridin'
I'm seein' headlights on the right creepin' up from behind
Ran that trick, hit the D, fuckety-fuck with the hennessey
Leavin' that third, need reserve
Droppin' on the curve to by to my [unverified]
See by a chance that he may touch me, it's a hint that he gonna miss
'Cuz I will take some plastic man
And rip this skin up off this motherfuckin' piece, so now he diss me
No one can play, hey, now tell me wha'ts next
Come here play he say [unverified]
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