

# 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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