

# Prophet Posse

## Three 6 Mafia

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It's Mafia time

Lord Infamous' mind

It just ain't stable

My actions are even more shocking and dockin'

Than murder between Kane and Abel

So stick 'em up

Everybody catch the ground

'Cause I come from the city of Memphis

It's a rowdy town

Well it's time for them Prophets, ain't no turning trick

Ah, you fucked up with the wrong kind

Ghetto boo, bitch comin' at yo ass

Takin' over 97 this Mrs. Gangsta, bitch

Married to this damn Prophet shit

Watch, how I pull these bitches

And you know the scareman's blastin' teflon's hit yo' feelin's

Nigga, I'll be damned if I'm gon' miss you

Gaurds of task, so you best react

'Cause the Prophets are sprayin' motherfuckin' gats when I blast

When I blast, them niggas on they back

Excuse me sir, can I get that card or that drivers' license?

I need some two scoops but not the raisin' of the wisest

Nicest, the feel of my body gets conset like Tyson

Roll them dices, killin' my brain cells

But fuck it, we sacrificin' blow that shit

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It's that nigga that you love to hate  
Deep in the north  
Is where I stay, the one notorious Juicy J  
I fold ya dogs an chop you away  
And get real high to this hear track  
Buck wild as hell is how we act  
The Prophet Posse is on the attack  
So what you haters watch your back  
There's no game that I'll play  
With your bullshit niggas  
Say, what your gonna say  
But a nigga will kill you  
If you disrespect  
Then nigga you'll feel me  
And I dwell in hell  
Catch a nigga like, feel me  
Some of these niggas on that doe  
Some of these niggas on that hay  
What you say, what you say, hoe  
Negro Indo crackin' them swishers daily  
It's incredible, incredible from the car  
To the block in the motherfuckin' ghetto  
Cheefin' in a meadow  
When I'm kickin' a line, I rhyme, every god damn time  
Niggas that come to me [unverified] attention  
Brothers and Prophet, the Posse  
'Cause the Killa Roc and never stoppin' roll in a Viper  
Niggas that like to be droppin'  
(Droppin')  
Juicy with the two nine, Paul with the forty  
Motherfuckers on a paperchas, yeah  
Killa from Three 6, K-Roc, don't play  
Don't play with me baby  
We makin' moves in this rap industry like a magician  
A legion of neighborhood niggas on a mission  
For paper, project, my lyrics tight like a virgin  
My lips ignite the mic, cause they get hype  
When I'm cussin'  
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