

Gotcha Shakin'

Three 6 Mafia

Yeah you fuckin punk I'm finna take ya muthafuckin beat and go
nationwide with it bitch. Don't ever bite the muthafuckin dick that
feeds you. Triple fuckin 6 in ya face gotcha shakin just my
Triple fuckin 6 in ya face gotcha shakin just my
Triple fuckin 6 in ya face gotcha shakin just my
Triple fuckin 6 in ya face gotcha shakin just my
Triple fuckin 6 in ya face gotcha shakin just my-
Triple fuckin 6 in ya face gotcha shakin just my

Thugs from Pro-Prophet the Posse I'll give em a reason to duck[Gangsta Boo]

What's up to my gangsta bitches chargin niggas

All up out they profits

What's up to my niggas slangin dope or dodgin crooked coppas

Yes this crazy lady all up out it for the n-zine 6

How the fuck you think I love you boy when I'm a playa, dig

All that shit I'm sayin, I'm not playin, fuck you slaw ass boys

Actions speakin louder than my words, but you still makin noise

Nigga, let me tell ya ho you fucked up with the wrong click

Turn yo volume up and listen closely to this gansta bitch

While you out there fackin on them jacks man we comin up

Smokin on them sweets filled with ink, gettin real buck

Talkin all that shit, moviemaker I must say you are

Nationwide, shit, on yo ass, ho we movin far

Not buyin that shit, Prophet Posse, Triple fuckin 6

Smilin, clownin, upside down and frownin back up out our shit

Mrs. Lady Gangsta Boo just had to let you know

Closin up the chapter, trick that's after, bitch that's all she wrote
Chorus (4x): Triple Triple fuckin 6 in ya face
gotcha shakin

Just my thugs from Pro-Prophet the Posse

I'll give em a reason to duck[Juicy J]

These niggas be playa hatin and runnin they fuckin mouth

Then get in the studio and that's all they rap about

We totin them ya'll thangs, you smokin that cocaine

I heard you do primos bitch, you can't fool the Juiceman

I'm blowin these Port squares, and snowball, ?AC air?

Ridin, click on you hoes, while you walk with nappy hair

Keep runnin yo mouth my nig, we constantly gettin rich

And after you hear this I bet you will ride it, BITCH![Lord Infamous]

Look at the mess that my floss start to make

Bullets are bouncin all over the place
Bodies start fallin upon to the floor
Everyone's tryin to file out the door
What did you fuck with the Triple 6 for?

Knowin we blessed with no prisoners of war Me fill a slug behind yo earlobe, duck me leave you plugged

Me leave you suffocating soakin in yo fuckin blood

Scarecrow, buckin bastards, back up of me

Knock off your dust, stop puffing on my bud

You got castrated cause you got no nuts, ho Chorus (4x)[D.J. Paul]

It's gon be another deadly night more violent, more silent

As we stroll this bitch mo got down, my infrared got em on the roll

Owens, burbans clean as fuck, smile as I roll down the street

Yo lyric was weak as fuck, so ho I just stole yo beat

Crunchy man I been thinkin man I know what we got right here

A nigga that shoot, a nigga that lately get his name out there

Fuck man these bitches weaker than water, black,

He need to stay the fuck up outta my hood or Chris and I'll find Pat

I'm gettin low down and dirty with my 30-30

Just like you'll never be in Rolls, be a hook, with my nose

Dirty blastin that infrared at yo ass, ain't you scared ho, tangaray

Mad Dog, and I'm full of blow

Man never will you set our bodies in the same clothes, oh, bitch

Never will you ride the same rides I done rode

Just lookin at ya, I plan to tell ya you broke as fuck

Triple fuckin 6, givin yo ass a reason to duck bitch Chorus (4x)[D.J. Paul, Gangsta Boo, Juicy J]

-Yeah, bitch, ya'll know what time it is, 3-6 muthafuckin Mafia in this

ho, you muthafuckin bitch ass boy, you'll never ride the muthafuckin
rides we done rode, nigga, on gold thangs, ho, you know what I'm sayin,

you ain't never gon wear Versace like a nigga or drink Cristale like a

nigga you muthackin, muthackin malt liquor drinkin ass bitch

-You is a weak as nigga, why you talk all that shit, shit talkin

muthafucka, moviemakin, actor, character ass, bitch ass, weak ass, trick

nappy hair ass boy

-You boodie eatin muthafucka, dick suckin ass lickin, cock lickin

-Nigga, nigga, nigga you's a payless ass nigga, bitch

-Punk ass, ho, You can't claim Funkytown-

-We muthafuckin nationwide, bitch, you better ask somebody bout it ho,

Billboard bound, ho, Prophet Town bound, bitch

-Nigga ain't got no money, you broke ass...

-You muthafuckin \$2 ass nigga, I break ya down to \$1.50 muthafuckin ho

-You primo smokin muthafucker

-You muthafuckin bitch, you milkshake ass nugga, I'm stirrin you up ho

-I heard you had AIDS you weak muthafucka

-You sissy muthafucka straight dick goin dirty ass round ho, ho,ho, fuck
all these hoes

-Woooooooooo!
-Yessir! 3 muthafuckin 6, bitch
-Prophet Posse the posse bitch! Prophet Posse the Posse bitch!
-Woo Woooooooooo!
-Prophet Posse the Posse, bitch!
-Hey, yessir!
-Prophet Posse the posse bitch!

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>