

Grab The Gauge

Three 6 Mafia

Hook: (4x)]Grab my guage and then erase

Grab my guage and then erase

Ride up on the street

And put some niggas in the front page[Verse 1: Gangsta Boo]I'm smokin' out, I'm livin' large,

Naughty naughty motherfuckers get the feelin' ah this shit

This shit so funky comes way under nigga grounds are Triple 6

I keep you hatas out my face

Yo life is over motherfucka, when I grab ahold that guage

My niggas from the Three 6 click they keep me hooked up on that game

I'm chargin' niggas daily maybe, lady, is out to get paid

You hoes can't fuck wit me

I'm flowin', showin', hoes I ain't no hata

Everybody wanna ride for he say she say they say next

Comin' strictly from the South-side gettin' greater later

You suckas need to grow up out that kiddy shit

Coming nine-six, to two G bitch

Quit fakin' just cause ah Three, Six, Mafia

Misses lady gangsta on that weed, chicken rib shit

Just to let you know my partner hoe come on the scenery

Scenery, filled wid red dots, infra red beams

Now where you gon' go?

You can't hide your life is over kid,

It's time for the killin'

Cause you have fucked up wid the wrong ass bitch[Hook 4x][DJ Paul]

[Verse 2: DJ Paul & Juicy J]

Man this nigga kill me

tellin' these people that he's about to go nationwide

When he gotta drop his tapes of his self

Plus he gotta call Kim, to get a ride[Juicy J]

I saw the motherfucka standin' out in front ah Best

The nigga talk about the hard shit on that tape,

talkin' about, bout my tape

Knowin' he sweet as cake[DJ Paul]

The type ah nigga to tell these hoes

that's he about to blow the fuck up

The only blowin' up bitch you doin'

Is when I stick the grenade in your butt[Juicy J]

He say he smokin' so many blunts

I can't tell, ooh, he's a liar

I saw you for real,
Hit that ill shit,
You female buyer[DJ Paul]
These hoes be killin' me ever so softly,
Juice man I know what you sayin'
But little bit a bitch boy know
I be sellin' his first cassette or tape offa me[Juicy J]
Don't forget about the dope,
You enraged, after you got that page,
From a doctor from the health department
Tellin' you you are gettin' fatal wid AIDSThis hoe boy holdin' card
[DJ Paul]
Was a mad bit than he bought for the two pon it
Then he got fucked signed his contract
You bitch boy you's a fuckin' dummy[Juicy J]Young nigga you'll never sell more than the Three 6, bitch please
Lookin' tryna deal wid big time cars, thieves, put 'em on dem CDs
[Hook (4x)][Verse 3: Lord Infamous & Koopsta]
Infamous is comin' strapped like an Italian Arabic
Maniac, comin' to rip your damn head of your neck
I reckon I wreckin' ya South American
Killa guerilla Colombian Muslim or some, loop
and straight to the head for the chief
put your heart in the back and I spit on yo ashes
and the blunt of the Indicut down in my stash,
I reside in the insane asylum the bodies I pound 'em
on Infamous Island where there is no smilin'
the niggas buckwild and the weapons are silenced
Military barbarian buck 'em and bury 'em fuck wid the
there's nothing combine us,
scarier, insanitarium, popper and carry 'em,
There's no merry love, only murder blood,
Till I take something worst out ah all ah these
flesh and bone through the back of your shirt
hollow points burst and disperse going through
you be burnt up and buried in dirt that'll work,
The Scarecrow be smokin' these niggas for shit
they can't get wid these bitches they'll never compare,
I'm comin' from the land of Triple 6 niggas still
sufferin' every day that I swear[Koopsta Knicca]I see them fucking pressin' on they brother man,
It happens everyday don't make me grab the guage,
Dangerously I play I best to kill wid guage
And put ya body in the back of that grey Chevrolet[Hook ('til fade

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