

Where Da Killaz Hang

Three 6 Mafia

Chorus

I represent where them killaz hang(Lord Infamous)

The ganja I'm chokin'

The laws'll get broken

The pussies are open

The killas is scopin'

The pistol is smokin'

This blood it be soakin'

The Scarecrow

The sicker

The Snizote I'm locin'

We up in the attic

My victim in panic

They try to get franic

Got blowed off the planet

They don't understand it

Soldiers can't stand it

That's how I planned it

Fuck you goddamnit

My automatic

Ready for static

Blastery tragic

Have you in plastic

Way my mind be twisted

Got me itchin' gotta have it

Niggas want to approach Lord Infamous

But I am loco I will blow

Your head off your shoulders(Project Pat)

Mister murderer robbers

Niggas with some charges

You fake mothafuckas

We gonna finish what you started

Yo heart is a nigga set

Bitch you best ah have a gat

Smoke a nigga

With that trigga

Memphis nigga Project Pat

I'm down like the Kamakaze souldier on a killin' spree

Once we get into it dog

You gonna have to murder me
Who I be
I'm hidin' in the bushes layin'
Push us to the ground
Ghetto clown
Off your blood you shall drown Chorus(Koopsta Knicca)
Too dim not today
Now the koopstas off the streets
Only real G's close to me
He's my (?)
People sayin' folks
Tryin' to take me as a joke
But this pimp shit bitch
Can't go I ti-zook all of you hoes
Loadin' up my mind
Daily fuckin' wit my patience
Runnin' from my visitations
Just the coo fool can ya face me
Claim to be my friend
When ya takin' a second look
I guess it's on then
Big bizness bitch
No money on my book
Manne this shit is hectic
So I'm callin' up to god
Me and my charge partna booga
He's a rapper down with bars
Party sells 17's where I dwell
Stale pastrys on my shelf
I'm fellin' as if I'm in hell
Yea soon I be bailed
Pale well if it's swell
Triple platinum with the (?)
Deja Vu fuck when I left
Oh me isn't this a binitch
Please excuse me for my frenech
But you writin' all these lyrics
If ya hear me then ya feel me Chorus(Crunchy Black)
In the hood where I dwell
And I dwell real well
For you playa hatin' ass bitches
Manne you might as well burn in hell
When you smell the aroma
>From them blunts when I hit corners
Don't you duck

Don't you dodge
Cause it's only gonna be
Murder murder on my mind
Leavin' blank in the pass
When you drop that fuckin' glass
Manne I bet'cha I kill yo ass
Nigga pop with the glock
In a pine fuckin' box
Don't you try to call the fuckin' cop
Cause a nigga ain't gonna stop(Project Pat)
Shootin', cappin', jack and chill
Lettin' you so calleds know the deal
Hollow tips yo ass gonna feel
Roll yo dice bitch and you real
Fuckin' with the click, the crew, the clan
You gon' recognize
G's swangin' out they trees
Have you stankin' with the flies
Cries comin' up out yo mouth
But they muffled by the tone
When I pull the trigga back
You enter the enternal zone
Southside killas
Always stayin' strapped with them thangs
Project Pat
Memphis, Tennessee
Where them killaz hang

Chorus

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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