Jus Like Us

Maniac Lok

Yeah, run bitch, run hoe, ya nice motherfuckas
Y'all jealous ass bitches
You know what I'ma call y'all? Some Jello niggas
'Cuz y'all jealous of us, bitchEvery motherfucker in our camp ridin' clean, nigga
Y'all know the motherfuckin' score
And this one right here is dedicated to you
It's dedicated to you, niggaThey wanna dress like, wanna sound like
Wanna be like, ride like, get high like, make cheese like
The motherfuckin' Three 6, bitch you got a problem wit 'em?
The motherfuckin' Three 6, hoe you got a problem wit 'em?I'm from the part of Tennessee called SPV
Spray Pesty Varments, catch ya busta boy
I beat 'em, blow 'em up outta his dorments
Punk ass niggas be tryin' ta stick
A light up under me, like some ornamentsDon't make me grab the case
That's fulla the weapons and hand ya [unverified]
Bitch ya killin' me, besta be eatin' some porridge
You got some courage, punk motherfucker
Don't make me go get that there Uzi up under the storage
Bitches, bloody Satan waiting [unverified]
Armageddon soldiers comin' to [unverified]You trying to be like me, you can't be like me
It's hard ta be me, like them stunts on TV, G
You see me, hustlin', workin' my muscle-in
Puttin' my 2 cents where it can be trusted-nYou musta been a silly fool
Thinkin' you could wear my shoes, damn fool
I walked a mile, I hauked 'em down
I understand now, why everybody don't wanna frownThey wanna dress like, wanna sound like
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The motherfuckin' Three 6, bitch you got a problem wit 'em?
The motherfuckin' Three 6, hoe you got a problem wit 'em?1 thousand, your kid kidnapped and fucked in the mouth
2 G's, wife never seen again but nothin' to brag about
3 thousand, car blown up, house burnt to the ground
4 G's, run up in ya weak ass show, lettin' off rounds5 thousand, best friend found naked and decapitated
6 G's, yo broke ass barried alive 'cuz yo ass hated
7 G's, he ain't even workin', I kill a nigga myself, dead
Catch 'em in tha haven put somethin' hot up in his headI'm real from the junt

(Junt)
Never was a punk
(Punk)
North Memphis bound bitch
Buck ass hell and crunk
(Crunk)You might catch me deep
(Deep)
On your fuckin' street
(Street)
Buckin' wit the tech-9
Sweep you off yo feet
(Feet)Drankin' on that liquor
(Liquor)
Chillin' wit my niggas
(Niggas)
Hangin' on the corner
Wit a fuckin' rusty pistol
(Pistol)Step up to me hoe
(Hoe)
When you on that blow
(Blow)
I'ma, till you hit tha flo
(Pop, pop, pop, pop, flo)They wanna dress like, wanna sound like
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The motherfuckin' Three 6, hoe you got a problem wit 'em?Ahh, please don't test the wrist or steel this
Waitin' for she tell, pop, every style mystic
Pimp shit, hits never miss those red
Settin' you a miss, when I spray the AKPlus I flex-a hella gay, will you catch a boy?
Ever since a boy, always had black toy
So we ain't goin' out, no punk, I'm knockin' out y'all
Dead body, froze, [unverified]Well, all them hoes that used to be down with me
I signed a deal, made some money
Now you bitches downin' me? Bitches tryin' ta blast at me
Or am I dreamin' the motherfuckers be after me?Why you tryin' ta be like me? You labeled as a wanna-be
You ghetto hoes, you need to read up on this Gangsta Boo
'Cuz you might find a tip, bitch, that can help you
I'm a down chick, niggas be wantin' ta crown chick
Stay around chick, whenever, however, it's goin' down, bitchThey wanna dress like, wanna sound like
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