

We 'bout To Ride

Three 6 Mafia

{DJ Paul: talking}

yeah nigga

the mother fuckin two time two time motherfuckin champions in this bitch

I got another motherfuckin gold plaque on the wall now nigga

now tell me what you think about that look me in my eyes

and tell me nigga bitch bitch bitch bitch hoe hoe hoe nigga

{Juicy J}

(background mixed through various parts of whole song)

drop em in the trunk lock em in trunk real fast you'll be flying

{Crunchy Black}

we bout to ride on these fools cock these nines on these fools (x2)

{DJ Paul}

like thissssssssss

now in my city its so real in my city its so fake

got some niggas that's gone play got some niggas that gone hate

got some niggas that's gone dis the treal niggas on the tape

but them the ones who want the streets so they start to evaporate

that's why them niggas ain't around no more

cause them niggas could sell no more

without the Hypnotize or the Prophet nigga you is no more

got plaques up on my walls

got twenties on my cars

keep coming like you coming and I'm gonna show you

I ain't fucked up bout no charge nigga

{Juicy J}

can you niggas feel my pain

catch me standing in the rain

holding on a rusty 2

bout to act a fuckin fool

is the 6 the devil though

make you wanna powder your nose

have you smoking hydro weed

satisfaction guaranteed

bucking wild and throwing signs

knowing these niggas done loss they minds

blame it on Coriddy and Ooh

when we cock them thangs and shoot

thinking somebody had seen my face

now I'm gonna catch a murder case

just gonna beat him round for round and leave him in the river

{ [DJ Paul] Crunchy Black }

[They try to]we bout to ride on these fools cock these nines on these fools (x4)

{ DJ Paul: talking }

hahaha y'all niggas still don't understand

nigga look around motherfucker look the fuck around you

and see who you see nigga all you see is me

Hypnotized C-A-M-motherfuckin-P bitch

come on come on keep it coming keep it coming keep it coming

{ Project Pat }

so you wanna try a

nigga with the nine-a

creep up from behind ya

like the macarena

shoot ya in your spine-a

strap ya like a minor

patch out your hizead

slug bloody rized

staying on the low low

hating that's a no no

duck taping trick up

in the trunk you go go

you gonna shake and shiver

pain I deliver

kidnapping fools throw they body in the river

{ Koopsta Knicca }

let get this on

you think I just piss off them fuckin sluts then a

the streets auto traffic gonna fuck you up but now

I had to tremble quick cause he bump with it

got some midgets in my clizick now I'm pimping bitch

my friends have brand new teams

twenties hundred ain't she motherfuckin funny

North Memphis come we catching everything and money

home at night keep my motherfuckin eyes open

cause last night I'm dealing with the fedz in the corner store

{ Crunchy Black }

yo yo yo yo yo yo yo

I locked em in the trunk

and dropped they bodies off

see cash in B.Z. you get that sawed off funk

point to your head and then left someone dead

then try that with thugs and be half out your head

see messing with me is like messing with the fedz

see messing with me is like being halfway dead
most niggas don't walk my path I done already laid
put 2 in the gun and flex so I won't be in that resting place

{Lord Infamous}

don't make me get ignorant, feel the incisions
I shall make fragments, daggerous dragon
poison and lashes, 2000 hazardous
can you imagine, me with the Magnum
fire breathing dragon, blow away the ashes
what the fuck happen, torture and trap them
Satan is digging, Scarecrow premonition
the world is ending, please make a decision

{LaChat}

mayn fuck that shit

go get that bitch and throw her ass in my trunk
that infrared net be getting her head
she make more sounds and she dumped
where the fuck the evidence bitch
only heat for my witness
you think I'm playing what you saying
LaChat ain't bout her business
I tote my glock I keep it cocked
the .38 slug for a nigga
could be my brother husband cousin
fuck him I pull the trigger
got no remorse wont sympathize
ain't got no love in my soul
don't fuck with me know who I be
LaChat that murdering hoe

{T-Rock}

I got him running from my slugs wrath
niggas get they mugs snapped
licking shots from plastic glocks
you marinate in blood baths
ignorance leave my manner
silently concealed with Anna
hoe I pugulize your skull
and split it with the snipers scanner
insert the capping glock
gunpoint faster props
lock and load like master lock
and hit you for an aftershock
I'm a snake so meet your fate
compensate the paper chase
Triple 6 is running shit

corroborate and we make you wait
{Lil Pat}
you's out there thinking we just bullshittin
about this shit gone whined up being
the very motherfucker with they wig split
laying there in the corner
that you cant just see me come out of
now you think a nigga still playing
bitch what's up 'cause
like I always said
I'm gonna tell you once and ain't no more
I think I done made it clear enough
about how these ballers like the road
I ain't you hoe
Lil P don't mess with me when I get good and crunk
or you gonna find yourself locked in the fuckin trunk
{Juicy J}
(background mixed)
drop em in the trunk lock em in trunk real fast you'll be flying

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