

Fuck Y'all Hoes

Three 6 Mafia

If you ain't claiming G-D
(Fuck y'all hoes)
If you ain't claiming V-L
(Fuck y'all hoes)If you ain't claiming Crips Then
(Fuck y'all hoes)
If you ain't claiming Bloods Then
(Fuck y'all hoes)If you ain't claiming BHZ
(Fuck y'all hoes)
If you ain't claiming North Memphis
(Fuck y'all hoes)If you ain't claiming Orange Mound
(Fuck y'all hoes)
If you ain't claiming Southpark
(Fuck y'all hoes)Bitch we are entertainers
We warfare trainers
We ain't gangbangers
But we will make you famousI show you falling hoes
I show you slippin' slopes
I show you swiss I knows
I dangling from the rowsYou top that Tokeo
Up in the studio
But in the streets they ho
You cool they diff but soBut if he eat the coke
And wanna go for broke
Let's get them guns out ho
I thank you fucking former hoI can fight this nigga
I can whoop this nigga
I can
(Gun loading)
(Gun Shots)
Boom, with the triggerI can rob this boy
I can mob this boy
I can call a fucking killer
Do a job on this boyI can make this fool
I can rape this fool
I can get them off my five o'clock
Or ten o'clock newsI can lend a helping hand
I can be your fucking friend
I can leave his body stankin'
In a croquer garbage canIf you ain't claiming Hollywood

(Fuck y'all hoes)
If you ain't claiming Walker Homes
(Fuck y'all hoes)If you ain't claiming Foot Home
(Fuck y'all hoes)
If you ain't claiming Walter Simmons
(Fuck y'all hoes)If you ain't claiming Smokey City
(Fuck y'all hoes)
If you ain't claiming Evergreen
(Fuck y'all hoes)If you ain't claiming LMG
(Fuck y'all hoes)
If you ain't claiming Dixie Homes
(Fuck y'all hoes)Don't play with the Hypnotize C A M P
(A C)
Blowin' small balls nigga feel me
Maybe I be what chu' call the first ladyTriple Six put me through the doors getting money
Now you
Jelous ass bitches in my face
Tryin' take my shit out of place
(You be steppin' bitch)I be on some Hennessy
Mixed with some Alizae
Smokin' on some hay
On my way, on that plat, "A"
("A")I'm hittin' on some small niggas
(That rob niggas)
Smoke coke
(With big mob figures)
That star niggas
In P-Agg yaGet 'em recorded they own pictures
I'm takin' puss, and dankin' drankin'
Drank wit' warning niggas
I poke them staggged upAnd round wit' trick a heavy niggas
I'm talkin' ski-mask
Engage up out of the back seat niggas
Pull the triggers and I keep a tone, world-roneDangers on, hustle grown
Sippin' on, burn a post
Papers on, but still I'm homeIf you ain't claiming New Chicago
(Fuck y'all hoes)
If you ain't claiming Roxy Brown
(Fuck y'all hoes)If you ain't claiming Pussy Valley
(Fuck y'all hoes)
If you ain't claiming Fowler Homes
(Fuck y'all hoes)If you ain't claiming Douglas then
(Fuck y'all hoes)
If you ain't claiming Trig then
(Fuck y'all hoes)If you ain't claiming Mclemore

(Fuck y'all hoes)
If you ain't claiming Bunker Hill
(Fuck y'all hoes)No issues
You think this kid fucked up the fucking problem
Bitch you don't know that Koopsta Knicca is a murder robber
Got yo motherfucking brother in the back seatSweat drippin' off his neck, son of bitch you don't know me
"Kopsta"
I kinda hear the whispers in his fucking bed
"Knicca" And you think you got that strip than why don't you get with him
And if you wanna stress me grab my 8.0 is you dead
Say, "Mister, cum a dress ya"
Koopsta got 'em scaredIf you ain't claiming Hyde Park
(Fuck y'all hoes)
If you ain't claiming Ridge Grove
(Fuck y'all hoes)If you ain't claiming Ridge Crest
(Fuck y'all hoes)
If you ain't claiming Bartlett then
(Fuck y'all hoes)
If you ain't claiming Germantown
(Fuck y'all hoes)If you ain't claiming
(Fuck y'all hoes)
If you ain't claiming
(Fuck y'all hoes)
If you ain't namingFuck y'all hoes
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