

Mafia N****z

Three 6 Mafia

That goddamn dope, yeah hoe, yeah hoe
Yeah hoe, yeah hoe, yeah hoe We gotta come like we get down and dirty for our figas
We gotta come like we be quick to pull back on some triggas
We gotta come you know that devil shit is still up in us
We mafia niggas, we mafia niggas We gotta come like we get down and dirty for our figas
We gotta come like we be quick to pull back on some triggas
We gotta come you know that devil shit is still up in us
We mafia niggas, we mafia niggas So that wicked got some shit you bitches neva saw
I come wit shakas and they bumpin' now I'll break the law
I cut the air for you breathe, while I'm blazin' on these greens
[Incomprehensible] we'll take yo leg all off You chokin' from exhaust, you lost up in the sauce
You stumble against the wall, don't play with Lord at all
You didn't listen now you pissin' down yo leg and got a gun
Against yo head, you know, I'm headin' for a bloody ball I'm tryin' to go for boss, prepare for all the cops
I got 'em possin' when I toss it and we'll get 'em all
I'm dirty for the calls, bitch, don't you hit the balls
I'll lock you bitches in the ice box when it's full of frost Bitch, don't you know when I am high, I leave a dimple?
Cock back this pistol and I'll pop you like a pimple
I got the 2 and the stones in your home with the chrome
You alone, and the rest is very simple We gotta come like we get down and dirty for our figas
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We gotta come like we be quick to pull back on some triggas
We gotta come you know that devil shit is still up in us
We mafia niggas, we mafia niggas Ain't no nigga don't play with me
Play wit me my nigga, I'm gonna lay ya in the street
All I came for is cheese, maybe that's hard to believe
I'm gonna lock down a load and let yo bitch ass bleed Let y'all know that I came wit some shit up my sleeve
Know what I mean, my nigga? It's only just me
Slit a line down my sleeve, something put some lead in yo heart
It's only the sick shit, don't get shit started Now ever since we came, them hatas don't know where to go
They try to go to they crib, I shot around in they home
I'm bustin' lugas with some lugas do ya nigga
I'm gonna send some straight through ya, screw ya
'Bout this business, 'bout these boys, 'bout this witness Wit these toys, wit these toys, yeah, we gotta make the
noise
When we cock 'em guaranteed to kill 'em, rob 'em, stop 'em
Wit a sound off shot gun niggas in the street

And fried up only dog food and rockin' so much dope
The restrooms toxic in the madness, it's psychotic
We gotta come like we get down and dirty for our figas
We gotta come like we be quick to pull back on some triggas

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