

Testin My Gangsta

Three 6 Mafia

I comes from a city where they love to hate, especially on that Triple Six
They see we really got Bentley's and Benz's and they hate the shit
They try to come up over us, the radio even help 'em at it
But yall ain't got no flows, so hang it up you silly rabbits
I'ma keep on hurtin' you boys, by makin' this motherfuckin' world rock
Side to fuckin' silence bitch for years and man we still ain't stop
We still ridin' clean, makin' cheese and carryin' plastic glocks
And please don't try to test us 'cuz you know we'll let these bitches pop
On you hoes, you haters, you niggaz really like us
'Cuz if you thank us, then you wouldn't try to sound so much like us
I'm the KING of that MPHMS
HCP, to the END, others gone be less
Come prepared, man I swear they wanna be down with my team
Don't let the shit talkin' on them CD's fool you
That ain't what they really mean
The truth can hurt so bad so look in they faces when you play us
And watch how they look, and watch they jaw drop to the pavement
Why y'all testin' my gangsta?
These bitches testin' my gangsta
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Why y'all testin' my gangsta?
('Cuz it's on now)
These bitches testin' my gangsta
(Nigga, yeah, it's on now)
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These bitches testin' my gangsta
(Nigga, yeah, it's on now)
Nigga don't you know that Lord can make your life a livin' Hell?
And I mean that literally, the place where demon spirits dwell
Empty all the buck shot shells, make your fuckin' body smell
I can fuck you up somewhere, to what you were they cannot tell
Fuck me with me, you fuckin' with the best
So you also fuckin' with the wrong one
I will hit you with the milli, milli gun, got a millimeter gun
Blow out ya lungs
Like them old Italians, Mafia, gangstas son
When you see me comin', better run for fuckin' cover bum
Blite, AK, SK, .44, Tre8
This body kinda heavy, D.O.A., air away
So bitch you better take notes, 'fo you end up cut throat
End up on the ground bro', with your fuckin' shirt soaked
Ini, mini, miny, mo, blow a nigga out his clothes
Come out the trench coat with a sawed off, and lay me down a hoe
So if you think ScareCrow ain't a gangsta come and test the waters
You will be deslaughtered, the dearly departed
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These bitches testin' my gangsta
Why you niggaz wanna test my gangsta?
Don't make a nigga run up and shank ya
Or put some cement in yo shit and sank ya
Or make you shoot yourself and then I'm thankin' ya
Throw tile over round your throat and drag ya 'cuz
Get nothin' from me, but gangsta love

No testin' me my nigga, have you layin' in blood
Or dig you a grave, cut ya bitch ass up
You niggaz be trying to test, I ain't no slouch
I squeeze my fuckin' fist, my nig', I break the law
I call out a hit my nig', I make ya fall
The handle with the bloody trig', is all they saw
'Fo yo ugly face was down, on the ground
A barrel pointed at your frown, with hollow rounds
I bet ya wanna run and shit, it's too late now
You shouldn't a have been runnin' ya lip, to make me clown

Bitch

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