

# Triple Six Clubhouse

## Tear Da Club Up Thugs

Pickin up the murder scripts so come and dish it for the role in the code of  
The muthafuckin triple six sitcom  
All niggas catchin the infection from the regent come along, afor the mark on  
Your arm, it's a ear com  
Ball on to the next century, misery, scarecrow got a murder that is goin down  
In history  
A train from the north, a train from the south, the east and west, they all  
Collided all them niggas die, 'cause there greed and pride  
'cause I will pursue you, screw you put a slug through you that voodoo bruetally  
Ride  
Im the seventh of the sign, I'm the sniper you cant find, and my slug made of  
Shiny jewelry  
Mr. boogie man, fee fi fo fum  
I smell some money in his hand, take his side arm  
I don't give I fuck about yo side u could be from l.a, miama, or the n.y  
Chorus (2x)  
We gonna take you to the triple six club house  
We got a plot for you already dug out  
I'm gonna run outside man  
And pop these thangs  
Wanna wanna come play in a black reign  
Herses driving round yo house, hoodoo hex, voodoo dolls bouncin on  
yo bed,  
Throwin devil sets  
Sick sadistic nothin up my sleeve, muddy boots, blazin crickets call me crow,  
Vorhees plaaay!  
Crow got a lust for the devilish bust, and the triple six crush, and I touch  
Like malichi  
Rollin every spot, lookin fo yo ass and we high, with the infered sewn in his  
Flesh just like some fuckin disco lights  
We gonna cut u into itty bitty parts, leave me on your side of town where they  
Keep the graveyards  
Crush plants dead rats lots of trash empty shells crack cells city streets  
Black males foind in blood trails  
Aint enough mail for all ya" to prevail  
So that we can put to sleep, and they smell why they pale  
Sippin on the salty wines of ya sweet salty blood,  
My name is scarecrow bitch, you're welcome to my club!  
Chorus (2x)

Lyrics provided by

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