

# Walk Up 2 Yo House

## Three 6 Mafia

Yeah you stand the third house  
Right beside the one with the gate I'm gonna walk over there and knock on his door\*knock\*  
Nigga this is the heaven party  
Nigga we got your tests back  
You partyin' hoe Chorus x8  
Walk up to your house  
Knock on your door  
And blow your ass off (Juicy J)  
Late last night lyin' in the bed  
Eyes red  
Thinkin' should I get these hoes  
Thinkin' should get these hoes  
Thinkin' should I but they head  
Should a nigga plan a hit  
Or grab my pistol grip and take care my business  
Cause they don't know who they fuckin' with  
Call my nigga Project Pat cause I know he got my back  
Fruck writin' rhymes  
This is real shit not a track  
Camouflage in the dark for the ones who act hard  
The devil on my left side  
The other side I'm God  
Why do niggas talk shit  
Never tryin' to stick together  
Murder in the city streets  
Make you fools feel better  
So I just walk in a pace  
Thinkin' of a case to get a bitch erased  
Chrome to your fuckin' face  
This an't no game nigga  
My finger is on the trigger  
Your time is runnin' out  
My conscious say I gotta get em'  
Is there a way that a nigga can escape from hell  
I fuck em' up with the mosberg buckshell  
Bitch Chorus x4 (Gangsta Boo)  
Once I step up to your door  
I'm lettin' all you bitches know  
Point blank range to your skull

No love in me hoe  
Once I get that shit  
That plan in my head is to get richer  
Sittin' back countin' motzerella cheese  
That's the picture  
What's up, do you wanna come  
And compete against this lady  
This lady stayin' scandalous  
I'm talkin' bout' crazy  
Comin' like the NAZI  
Kickin' in the doors for your shit  
Never ever hesitate  
Stay about my profits bitch  
I don't give a fuck about  
What you sayin' the police know  
They don't really know me  
All them folk is Jane Doe  
Comin' to your soon  
So beware of this gangsta shit  
Enough has been said  
Got you scared so I'm endin' this(Koopsta Knicca)  
See I done built me a two story house up on a rock  
I done slept in the dark  
And my clothes since a clock get my pocket full nalyvy  
Bitch, count my head and sense  
I got that whole wide world in my hand  
Spin that ten as a trill rock  
Still for that bill  
Hard to kill motherfucker  
Koopsta mentally ill  
Still (??) in my face and bitch best not say shit  
I'm yelling quick, quick, quick, quick, quick, quick  
Quick, quick , quick hold all my power  
Stayin' blastin' bitch dip into a crystal rub  
That tough I've been seen his face, face thinkin' nigga  
Fest for he wishes than just vanity  
In my pit with the deadlock on bitch and I'm peekin' now  
Them niggas bustin' all over the whole ceilin'Chorus x2(Lord Infamous)  
Checkin' us out while tap on the door  
Kickin' them down hit the floor  
Innocent victims are shuttin' their door  
Leavin' all drippin' in bloody war  
Run in the hallways look in the room  
Soakin' away them bloody pools  
Check for the posse they hidden up there popped

With a pillow case uder their tools  
Will it be a bulet behind their ear  
Don' want no moaning  
No tears, telephone cords  
I took out that wall  
No one could stop all the terror in here  
From the five foot five slut doggin' alcoholic man  
Enchanted door kickin' evil nigga  
Named Lord Infamous  
Nigas what I knowledge do not  
recognize the ultimate to you into trouble  
With kona kula serious draggin' dead bodies in back of my grey  
Chevrolet on the way to send her many  
With a bombing in a bouqet(DJ Paul)  
I just can't stop  
I keep on loading my gun  
I can't be seein' masta stopa  
Till I fill and I come  
Cause I ain't no sitcom  
YOur head com  
Fool happy being  
Flag on my face  
So no identityl they seein'  
Your enemies me and a  
Six double double six bitch ya bein'  
Face to face with the forty bitch  
One (??) a fast comes tryin' to scare to the trigga hoe  
Forty four in the middle being your life sayin'  
I'ma suckin' let this Ruga go  
It ain't no dead line  
Cause they don't love but plenty hate  
When I come at you hoe  
I'ma take this mask up off my face  
We ain't gonna ring the door bell  
Just a couple of knocks  
who it be your presence your  
Fuckin' heart heart gonna stop  
Cause we goneChorus x3

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