

M.E.M.P.H.I.S.

Three 6 Mafia

Finally, I got all real niggaz on on a muthafuckin' Posse song
Niggaz that's down to cut some muthafuckin' heads
(Mafia, ya, why-ya, why-ya, ya, ya)
From hear to ATL, to Nashville, back to the M-town nigga And you know what that mean bitch
Makin' easy money, pimpin' hoes is serious bitch
Makin' easy money, pimpin' hoes is serious nigga Call a nigga, drug dealer, out here on the track nigga
Weed smoker, coke snorter, come and get a pack nigga
Cane slanger, bitch banger, dog I'll bring it to ya
If you got a problem with me, holla at my Luger Dro puffer, cheese come up, when we on the track jack
Hit you in the head, with the gat, 'til your skull crack
Blood gushin', head rushin', act first, no discussion
Come with that bullshit, then the bullets start bustin' First crime, we came with Mystic Stylez on grime
You slip, I live by my rep don't fuck with mine
Da end, the souls of men embedded inside the posse
The prophet, the posse, we all collide We brutal, the vchapter two to end the phase, our mind
In crime, reminds, CrazedNLazDayz
Heypno-tize, and blazed another gold plate
Sixty six, sixty one, the smoke clears, evaporate I got a 357, a tec with a black clip
A hundred and eighty pounds with a fist that will bust lips
Some killaz on my side, if I tell 'em they gon' get
A fiend wiolatin' the business, I ain't wit' And now in 2000 you talkin' the same shit
And now in 2000 I'll bust and I won't miss
They smoke is in the air the liquor is still a fill
The grill is still gold, and the curls they know kick doors First one of us is done, hollow tips come by the ton
Two AK's, and put some drama to leave this niggaz bodies numb
I don't talk this shit for fun, cock it back and let it go
And six shots, from the 3-6 shooters lettin' 'em know, whoa! Picture me, naked face, to kickin' in your door
Four, niggaz deep, bandanas with black calicos
So, when we creep, drop cause I'ma hit you nine times
Take your nine lives, bump up and Hypnotize your mind, blow You can believe this, you can believe that
And believe I got a baseball bat, and I'm bustin' your head black
You believe I'm comin' strong, you believe I'm all grown
You believe, that nigga, I love to get it on You half steppin'
I got the weapon
Boom! Boom! I'm blastin' at your mind to get you believe that
I love to kill, I love the thrill
And I love to put a nigga body parts in the field, nigga No no, come, come and get this bitch, ain't got no time fo
no shit
Got all my boys, don't make no noise,

Just throw that trick in the ditch

It ain't no way La Chat gon' let it slide, with the shit that you done
I got my piece for what I do, to show you
who the fuck number one

I shot that bitch without causes, ain't got no love in my heart

It ain't no way that I can't handle, keep that tone in my jaw

This ain't no crap, I speak the truth, gotta come too thick to get me

On one of you hoes, before you come, La Chat ain't gone easy
Man a bitch'll take that lil bit out her pussy for
them papers

Get the fuck away from me ho because the crew can't stand them vapors

Take her, break her, to whip that funky bitch

Talkin' that shit about this Man you'll get ten slugs up in your arm pits

Yeah we can do I,t take your time and do it right

You can gimme the fuckin' chewin', I can fuck you all night

Want to fight about your friends see how them bitches gon' start

See now that's that type of shit that get my muh'fuckin' dick hard
Capital Mack-11's, and load 'em full of
ammunition

Terrorist sect's, we pull and lock'em in the Expedition

No set a niggaz got guns equivalent to what we pack

Nuclear pistols and fire scorchin' automatic gats
How in the fuck can you handle the, butsa damager

Toss that bitch over the banaster, like trash canisters

Hollow points into your battle troops, when I have to shoot

Plus I'll be storin' the cap for you, and trick be absolute
I woke up early Saturday morning,

Suddenly your phone was ringin' off the charger

Thinkin' to myself, man, is it a bitch or cop, or is it them robbers

Got MC Mack of in a scheme, I'm stainin' for my dividends
And pay a livin', neh nigga,

Gon' bother my cheese gon' reach the ceilling fan

You can catch my in that president thing, on gizold when you see me

You can joke me, ever rope me, best believe your bleed this evenin'
Fuck the reason, and the treason,

Time to get dirty nigga better I'll pop it

You was gaspin' for your life, but all I heard was Killa Klan Kaze
Bitches think we playin', think this killa shit a
joke

Don't fuck around with HCP and get you ass smoked, ho

Comin' with some fully auto's, fuck some semi's

Hit 'em with some hollow auto's, 'cause I despise
Blastin' like some rondo batays, for you miatays

Koop with double clicks and duck tape, and wicked wizays

And I, perferin' keepin' busin' in my freak time

Taught 'em in that buried unknown, they want to reap why
Give you second thoughts about that businness, you
then finished right

Take you to the vault, cash it in, all night flight

And I'm in a bad mood, cocaine make it that

Plus, I gotta ease on this nine-milly, willy, nigga I slang with that
Bitch, nigga, it's CP nigga

HCP, Hypnotize Camp Posse nigga

What, what, it's CP nigga

HCP, Hypnotize Camp Posse nigga

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