

Posse Song

Till I Die Disciples

Yeah, you know what I'm sayin'
I wanna send a special shout out to these hypocrites
These muthafuckin' fairy informant ass niggaz mayne
You know what I'm sayin', these muhfuckin' Donnie Brascos
These fuckin' dick riders, ol' pussy eatin' bullshit ass niggaz
Run they muhfuckin' mouth, get they muhfuckin' wig
Split, talkin' all that muhfuckin' pussy hoe ass shit nigga
We ain't playin' with none of you hoez
Y'all know who I'm talkin' about fuck you bitches
Project Pat light the fuckin' track up for these hoes mayne
Hen-hen-O-Sin make a playa sin, mix it in with that white and gin
Here we go again, Project Pat gotta keep a strap, haters know I rap
Wanna shoot me in my gold teeth, blow me off the map
I attack like a shark would represent this hood
North Memphis, nigga Hollywood
Make it understand in my blood ain't no trakeness
Or no fakeness and no hoe couldn't break this, you can hate this
Dis bitch that bitch, nigga here's the deal
Crunchy ain't runnin' 'round here fakin' deals
Crunchy runnin' 'round here tryna get a meal
Why you fakin' a deal, it don't cost nothin' to be real
All ya gotta do is keep that shit real
Don't be runnin' 'round here hollerin' you got deals
Don't be runnin' 'round here hollerin' that you'll kill
It don't cost nothin' to be real but it costs when ya kill
I'm 'bout to crash into you suckaz like the World Trade
I'm riding Green Escalade, full of green grenades
You hoez always hollerin' that we be some bitches and shit
But everytime I turn around you got our name on your shit
I used to be with them mayne, I'm still with them
You wish you was with them
How the fuck you hate them when you always claimin them?
I think it's funny 'cause ya'll faggots be still calling my studio
Trying to get back, stay who you with 'cuz I don't need ya hoe
I call up my niggaz we buckin' and tossin' with no mercy hoe
We packin' mass case and decoratin' ya with bullet holes
La Chat I be ready you bustaz ain't got no reeds and shit
That leaves me no choice to grab my glock and go fucka wit
You speak killa talk but ain't no killa in yo blood boi

The infrared be beamin', I got this scope-a behind your door
You niggaz can't take it you hate the fact that we runnin' it
You ain't gotta love it but you gon learn to respect it bitch
Got some syrup in my cup, got some smoke in my mouth
Got some white in my nose, got your bitch on the couch
Got her head in my lap, trick I gotta keep it south
Got a problem with Three 6, gotta blow your brains out
Got that south sowed up, got them guns loaded up
Fuckin' with the Scarecrow, that'll get ya blowed up
It's a hold up, everybody fold up
Niggaz talk like they tough but they ain't got no nutts, bitch
I'm shootin' a dike in her breasto, coward in his chesto
And this police nigga, what we call em' Donnie Brasco
If you bitches want war, you can bring it, let's go
When I put this tone in yo face presto
(Click)
A killa in a black coat, goin' to make a mesto
Leave you in da street wit a bloody Willie Esco
Drankin' on some scotch and we choppin' down that coco
Tryin' to roll some pot in a fuckin' optimol-doe
Don't you make the wrong move and you'll get your ass killed dawg
A fake ass nigga but he claimin' that he real dawg
You ain't gotta lie to kick it actin' like you down dawg
Always lookin' lite trying to wear a murder frown dawg
Don't you get smacked and be gettin' off the pavement dawg
Don't you make me act a fool when somebody hatin' me dawg
Hypnotize Camp Posse got my fuckin' back dawg
Frayser Boy will leave you stankin', pop you with that gat dawg
I'm watchin' out for you polices, niggaz who'll tell it
This union will rip your head in pieces, I know ya feel it
These lyrics just like Mona Lisas 'cuz you can sell it
The posse click tight like feces, I know ya smell it
This ghetto hood shit is crucial just like a murder
You step, whoa, then we shoot ya we quick to serve ya
You hate us feelings mutual so don't be scared-a
The HCP will do ya mayne, we gon hurtcha

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>