

## **Sarah Brightman % Sir John Gielgud**

### **"Gotcha Shakin"**

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-Yeah, you fuckin punk, I'm finna take ya muthafuckin  
beat and go  
nationwide with it, bitch. Don't ever bite the  
muthafuckin dick that  
feeds you.

Triple fuckin 6 in ya face gotcha shakin just my-  
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Triple fuckin 6 in ya face gotcha shakin just my-  
Thugs from Pro-Prophet the Posse I'll give em a reason  
to duck

[Gangsta Boo]

What's up to my gangsta bitches chargin niggas  
All up out they profits  
What's up to my niggas slangin dope or dodgin  
crooked coppas  
Yes this crazy lady all up out it for the n-zine 6  
How the fuck you think I love you boy when I'm a playa,  
dig  
All that shit I'm sayin, I'm not playin, fuck you slaw ass  
boys  
Actions speakin louder than my words, but you still  
makin noise  
Nigga, let me tell ya ho you fucked up with the wrong  
click  
Turn yo volume up and listen closely to this gansta  
bitch  
While you out there fackin on them jacks man we comin  
up  
Smokin on them sweets filled with ink, gettin real buck  
Talkin all that shit, moviemaker I must say you are  
Nationwide, shit, on yo ass, ho we movin far  
Not buyin that shit, Prophet Posse, Triple fuckin 6  
Smilin, clownin, upside down and frownin back up out  
our shit  
Mrs. Lady Gangsta Boo just had to let you know

Closin up the chapter, trick that's after, bitch that's all  
she wrote

Chorus (4x): Triple Triple fuckin 6 in ya face gotcha  
shakin  
Just my thugs from Pro-Prophet the Posse  
I'll give em a reason to duck

[Juicy J]  
These niggas be playa hatin and runnin they fuckin  
mouth  
Then get in the studio and that's all they rap about  
We totin them ya'll thangs, you smokin that cocaine  
I heard you do primos bitch, you can't fool the Juiceman  
I'm blowin these Port squares, and snowball, ?AC air?  
Ridin, click on you hoes, while you walk with nappy hair  
Keep runnin yo mouth my nig, we constantly gettin rich  
And after you hear this I bet you will ride it, BITCH!

[Lord Infamous]  
Look at the mess that my floss start to make  
Bullets are bouncin all over the place  
Bodies start fallin upon to the floor  
Everyone's tryin to file out the door  
What did you fuck with the Triple 6 for?  
Knowin we blessed with no prisoners of war

Me fill a slug behind yo earlobe, duck me leave you  
plugged  
Me leave you suffocating soakin in yo fuckin blood  
Scarecrow, buckin bastards, back up of me  
Knock off your dust, stop puffing on my bud  
You got castrated cause you got no nuts, ho

Chorus (4x)

[D.J. Paul]  
It's gon be another deadly night more violent, more  
silent  
As we stroll this bitch mo got down, my infrared got em  
on the roll  
Owens, burbans clean as fuck, smile as I roll down the  
street  
Yo lyric was weak as fuck, so ho I just stole yo beat  
Crunchy man I been thinkin man I know what we got  
right here  
A nigga that shoot, a nigga that lately get his name out  
there  
Fuck man these bitches weaker than water, black,  
He need to stay the fuck up outta my hood or Chris and  
I'll find Pat

I'm gettin low down and dirty with my 30-30  
Just like you'll never be in Rolls, be a hook, with my  
nose  
Dirty blastin that infrared at yo ass, ain't you scared ho,  
tangaray  
Mad Dog, and I'm full of blow  
Man never will you set our bodies in the same clothes,  
oh, bitch  
Never will you ride the same rides I done rode  
Just lookin at ya, I plan to tell ya you broke as fuck  
Triple fuckin 6, givin yo ass a reason to duck bitch

Chorus (4x)

[D.J. Paul, Gangsta Boo, Juicy J]

-Yeah, bitch, ya'll know what time it is, 3-6 muthafuckin  
Mafia in this  
ho, you muthafuckin bitch ass boy, you'll never ride the  
muthafuckin  
rides we done rode, nigga, on gold thangs, ho, you  
know what I'm sayin,  
you ain't never gon wear Versace like a nigga or drink  
Cristale like a  
nigga you muthackin, muthackin malt liquor drinkin ass  
bitch  
-You is a weak as nigga, why you talk all that shit, shit  
talkin  
muthafucka, moviemakin, actor, character ass, bitch  
ass, weak ass, trick  
nappy hair ass boy  
-You boodie eatin muthafucka, dick suckin ass lickin,  
cock lickin  
-Nigga, nigga, nigga you's a payless ass nigga, bitch  
-Punk ass, ho, You can't claim Funkytown-  
-We muthafuckin nationwide, bitch, you better ask  
somebody bout it ho,  
Billboard bound, ho, Prophet Town bound, bitch  
-Nigga ain't got no money, you broke ass...  
-You muthafuckin \$2 ass nigga, I break ya down to  
\$1.50 muthafuckin ho  
-You primo smokin muthafucker  
-You muthafuckin bitch, you milkshake ass nugga, I'm  
stirrin you up ho  
-I heard you had AIDS you weak muthafucka  
-You sissy muthafucka straight dick goin dirty ass  
round ho, ho,ho, fuck  
all these hoes  
-Wooooooooooooo!  
-Yessir! 3 muthafuckin 6, bitch  
-Prophet Posse the posse bitch! Prophet Posse the  
Posse bitch!

-Woo Woooooooooooo!  
-Prophet Posse the Posse, bitch!  
-Hey, yessir!  
-Prophet Posse the posse bitch!

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