Sarah Brightman % Sir John Gielgud "Grab the Gauge"

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Hook: (4x)

Grab my guage and then erase
Grab my guage and then erase
Ride up on the street
And put some niggas in the front page

Verse 1: Gangsta Boo

Naughty naughty motherfuckers get the feelin' ah this shit

This shit so funky comes way under nigga grounds are Triple 6

I'm smokin' out, I'm livin' large,

I keep you hatas out my face

Yo life is over motherfucka, when I grab ahold that guage

My niggas from the Three 6 click they keep me hooked up on that game

I'm chargin' niggas daily maybe, lady, is out to get paid

You hoes can't fuck wit me

I'm flowin', showin', hoes I ain't no hata

Comin' strictly from the South-side gettin' greater later

Everybody wanna ride for he say she say they say next

You suckas need to grow up out that kiddy shit

Quit fakin' just cause ah Three, Six, Mafia

Coming nine-six, to two G bitch

Misses lady gangsta on that weed, chicken rib shit Just to let you know my partner hoe come on the

scenery

Scenery, filled wid red dots, infra red beams

Now where you gon' go?

You can't hide your life is over kid,

It's time for the killin'

Cause you have fucked up wid the wrong ass bitch

Hook 4x

Verse 2: DJ Paul & Juicy J

[DJ Paul]

Man this nigga kill me tellin' these people that he's about to go nationwide When he gotta drop his tapes of his self Plus he gotta call Kim, to get a ride

[Juicy J]

I saw the motherfucka standin' out in front ah Best talkin' about, bout my tape The nigga talk about the hard shit on that tape, Knowin' he sweet as cake

[DI Paul]

The type ah nigga to tell these hoes that's he about to blow the fuck up
The only blowin' up bitch you doin'
Is when I stick the grenade in your butt

[Juicy J]

He say he smokin' so many blunts I can't tell, ooh, he's a liar I saw you for real, Hit that ill shit, You female buyer

[DJ Paul]

Juice man I know what you sayin'
These hoes be killin' me ever so softly,
But little bit a bitch boy know
I be sellin' his first cassette or tape offa me

[Juicy J]

Don't forget about the dope, You enraged, after you got that page, From a doctor from the health department Tellin' you you are gettin' fatal wid AIDS

[D] Paul]

This hoe boy holdin' card Was a mad bit than he bought for the two pon it Then he got fucked signed his contract You bitch boy you's a fuckin' dummy

[Juicy J]

Lookin' tryna deal wid big time cars, thieves, put 'em on dem CDs Young nigga you'll never sell more than the Three 6, bitch please

Hook (4x)

Verse 3: Lord Infamous & Koopsta

Infamous is comin' strapped like an Italian Arabic I reckon I wreckin' ya South American Killa guerilla Colombian Muslim or some, loop Maniac, comin' to rip your damn head of your neck put your heart in the back and I spit on yo ashes and straight to the head for the chief and the blunt of the Indicut down in my stash, I reside in the insane asylum the bodies I pound 'em on Infamous Island where there is no smilin' the niggas buckwild and the weapons are silenced there's nothing combine us, Military barbarian buck 'em and bury 'em fuck wid the scarier, insanitarium, popper and carry 'em, There's no merry love, only murder blood, Till I take something worst out ah all ah these hollow points burst and disperse going through flesh and bone through the back of your shirt you be burnt up and buried in dirt that'll work, The Scarecrow be smokin' these niggas for shit they can't get wid these bitches they'll never compare, I'm comin' from the land of Triple 6 niggas still sufferin' every day that I swear

[Koopsta Knicca]

I see them fucking pressin' on they brother man, It happens everyday don't make me grab the guage, Dangerously I play I best to kill wid guage And put ya body in the back of that grey Chevrolet

Hook ('til fade)

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