

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

### **"M.E.M.P.H.I.S"**

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[DJ Paul]

Finally, I got all real niggaz on on a muthafuckin' Posse song

Niggaz that's down to cut some muthafuckin' heads  
(Mafia, ya, y-ya, y-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

[Project Pat]

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 Luga  
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'

[Lord Infamous]

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 Chapter 2 to end the phase, our mind  
In crime, reminds, CrazyNLazDayz  
Hypno-tize, and blazed another gold plate  
Sixty 6, sixty 1, The Smoke Clears, evaporate

[Juicy J]

I got a 357, a tec with a black clip  
A 180 pounds witha fist that will bust lips  
Some killaz on my side, if I tell 'em they gon' get  
A fool violatin' 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  
The smoke is in the air the liquor is still a fifth  
The grill is still gold, and the curls they know kick, fool

Mafia, ya, y-ya, y-ya, ya, ya  
Mafia, ya, y-ya, y-ya, ya, ya  
Mafia, ya, y-ya, y-ya, ya, ya  
Mafia, ya, y-ya, y-ya, ya, ya  
Mafia, ya, y-ya, y-ya, ya, ya  
Mafia, ya, y-ya, y-ya, ya, ya  
Mafia, ya, y-ya, y-ya, ya, ya  
Mafia, ya, y-ya, y-ya, ya, ya

[Cruchy Black]

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

[La Chat]

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

[Koopsta Knicca:]

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 10 slugs up in  
your arm pits  
Yeah we can do it, take your time and do it right  
You can gimme the fuckin' chewin', I can fuck you all  
night

Wanna 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

[T-Rock]

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, busta 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

[MC Mack]

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 ceiling 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

[DJ Paul]

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 desp-iz-ise  
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 wanna 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  
It's CP nigga it's CP nigga HCP, Hypnotize Camp Posse  
nigga  
It's CP nigga it's CP nigga HCP, Hypnotize Camp Posse  
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