

Three 6 Mafia F/ La Chat

"Ring It"

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(Forty Fonzarelli's answering machine)
Aight, what's really? You hit my lifer number
This Sick Wid It/Jive Records
Leave your message at the beep *BEEP*

Hah! Mmmhmmm. Yeah, uhh... on my pager!
What you say? Oh yeah. Kick that shit then nigga!

Verse One: Keek tha Sneak, E-40, Spice-1

Higher than a bird, off that herb, in the O-A-K
Off on perv, parked on curb, rollin up a vay
Licked it three times, laced it with the Alize
About twomp a day, baby hit me frequent-lay!
Sneak, and Forty, from chocolate short-ay, we been
all prepared, cause my nights is no day, the broad say
I last! Cause you six months
But I say, she pullin a gang of major stunts

Bust, bust niggaz, consequences when you're doin the
do
Fuck around and get caught up in a catch twenty-two
In the area! Dirt and dust
Where the yah! B.A. Plus
But ain't yo sista Suga-T? (Suga-T)
Ain't you the one that say Sprinkle Me (Sprinkle Me)
I loves me some Forty-Ridah
I seen you up in 2Pac's video poppin your collar

I play this playa shit like Bugs Bunny
Ain't no cartoon figure nigga I makes money, ain't
nuttin funny
If you're ever in some funk, call your potnah on the cell
and leave one-eighty-seven, at the end of the number
B-uh-Benzy on Washington, on the cellular phone
You could tell that the Easy Bay was his home
My people goin off like a high school build'
And all my money in stacks, and all my pockets on
swell
M-uh-mobbin like a playa, but I'm still a G doe
Pager goin off like C-3PO

Time for the Hurricane, E said word
I put a nigga on his back, fuck what you heard

Chorus: repeat 2X

If it's major, hit me on my pager
Rang it, ring it, rang it, ring it, ring my telephone, ring
my telephone

Verse Two: E-40, Harm

I be so rebel-yalous
When I'm talkin on my phone-telyalous
You can have my baitch, but I maintain
I chop it up as a loss and charge it to the game
She said you must be playin some kind of phone tag
Cause erytime I hit you, you don't hit me back
Why is dat? Cause you're hella hard to get in contact
with
Thought you thought, was killin big girl was crackin on
some crabs
Six o'clock, the girl said that's my crib be at the West
plus
due to go, left me at home be leavin my ass up in the
living room all alone
And I be starvin rubbin my monkey fiendin for some
Donkey Kong
Now you're talkin, let's get the show on the road
I know you're tired of barkin, you need to hop on my
load
So we can stab out, strike rock and Arroyo Park
at the top of hill, so I can check your oil

I said ah one to the two ah two to two three
Tell me why your baby momma keep on pagin me
I didn't give the hoe the number, so why does she call
She says she wanna do me, and all of y'all
But I'm like that nigga on The Mack, I don't want the
honey
I want the money some of you niggaz is funny style and
meanwhile
I'm sellin my piece to these tricks cause it's the
paperchase
laced with game, see I'm livin in the hustlers dream
Call up a player if it's major
Specially if it's scrilla nigga hit me on my pager

Chorus

Verse Three: Sneak, E-40

Rang it, baby gimme a call
My name you're screamin, how I be hittin them walls
You got me tinglin, how you be workin them drawers
With a kiss I make em all say this, yeah that's raw
I glance your cut, bass we uhh, big cheeks
with a blast headin straight for the nut, big A&H
got some bitches all in the cut, it's that season
Drop my number to the hoe to hit me up

Yo, you're nine-one-oneing me to death, what's all that
fo'
Got my Williams and fillin my pager and pager on the
overflo'
What's happenin with all that old bullshit
is it really all that damn serious
You're draining the hell out of my battery
got your partner thinkin curious
Cause in the Y-E-A A-R-E-A the game ain't constipated
Buckin around in the Golden State where the game
originated
Fools be scandalous they used to be squares be turnin
vicious
Hit me on pager, hit me if it's major

Chorus 2X

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