

three six mofia**"jus like us"**

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[DJ Paul talking with gunshots in background]

Yeah run bitch. Run hoe! Ya nice motherfuckas!Y'all
jealous ass bitches!

You know what I'ma call y'all? Some Jello niggas.

Cuz y'all jealous of us bitch.

Every motherfucker in our camp ridin clean nigga.

Y'all know the motherfuckin score.

And this one right here is dedicated to you [censor
beep].

It's dedicated to you nigga

.[Chorus: DJ Paul]x1They wanna dress like

Wanna sound likeWanna be likeRide likeGet high like

Make cheese like

The motherfuckin Three 6, bitch you got a problem wit
em?

The motherfuckin Three 6, hoe you got a problem wit
em?

[Lord Infamous]

I'm from the part of Tennessee called SPV, Spray Pesty
Varments

Catch ya busta boy, I beat em; blow em up outta his
dorments

Punk ass niggas be tryin ta stick a light up under me,

like some ornaments

Don't make me grab the case that's fulla the weapons
and hand ya ?the bombing?

Bitch ya killin me, besta be eatin some porridge, you
got some courage

Punk motherfucker don't make me go get that there uzi
up under the storage

Bitches, bloody Satan waiting ???

Armageddon soldiers comin to ???

[Crunchy Black]

You trying to be like me, you can't be like me

It's hard ta be me, like them stunts on TV, g

You see me, hustlin, workin my muscle-in

Puttin my 2 cents where it can be trusted-n

You musta been a silly fool

Thinkin you could wear my shoes, damn fool

I walked a mile, I hauked em down

I understand now, why everybody don't wanna
frown[Chorus x2][DJ Paul]

1 thousand: Your kid kidnapped and fucked in the
mouth

2 g's: Wife never seen again, but nothin to brag about

3 thousand: Car blown up, house burnt to the ground

4 g's: Run up in ya weak ass show, lettin off rounds

5 thousand: Best friend found naked and decapitated

6 g's: Yo broke ass barried alive cuz yo ass hated

7 g's: He ain't even workin on killin, nigga myself dead

Catch em in tha haven put somethin hot up in his head

[Juicy J]

I'm real from the junt (junt) Never was a punk (punk)

North Memphis bound bitch, buck ass hell and crunk
(crunk)

You might catch me deep (deep)

On your fuckin street (street)

Buckin wit the tech-9, sweep you off yo feet (feet)

Drankin on that liquour (liquor)

Chillin wit my niggas (niggas)

Hangin on the corner, wit a fuckin rusty pistol (pistol)

Step up to me hoe (hoe)

When you on that blow (blow)

I'ma (gunshots: pop pop pop, pop) till you hit tha flo
(flo)

[Chorus x2]

[Koopsta Knicca] Ahhhhh! Please don't test the wrist or
steel this

Waitin for she tell, pop, every style mystic

Pimp shit, hits never miss those red

Settin you a miss, when I spray the AK

Plus I flex-a hella gay, will you catch a boy?

Ever since a boy, always had black toy

So we ain't goin out, no punk, I'm knockin out y'all

Dead body, froze, ?hard puss in my jaw?

[Gangsta Boo]

Well all them hoes that used to be down with me

I signed a deal, made some money, now you bitches
downin me?

Bitches tryin ta blast at me, or am I dreamin the
motherfuckers be after me?

Why you tryin ta be like me? You labelled as a wanna-
be.

You ghetto hoes, you need to read a bonus

Gangsta Boo

Cuz you might find a tip, bitch, that can help you.

I'm a down chick

Niggas be wantin ta crown chick

Stay around chick

Whenever, however, it's goin down, bitch.[Chorus x2

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