

## **36 Mafia**

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

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I got all real niggaz on on a muthafuckin' Posse song  
Niggaz that's down to cut some muthafuckin' heads  
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

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 Luger  
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'

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, CrazeDNLazDayz  
Heypno-tize, and blazed another gold plate  
Sixty 6, sixty 1, The Smoke Clears, evaporate

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 fiend wiolatin' 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 doors

First one of us is done, hollow tips come by the ton  
Two AK's, and put some drama to leave this niggaz  
bodies numb  
I don't talk this shit for fun, cock it back and let it go  
And 6 shots, from the 3-6 shooters lettin' 'em know,  
WHOA!

Picture me, naked face, to kickin' in your door  
4, niggaz deep, bandanas with black calicos  
So, when we creep, drop cause I'ma hit you nine times  
Take your nine lives, bump up and Hypnotize your  
mind, blow

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

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

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 I, t 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

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