

Die Vision

"All About Them Prophets"

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[D.J. Paul Talking]

Ahh yeah, the Prophet Posse in this motherfucker
For all you dick eaters, and all you dick beaters
For the Nine Triple Six, we reunited motherfucker
We finna do this shit like this.....

[Bridge]

Niggas be talkin' shit, bout, bout , bout, bout, bout,
whoever they don't
like
Niggas be talkin' shit, bout whoever they don't like
Man them haters in the club, got us fucked up, fucked
up

[Gangsta Blac]

Woke up early Tuesday mornin', down with the Prophet
and the City
They got a spot on track for Blac, so I got to bump this
bitch
Straight from the hood, where nothin' but crosses get
thrown up at yo ass
But Gangsta Blac, gone kick the past, a Prophet
bringin' in the cash
You got some gooder, I think you uhh, should send it
by the Bird
If ain't bad work, then my nigga, bitch shit, we shoot it
to the curve
I'm bout my Prophet, all my niggas they be knowin' the
score
From SPV, this Gangsta B., and Prophet got plenty
more

[Lord Infamous]

I'm up drivin' in the eye of a Volcano
On to oceans made of Lava, readin' goggles
Faced with Kamakazie, women thinks that I'm bizarre
Happy when you reach you was bloody
In Mystical in the Mystic Dark
Water chargin' bitin' the fishes gray shark
Tapin' bones around my wrist
In front of the fire place

Soakin' in the my Polo kerosene
While smokin' a blunt of hay
Twisted blade, reachin' killers
Edge'in children on the scene
Scarecrow lookin' in a mirror that don't give a image

[MC Mack]

Now pimpin' as a Mack, I'm breakin' bitches for my
dividends
Don't show no slack, I'm MC Mack, so buster bitches
watch yo back
We creepin' in comin', in bumin', breakin' ya off some
proper
Deliverin' in killin', mackin' preparin' ya for the
slaughter
The Triple Six, Killa Klan, Prophet Entertainment, bout
comin' up
Chargin' bitches, for riches, so hoe type nigga, don't
test yo nuts
Hierbone, with the D around my neck
Got'cha in a sweat, no fessin', just messin', my mother
fuckin' pimpin'
So bitch lets go cash yo check

[Scan Man]

It was a night of a Devils pledge, strictly bout my
brother whippin'
They bled, the holy red, I lived and popped 'em in
shreds
The millions I made 'em I caught 'em slippin' I rushed
'em quick
With Glocks and chest pop drop them bitches in the
restin' places
Killa Klan Sinters, Even though we Ministers, Prophet
Entertainment
Breakin' tricks with no lovin' her
Scan fuckin' Man, with them demons craved in the soul
But you still don't hear me though, so you bitches be
my hoes

[Crunchy Blac]

Heres the blast, why did you look into that mask
Ballin' up early, let me finish up our task
The dirty work, but dirty work
There is no ask, in questions
Teachin' lessons, bout a bullets I be stressin'
My mind is kind of out there high in the sky
I'ma finna go in kill my alli-by, alli-by
No reason why he wonder, how he might just tell a lie
Lookin' down on ya by a Prophet bitch
Crunchy Blac dig ya grave for ya

Prophet

[Juicy J]

To all you wonabees, fake tradin' wonabees
I'm not gonna leave, 'til I found the mother fuckin' ki's
Just walked into yo house, wrap some tape, 'round his
Momma mouth
Put the chrome tec, in her face, incase she wanna
shout
If I hear the Five-O comin', I'ma break in run
But I'ma gonna get that fuckin' cheese before a nigga
done
All About them Prophets, Three Six Mafia, yeah we in
the game
Ridin' nothin' but clean ass Lexus, and Suburban
thangs

[D.J. Paul]

Keepin' all Anna down, haters man I gotta dodge
Stayin' out the eyes of you folks, cause you full of flock
Plain as day, quick to say the Three Six ain't no child's
play
Fuckin' with that Junky Fella, pluckin' on that twelve
plate
Prophet Posse, reunited, man these hoes hatin' it
All about a meal ticket, local on this killin' shit
Feelin shit, heres a bitch, another hit ya
Fist up with the Renzo click, Glock tottin' Mad Dog
Goppin' down Three Six, Mafia, Mafia

[Mr. Slicc]

My temperature I stand is boilin' hot
If you disrespect you drop, my mind is on that level
So you know I'm packin' glocks, so watch my finger
I bring a, hoe bout to that Anna, don't squeeze her
Get out yo fuckin' Beamer, this is a jack, and don't be
reachin' for yo strap
Cause I'm will comnesed to blast, in harass, in then
dash in
Back to that Mask Vile, get in all my Prophets, cause its
on, and
So I'm real

[211]

A lot of motherfuckers, wanna know where my heart is
So I fold 'em in break 'em
With ten seconds on my gat, you see a G can regulate
From the shoulder flex, with my hands, I can cause
death
I snap in break yo mother fuckin' neck
Now wake him up, so he can smell the coffee

Better yet this far, you ain't hard
Make ya so-scared, cause ya bared
One thing I was taught, you taught, gotta walk
But don't get caught in the mist of the Prophets
In the beams y'all

[Kingpin Skinny Pimp]

Y'all niggas ain't no killers, to many Prophets be on my
chest
Havin' me stressed, suicidal thoughts, I was up every
night
I never rest, to many groupies, claimin' they straight
Hangin' around me, knowin' they haters
I ain't never been through what I been through
I dare you, fuck you pimp-a-traders
Skinny Pimp I'm on Anna, and I'm a grown ass man
Feedin' my Momma, beatin' my Father
You think that I'm playin'? I'm strictly sprayin'
Out this game, from my year
Knowin' I'm real, because I'm steel
O-G-P, A-M-P, must not come out stackin' little's
I'm so trill, so I live, do these busters know how I feel?
When you smile I see you frown
I'm Bout It, Bout It, leavin' you drown and will
You try to explain, when you know you been crossed
So I'ma let the AK talk, like when a buster talk, South
Memphis
Nigga what'cha fought? You scared to start a riot, keep
that quiet
While I shout, I'm bout that paper player no doubt
When I run my mouth, just set me out
Give me some?, Give me some?
Where I'm from? Memphis area
Serious about them Prophets how the fuck you think we
fake nigga

This Skinny Pimp
[6x]

Triple Six Mafia!
Triple Triple Six Mafia

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