

## Hollenthon

### "Show Dem Golds"

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[Hook 1] 2x

Northside hoe, Southside hoe  
Eastside hoe, Westside hoe

[Chorus] 2x

Where dem gang, gang signs (show ya golds, show ya golds)  
Where dem hood, hood signs (throw some 'bows, throw some 'bows)

[DJ Paul]

It's the return of the gangsta - like my niggas OutKast  
Smokin' on the dank-a - shut ya mouth, I might pass  
Niggas off the heezy, fuck all at the fuckin' bar  
On the floor or in the parking lot they throw it out the car  
If they throw the wrong sign - niggas better handle it  
Fuck goin' outside - right here you gettin' wet  
I'm glad for this here, all I know is this here  
And you thinkin' I'ma let you disrespect this shit here  
Before I blow a nigga ass off - him and his hoe  
Ready to rob me a bitch and get the fuck out the do'  
This shit is real dumb nigga, who fucka say we playin'  
Boy you in the wrong land, fuckin' wit a grown man  
It's: "MAFIA, MAFIA" from the beginning into ending  
While you grinnin' I whoop yo ass, bitch in one inning  
You know the biz, Three 6 is the name boy  
You heard my sign now won't you show me what you claim boy

[Chorus] 4x

[Juicy J]

We up all night, we smokin' that shit  
Somebody run they mouth and then we bop on the bitch  
They called us niggas, we run in packs  
Some playa hate this skin because the color is black  
We sag our jeans, the ride be clean  
Them twanky-twin-twins make them rims be mean  
We bracing ahead, we trust in the lead

The fool we don't like is police and the Fed.'s  
And if you violate - get that tone to the head  
And if ya girl approach us - we'll see her in bed  
I'll probably own her flick 'cause she ain't nothin' to us  
A neighborhood chewer-hut, hoodrat, slut  
We people on the left - and we folks on the right  
We throwin' up them thangs - and we startin' them  
fights  
The swinging we be doin' is a ugly site  
We sleep in the morning and we come out at night

[Chorus] 4x

[Project Pat]

Fuck around and get gun end, straight up out the pen  
From the mane with the sawed-off, lay up off the Gin  
You can win if you squeeze first - hollow points  
disperse  
You may leave in an ambulance or inside a hearse  
Niggas curse when they get caught, then they go to jail  
Took a purse with the gold watch - but I can't make bail  
Yeah its sad, but I did the crime, I except the time  
Just another broke hood nigga - cheese up on my mind  
Grab the nine, wanna make change  
Suckers lay it down, Project Pat and them Three 6  
niggas who get down  
'Bout that loot, let the bullets shoot - get across your  
grill  
I'm a North Memphis dinner thief - all about a meal  
And I will still retaliate, all you ones that hate  
I'm a rider for Hypnotize, move or wrapped in tape  
A survivor so realize, catchin' you on late  
In the bushes don't be surprise, you gon' meet your  
fate

[Chorus] 4x

[Hook 2] 2x

...show ya golds, show ya golds  
...throw some 'bows, throw some 'bows  
...show ya golds, show ya golds  
...throw some 'bows, throw some 'bows

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