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## Hooker John Lee "Triple Six Club House"

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[\* Static \*]

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[\* Helicopter \*]

[\* Lord Infamous talking in the background \*]

Pickin' up the murder scripts So come audition for the role In the cold of the motherfuckin' Triple Six sitcom, ugh Niggaz catchin' the infection from the rich and come along For the mark on ya arm, it's the income Ball on to the next century misery Scarecrow got a murder that is goin' down in history A train from the North, a train from the South There isn't, but they all collided through All the niggas died, cause of greed and pride Cause I will pursue you, screw you Put a slug through you, the voodoo brutally right I'm the seventh of the sign, I'm the sniper you can't find And my slug made of shiny jewelry Mr. Boogie Man, fee fie foe fum I smell some money in his hand, take his side ugh I don't give a fuck, about your side You can be from L-A, Miami, or the N-Y

[Chorus: repeat 2X] We gonna take you to the Triple Six club house We got a plot for you already dug out I'm gonna run outside man, and pop these thangs Wanna, wanna come play in the black rain

[\* Beat changes in second verse \*]

Hearse's drivin' round your house, hoodoo hex Voodoo dolls bouncin' on your bed, throwin' devil sets Six, ah diss stick, nothin' up my sleeve Money boost blazin' quickness, call me Crow For he's blaaay! Crow got a lust for that devilish bust And the Triple Six crush And I touch like Malachi, rollin' every spot Lookin' for you ass and we hot With the infrared sewn in his flesh Just like some fuckin' disco lights We gonna cut ya into itty bitty parts Meet me on your side of town Where they keep the graveyards Crush blast, dead rats, lots of trash Empty shells, crack sells, city streets Black males found in blood trails Ain't nann enough mail for all y'all to prevail So the weak get put to sleep, and they smell while they pale Sippin' on the salty wines of your sweet, softy blood My name is Scarecrow bitch, yo' welcome to my club

[Chorus] - repeat 2X to fade

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