

## Lil Scrappy

### "M.E.M.P.H.I.S"

Visit "[M.E.M.P.H.I.S](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[DJ Paul] (Crunchy Black)

Finally, I got all real niggaz on on a muthafuckin' Posse  
song

Niggaz that's down to cut some muthafuckin' heads  
(Mafia, ya, y-ya, y-ya, ya, ya) [\*repeats through whole  
song\*]

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

[Project Pat]

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'

[Lord Infamous]

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, CrazeNLazDayz

Heypno-tize, and blazed another gold plate

Sixty 6, sixty 1, The Smoke Clears, evaporate

[Juicy J]

I got a 357, a tec with a black clip

A 180 pounds with a 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

[MC Mack]

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

[Cruchy Black]

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

[La Chat]

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

[Koopsta Knicca:]

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 it, 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

[T-Rock]

Capital Mack-11's, and load 'em full of ammunition  
Terrorist sect's, we pull and lock'em in the Expedition  
No set a niggaz got guns equivalent to what we pack  
Nuclear pistols and fire scorchin' automatic gats  
How in the fuck can you handle the, butsa damager  
Toss that bitch over the banaster, like trash canisters  
Hollow points into your battle troops, when I have to  
shoot  
Plus I'll be storin' the cap for you, and trick be absolute

[MC Mack]

I woke up early Saturday morning,  
suddenly your phone was ringin' off the charger  
Thinkin' to myself, man, is it a bitch or cop, or is it them  
robbers  
Got MC Mack of in a scheme, I'm stainin' for my  
dividends  
And pay a livin', neh nigga,  
gon' bother my cheese gon' reach the ceiling fan  
You can catch my in that president thing, on gizold  
when you see me  
You can joke me, ever rope me, best believe your bleed  
this evenin'  
Fuck the reason, and the treason,  
time to get dirty nigga better I'll pop it  
You was gaspin' for your life, but all I heard was Killa  
Klan Kaze

[DJ Paul]

Bitches think we playin', think this killa shit a joke  
Don't fuck around with HCP and get you ass smoked,  
ho  
Comin' with some fully auto's, fuck some semi's  
Hit 'em with some hollow auto's, cause I desp-iz-ise  
Blastin' like some rondo batays, for you miatays  
Koop with double clicks and duck tape, and wicked  
wizays  
And I, perferin' keepin' busin' in my freak time  
Taught 'em in that buried unknown, they wanna reap

why  
Give you second thoughts about that business, you  
then finished right  
Take you to the vault, cash it in, all night flight  
And I'm in a bad mood, cocaine make it that  
Plus, I gotta ease on this nine-milly, willy, nigga I slang  
with that  
Bitch, nigga, it's CP nigga  
HCP, Hypnotize Camp Posse nigga  
What, what, it's CP nigga  
HCP, Hypnotize Camp Posse nigga

Visit [Lil Scrappy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.