

## **Three 6 Mafia "All Or Nothin'"**

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(Lord Infamous)  
Gotta have a big back  
Bank account not pitty amounts  
Bud by the pound  
Smoke a mothafuckin' ounce  
A mean ass crib  
All digital studio  
And some down ass hoes for the road  
I want it all or nothin'  
I want it all or nothin'  
They bitches with a punch bowl of weed  
I call it bud in bed  
On the spread  
Plenty cash  
Dumpin' blunt ashes on they ass  
A bed with hydrolix  
Liquor cause I'm alcoholic  
No college for my knowlege  
Cause I knew how to make profits  
Don't like expensive clothes  
Just the gangsta aparrel  
Grab my route foul  
As I walk down the threshold  
Black as a shadow  
Smoke loc vehicle  
Hit Triple 6 up on my motorola portable  
Keepin' it key low pro flow  
In the studio  
Part time jiggalo  
Rock a show to make some dough  
Lord Infamous  
Mafios a gangsta pimp playa  
Got on my brand new scarecrow underwear  
600 acre marajuana field in my backyard  
Smokin banana leaves on my lawn chair  
Playa cause a room  
Full of mothafuckin' bombs and artillery  
All fuckin' century I need

Chorus  
Plenty money and dope  
Alot of fine hoes

A fresh car and crib  
That's how I like to live  
I want it all or nothin'

(Juicy "J")

Back in the days I was broke  
No joke  
Fucked up in town  
No g's no hope  
A nigga used to hike home from school  
On the bike trail  
Wishin' one day this rap shit'll probably make me bail  
Lil' ??? was the niggas I used to hang with  
Andre and Big Trese  
North Memphis bound bitch  
Hangin' on Evergreen corners  
Holdin' my fuckin' nuts

Watchin' freaks walk by  
Sayin dirty bitch wassup  
But they wasn't goin'  
Cause they want a nigga sellin' yam  
A mean four way  
With the grain wood his ass in  
95.0 chevy thang with the vogues  
But I used to catch the bus  
and lounge and the china store  
I just couldn't wait  
Tryin' to rap to get my final break  
Juicy "J" AKA The Juice I want it on my tape  
Sell and make money  
So the niggas in my hood'll know  
Any one wanna ride I'll be singin' this chorus

Chorus

(DJ Paul)

In the 9-5  
I decided fuck this underground tape shit  
Stack some cheese  
So quit puts on my disses  
Tryin' to break bitch  
Kinda quick kinda fast  
To a bigger studio  
Bullshit producers tryin' to fuck me up my asshole  
Tradin' ass niggas sayin' they do  
Just enough for me  
If you ain't for real  
Then keep it to yourself  
Cause see I ain't got time  
plus aint in a mood for playin no fuckin games

you cross me somethin and I dont get it  
I gotta lay it down  
But I ain't and I'm not nigga  
I gotta make more than I did in the 9  
For whatever it takes it wont be easy  
Cause in they never why  
In dough it better stay like this  
Or get greater  
Cause if a nigga fuck me now  
I promise he pay for it later  
That's why I beat you to my game  
And I learned the business  
Cause you will straight be missin'  
Without a witness  
I want a pound of weed  
And a candy face in the den  
A bank account readin' a mill  
And a 95 Benz

Chorus

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