

Three 6 Mafia "Are U Ready 4 Us"

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Hahaha

1998

Three 6 Mafia

Hooked up with the motherfuckin' Dayton Family

Are ya'll ready for us

Bring the pain

Bitch ya'll ain't ready for us

Miphia style

Flip Time

98

Rollin' like dees

Smoke the trees bitch

Chorus x2

We mafia, is it too much (We mafia mafia mafia ya)

Are you ready for us (We mafai mafia mafia ya)

Cause it's the 1990 Triple 6 2000

(Scarecrow)

Mixtures of sin and gin on sight

Cut the wings off an angel

On both sides

I'm suin'

Huntin'

All them suckas

State your last name first

Meyers, Michael

Lord is killin'

Three 6 killin'

What else will I say

Even children

Probably don't give a fuck if you are naughty or nice

At night

Sacrifice

Good bye, lights out

(Juicy J)

Can you feel me

Can you hear me

Did you pick the scene

A lot of fools done fucked around town

Showed up in your dreams
Standin' in a hideaway
Inferred, them guns spray
Gotcha shakin'
Gotcha nervous
Knowin' not how to get away
Lookin' out the window pane
Cause all your gonna feel is pain
In your yard I see a tree
I also see your body hang
See the phone
Pick it up
The wire that is only cut
I meant to pray
Your still gonna die
Too late bitch
Your time is up

Chorus x4

(Dayton Family)
What the fuck you wanna do
Be a victim of my homicide
If you try to jack
I'll leave you dead head in the g ride
And creep up out my vehicle
And continue my jack move
Still gat under the dirt
Now put it up in your hand
Now ain't that smooth
Motherfucker
Snooze motherfucker
Move motherfucker
Loose motherfucker
Put your face down to the floor
And don't you take a look up
I heard about what you cook up
See bitch this is a stick up
I'm takin' you off your tippy toes
Take your cheese
And fuck your hoes
Givin' you crack sacks, macks back in your Cadillacs
Drop glock in my draws
Extra clip up under my balls
My dick's like a 44
Fuckin' up your pussy wall
You ran your lip about your grip
And I'm takin' in on the stash box
Your pockets are swoll hoe
And I'm lookin' for a jackpot
I wear a mask on my face

So I won't catch a case
Keepin' it low key
Don't nobody know me
I'm just like a snake
When I creep through your window
So motherfuck the cops
Cold hard on me kin though
So motherfuck the 5-0
It's all about survival
I leave them like d-o-a
Bitch that's dead on arrival

Chorus x4

Cause it's the 1990 Triple 6 2000

(DJ Paul)
Give'em two
To the head
Three to the neck
And the other fuckin' tip
Too his motherfuckin' chest
Gotta buck him down
Gotta buck him down town
Talkin' bout' these clowns
Talkin' shit up in my fuckin' town
Since he ain't dead yet
Check his head
Check his chest
Playa should have guessed
He was strapped with a fuckin' vest
Hoe you should have known
You was fuckin' with the Triple 6
We bust
I knew you wasn't ready for us

(Gangsta Boo)
Am I too much
To avoid, can't you fuck with us
In the Lexus truck with Juicy J
Getting fucked up
Tearin' the club up
What be bumpin' on the radio
Mafia is what I'm screamin'
Till the day I die hoe
More game for the lame
Educate them bitches man
Stay in focus
Hocus pocus
Tryin' my best to maintain
High as the sky

Is why it's my business bitch
Open up your own fuckin' account
And get up out my shit

Chorus x4

Cause it's the 1990 Triple 6 2000

(Crunchy Blac)
6 bitch
So don't you fuck with this click
Cause if you fuck with this click
You'll get a little of this (gun shots)
You must don't know who you fuckin' with bitch
Cause we leavin' bodies in body bags
Drop em' off in a ditch
Know I mean kid
Know I mean kid, huh
See we come from
A natural bomb
A natural gun
A natural gimme some
Don't make me make your body numb trick
And have you hollerin' out mafia mafia mafia mafia

(Koopsta Knicca)
Stick em' dead
Kill em' dead
Rush them tricks on down to the flo'
With north Memphis convicts
Bithces call me Koopsta hoe
Fuck me once never twice
Wrapped up on that game of dice
How can I lie
When at nine hundred times
You said you was a man of the house
I don't really done it
Koop you hung around that nigga man
Try so hard to be a soldier bitch
But come out to be dealt with trick
I'm sick in the head
Better call Fred
Dirty red
Yeah, yeah you gon' look
Too late fuckin' fool
Cause you drownin' in your poo poo

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