

Three 6 Mafia "Gotcha Shakin"

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-Yeah, you fuckin punk, I'm finna take ya muthafuckin
beat and go
Nationwide with it, bitch. Don't ever bite the
muthafuckin dick that
Feeds you.

Triple fuckin 6 in ya face gotcha shakin just my-
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Thugs from Pro-Prophet the Posse I'll give em a reason
to duck

[Gangsta Boo]

What's up to my gangsta bitches chargin niggas
All up out they profits
What's up to my niggas slangin dope or dodgin
crooked coppas
Yes this crazy lady all up out it for the n-zine 6
How the fuck you think I love you boy when I'm a playa,
dig
All that shit I'm sayin, I'm not playin, fuck you slaw ass
boys
Actions speakin louder than my words, but you still
makin noise
Nigga, let me tell ya ho you fucked up with the wrong
click
Turn yo volume up and listen closely to this gansta
bitch
While you out there fackin on them jacks man we comin
up
Smokin on them sweets filled with ink, gettin real buck
Talkin all that shit, moviemaker I must say you are
Nationwide, shit, on yo ass, ho we movin far
Not buyin that shit, Prophet Posse, Triple fuckin 6
Smilin, clownin, upside down and frownin back up out
our shit
Mrs. Lady Gangsta Boo just had to let you know
Closin up the chapter, trick that's after, bitch that's all

she wrote

Chorus (4x): Triple Triple fuckin 6 in ya face gotcha
shakin

Just my thugs from Pro-Prophet the Posse
I'll give em a reason to duck

[Juicy J]

These niggas be playa hatin and runnin they fuckin
mouth

Then get in the studio and that's all they rap about
We totin them ya'll thangs, you smokin that cocaine
I heard you do primos bitch, you can't fool the Juiceman
I'm blowin these Port squares, and snowball, ?AC air?
Ridin, click on you hoes, while you walk with nappy hair
Keep runnin yo mouth my nig, we constantly gettin rich
And after you hear this I bet you will ride it, BITCH!

[Lord Infamous]

Look at the mess that my floss start to make
Bullets are bouncin all over the place
Bodies start fallin upon to the floor
Everyone's tryin to file out the door
What did you fuck with the Triple 6 for?
Knowin we blessed with no prisoners of war
Don't Bounce like that with you niggas no more
Blow up fake playas up with this C4 no trouble boy
Me fill a slug behind yo earlobe, duck me leave you
plugged
Me leave you suffocating soakin in yo fuckin blood
Scarecrow, buckin bastards, back up of me
Knock off your dust, stop puffing on my bud
You got castrated cause you got no nuts, ho

Chorus (4x)

[D.J. Paul]

It's gon be another deadly night more violent, more
silent
As we stroll this bitch mo got down, my infrared got em
on the roll
Owens, burbans clean as fuck, smile as I roll down the
street
Yo lyric was weak as fuck, so ho I just stole yo beat
Crunchy man I been thinkin man I know what we got
right here
A nigga that shoot, a nigga that lately get his name out
there
Fuck man these bitches weaker than water, black,
He need to stay the fuck up outta my hood or Chris and
I'll find Pat

I'm gettin low down and dirty with my 30-30
Just like you'll never be in Rolls, be a hook, with my
nose
Dirty blastin that infrared at yo ass, ain't you scared ho,
tanganay
Mad Dog, and I'm full of blow
Man never will you set our bodies in the same clothes,
oh, bitch
Never will you ride the same rides I done rode
Just lookin at ya, I plan to tell ya you broke as fuck
Triple fuckin 6, givin yo ass a reason to duck bitch

Chorus (4x)

[D.J. Paul, Gangsta Boo, Juicy J]

-Yeah, bitch, ya'll know what time it is, 3-6 muthafuckin
Mafia in this
Ho, you muthafuckin bitch ass boy, you'll never ride the
muthafuckin
Rides we done rode, nigga, on gold thangs, ho, you
know what I'm sayin,
You ain't never gon wear Versace like a nigga or drink
Cristale like a
Nigga you muthackin, muthackin malt liquor drinkin
ass bitch
-You is a weak as nigga, why you talk all that shit, shit
talkin
Muthafucka, moviemakin, actor, character ass, bitch
ass, weak ass, trick
Nappy hair ass boy
-You boodie eatin muthafucka, dick suckin ass lickin,
cock lickin
-Nigga, nigga, nigga you's a payless ass nigga, bitch
-Punk ass, ho, You can't claim Funkytown-
-We muthafuckin nationwide, bitch, you better ask
somebody bout it ho,
Billboard bound, ho, Prophet Town bound, bitch
-Nigga ain't got no money, you broke ass...
-You muthafuckin \$2 ass nigga, I break ya down to
\$1.50 muthafuckin ho
-You primo smokin muthafucker
-You muthafuckin bitch, you milkshake ass nugga, I'm
stirrin you up ho
-I heard you had AIDS you weak muthafucka
-You sissy muthafucka straight dick goin dirty ass
round ho, ho,ho, fuck
All these hoes
-Woooooowoooo!
-Yessir! 3 muthafuckin 6, bitch
-Prophet Posse the posse bitch! Prophet Posse the
Posse bitch!

-Woo Wooooooooo!
-Prophet Posse the Posse, bitch!
-Hey, yessir!
-Prophet Posse the posse bitch!

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