

Three 6 Mafia "I Told 'em"

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Yeah, Hypnotize Minds, Three 6 Mafia
Yuh, you niggaz wanna motherfuckin' play, nigga
Don't go by the character I was playin'
On one of the fuckin' TV show or movie, nigga, gonna
test me sucka?

I'll show you niggaz
Where motherfuckin' tears come from, nigga
From the motherfuckin' haze
Of these niggaz guns right here, boy, it's goin' down

I told 'em, I told 'em, I told 'em, I told 'em, I told 'em
I showed 'em, I showed 'em, I showed 'em, I showed
'em, I showed 'em
I hate to be fussy, I said I hate to be fussy
I said I hate to be fussy, I swear I hate to be

I swear I told 'em, I told 'em, I told 'em, I told 'em, I told
'em
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Come one, come all to the Hypnotize gun show
Young hoe, gun let go, I've been gung-ho
Run yo' click clean out of that shit
Did they forget or did they not know who they was
fuckin' with?

D Paul, Three 6, king of this Memphis shit
Any nigga think otherwise they need to stop it
Prayin' when the red tape'll introduce a faker to they
maker
Call me The Undertaker for haters causin' vapors

And you can catch a hot one, I got plenty of 'em
They called bullets and they burn just like a oven
You know we can do it however, it ain't no use to play
Fire on a nigga like they used to say, yuh

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I said I hate to be fussy, I swear I hate to be, what?

Coward niggaz ride 20 niggaz deep
With a piece, underneath the seat, make 'em think they
street
I don't need nobody else, whup you by myself
One on one, leave the guns at home, keep 'em on the
shelf

But you can't 'cause you need a crew, extra fist or two
Only one might really shoot but that is not you
And you show out, try to buck, make 'em think you
tough
Been to jail about a couple times, I guess that puffed
you up

If you real nigga, what the deal? Take some weed or
pills
Maybe thinkin' get your confidence up, tell 'em how you
feel
You a Jew and a fuck nigga, can't even stand yo'
ground
But you walk around, fake-ass frown but I know you're a
clown, beotch

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