

Three 6 Mafia "Let the Vibes Flow"

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Pump me up, yeah, that's it
What's that?

[VERSE 1: Laquan]

Hear the wrath of my vocab, straight from the rhyme
lab
Scopin my gold rope but don't attempt to grab
Watch your step, keep a civilized head
The truth is said to awaken the brain-dead
Why intercept me from a positive destiny
Music, music, my important necessity
God bless me and those who test me
Help those that I'm down with and let the rest be
Stuck in a black hole and yes, I withhold
A key so you can see me in poetry motion
Steadily coastin to a lyrical plot that puts a knot in my
pocket
Now let's bear witness to the sight of the no-good
Minds are molded, and flooded with falsehood
Too much TV, you're brainwashed by Hollywood
I speak truth, so let it be understood
You want peace, boy, you have to show some
Some cry for peace and still carry a gun
I understand, get or get got, shoot or get shot
That's not to way to go
Well, I'ma chill back and stay out of crack and stay low
And let the vibes flow

[VERSE 2: Laquan]

The set is not done yet, some have learned but I bet
Some will twist the truth and rebuke the positive groups
Who prophecize and open eyes of the blind
Use words like tide to clean dirt from your mind
Often I practice cause practice makes perfect
You disagree with that? Yo, I feel it's worth it
I can't hold back, yo, I must expose the fact
Truth is hidden, self-knowledge you lack
Let words slam, back-track, check the diagram
When Spanky flex he creates the side-effects
Set my course, proceed to speak with force
Grab the sourc and take lyrical intercourse

Secure my rhyme from suckers and rhyme grabbers
Watch your back, you never know who's a backstabber
You're now a slave, feel the force of my soundwave
As the vibes flow

[VERSE 3: Laquan]

As I hit my conclusion you find it amusin
How I drift to the rhythm of the samples I'm usin
Status is proven by the fact that you're movin
Words flow rapidly, melody soothin
One never prospers from a negative thought
You might win in the begin, but lose in the end
Suckers being drugged into my lyrical pit
Brains are lit, they throw a fit but still they sit
Alone in my death dome scared of my voice tone
Step in my path, you're just entered war zone
Now how can you quiz me if you don't know the answer
The effect from my dialect is somewhat cancer
Slow death, you lose breath as I rip what's left
of your flesh and let God save the rest
So if you didn't know, now you know
To chill back when I go and let the vibes flow

It's like pumpin in my ear drums
Yeah, the vibe's pumpin in my ear drums
It's like pumpin in my ear drums
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