

## Three 6 Mafia

### "M.E.M.P.H.I.S. - Hypnotize Camp Passe"

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Finally, I got all real niggaz on on a muthafuckin' Posse  
song  
Niggaz that's down to cut some muthafuckin' heads  
From here to ATL, to Nashville, back to the M-town  
nigga  
And you know what that mean bitch

I'm makin' easy money, pimpin' hoes is serious  
bitch  
I'm makin' easy money, pimpin' hoes is serious  
nigga

Call a nigga, drug dealer, out here on the track nigga  
Weed smoker, coke snorter, come and get a pack  
nigga  
Cane slanger, bitch banger, dog I'll bring it to ya  
If you got a problem with me, holla at my Luger

Dro puffer, cheese come up when we on the track jack  
Hit you in the head with the gat 'til your skull crack  
Blood gushin', head rushin', act first, no discussion  
Come with that bullshit, then the bullets start bustin'

First crime, we came with Mystic Stylez on grime  
You slip, I Live By My Rep don't fuck with mine  
Da End, the souls of men embedded inside the Posse  
The Prophet, the Posse, we all collide

We brutal, the Chapter 2 to end the phase, our mind  
In crime, reminds, Crazy N Laz Dayz  
Heypnitize, and blazed another gold plate  
Sixty 6, sixty 1, The Smoke Clears, evaporate

I got a 357, a tec with a black clip  
A 180 pounds witha fist that will bust lips  
Some killaz on my side, if I tell 'em they gon' get  
A fiend violatin' the business, I ain't wit'

And now in 2000 you talkin' the same shit  
And now in 2000 I'll bust and I won't miss  
They smoke is in the air the liquor is still a fill  
The grill is still gold and the curls they know kick doors

The First one to bust his gun, hollow tips come by the  
ton  
Two AK's and put some drama to leave this niggaz  
bodies numb  
I don't talk this shit for fun, cock it back and let it go  
And 6 shots, from the 3-6 shooters lettin' 'em know,  
whoa

Picture me, naked face to kickin' in your door  
4, niggaz deep, bandanas with black calicos  
So, when we creep, drop 'cause I'ma hit you  
nine times  
Take your nine lives, bump up and hypnotize your  
mind, blind

You can believe this, you can believe that  
And believe I got a baseball bat, and I'm bustin' your  
head black  
You believe I'm comin' strong, you believe I'm all grown  
You believe, that nigga, I love to get it on

You half steppin', I got the weapon, boom, boom  
I'm blastin' at your mind to get you believe that  
I love to kill, I love the thrill  
And I love to put a nigga body parts in the field, nigga

No, no, come, come and get this bitch, ain't got no time  
fo no shit  
Got all my boys, don't make no noise, just throw that  
trick in the ditch  
It ain't no way La Chat gon' let it slide with the shit that  
you done  
I got my piece for what I do to show you who the fuck  
number one

I shot that bitch without causes, ain't got no love in my  
heart  
It ain't no way that I can't handle, keep that tone in my  
jaw  
This ain't no crap, I speak the truth, gotta come too  
thick to get me  
On one of you hoes, before you come, La Chat ain't  
gone easy

Man, a bitch'll take that lil' bit out  
Her pussy for them papers  
Get the fuck away from me ho  
Because the crew can't stand them vapors

Take her, break her

To whip that funky bitch  
Talkin' that shit about this man  
You'll get 10 slugs up in your arm pits

Yeah, we can do it take your time and do it right  
You can gimme the fuckin' chewin', I can fuck you all  
night  
Wanna fight about your friends see how them bitches  
gon' start  
See now that's that type of shit that get my muh'fuckin'  
dick hard

Capital Mack-11's, and load 'em full of ammunition  
Terrorist sect's, we pull and lock 'em in the Expedition  
No set a niggaz got guns equivalent to what we pack  
Nuclear pistols and fire scorchin' automatic gats

How in the fuck can you handle the butsa damager?  
Toss that bitch over the banaster like trash canisters  
Hollow points into your battle troops when I have to  
shoot  
Plus I'll be storin' the cap for you and trick be absolute

I woke up early Saturday morning  
Suddenly your phone was ringin' off the charger  
Thinkin' to myself, man  
Is it a bitch or cop, or is it them robbers?

Got MC Mack of in a scheme  
I'm stainin' for my dividends  
And pay a livin', neh nigga, gon' bother my cheese  
Gon' reach the ceiling fan

You can catch my in that president thing  
On gizold when you see me  
You can joke me, ever rope me  
Best believe your bleed this evenin'

Fuck the reason, and the treason  
Time to get dirty nigga better I'll pop it  
You was gaspin' for your life  
But all I heard was Killa Klan Kaze

Bitches think we playin', think this killa shit a joke  
Don't fuck around with HCP and get you ass smoked,  
ho  
Comin' with some fully auto's, fuck some semi's  
Hit 'em with some hollow auto's, Ã¢â€šÂ˜cause I  
despizise

Blastin' like some rondo batays, for you miatays

Koop with double clicks and duck tape, and wicked  
wizays  
And I, perferin' keepin' busin' in my freak time  
Taught 'em in that buried unknown, they wanna reap  
why

Give you second thoughts about that business, you  
then finished right  
Take you to the vault, cash it in, all night flight  
And I'm in a bad mood, cocaine make it that  
Plus, I gotta ease on this nine-milly, willy, nigga I slang  
with that

Bitch, nigga, it's CP nigga  
HCP, Hypnotize Camp Posse nigga  
What, what, it's CP nigga?  
HCP, Hypnotize Camp Posse nigga

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