

Three 6 Mafia

"Notes of a Native Son"

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(*scratching of*)
(Listen! Listen! Listen!)
(We ask now)
(We ask now)
(We ask you)
(We ask you)
(Now listen)
(Now listen)

(Parties... where we get together and do our thing)

[VERSE 1: Laquan]

Feel the rhythm as the paragraphs coincide
The vocab will multiply, the mission is do-or-die
Principles classify, the concept will clarify
I speak fact cause only fact will justify
Thus travel distance, it's time that we rinse this
Stereotype hype right out of life sight
Drums pulsate, brains vibrate
Level is first rate, proceed to elevate
Samples enhanced, audience entranced
Now it's my turn but every man has a chance
Evil will never drive, God helps those who strive
Fire and brimstone dwells in the inside
Truth is in front of you
You're blind but it's huntin you
Speakin with strong verbs, readin the proverbs
Wake up at once, resurrection has come
Hear the trumpet of Gabriel and the notes of a native
son

[CHORUS (2X)]

I'm your native son
(Native son)
I'm your native son
I am your native son
(Hear the notes of a native son)
I'm your native son

[VERSE 2: Laquan]

Panic, rhythmic, dope addict

Words flow automatic, sticks like static
Frozen and freeze dried, the poems are like pitfalls
This blackman will stand tall, I'm firm as a brickwall
Just a portion can sting like a scorpion
Hurt like a heart attack, ride it like Amtrak
My spiritual insight will take to extreme height
Cause I'm livin life right, palmin the mic tight
Brothers have tried this but they didn't swing it right
Method of a renegade, keepin it airtight
I thank woman for breedin the black seed
Then let the verses roll like a tumbleweed
I give pain like a migraine
Releasin my best and when done leave a bloodstain
Glorify God cause there's only one
Hear the notes of a native son

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: Laquan]

Opponents approach and I post my position
Listen for the word then proceed with the mission
Paragraphs float, phrases stunt growth
State is a dungeon, vocal chord is a death rope
Words are vehicles riding on sound
Drums leave you numb, the pound can put a crack in
the ground
Pressure released performin a stronghold
Maximum thrust - working towards overload
Peace Productions, the beat thy're providin me
Anger is inside of me, anxiety drives me
But I release my steam on a track, black
Instead of killin a brother, nah, never that
To this I'm loyal, I shine like tin foil
You're soft as soil, the microphone'll boil
Pause but not fall, we ain't havin no flaws
My tongue is my metal, Lett hands are like chainsaws
Words can move mountains, pourin like a fountain
Clockin crazy dollars, countin and countin
Drop to my knees and repent for my sins
Peace to my friends, no rest till it ends
L-a, q-u, a-n solo, one
Yeah, notes of a native son

[CHORUS]

(Native son)

(Native son)

I am your native

(Native son)

I am your native
(Native son)
I am your native
(Hear the notes of a native son)
I am your native
I am your native
I am your native
(*fade*)

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