## Three 6 Mafia "Stomp"

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Was this in them trees These are the things They held me vision Seein' more things Me and DJ Paul We got the hook off We gon' stee

We gon' play socidal to go slappin' through thy window Something's creepin' up slow It was a Lodus Read about a hoe Some sippin' on the women Who gon' want to cross my fules, attention Not only was you weak Need another nigga drivin'

I stop the car
Said, ?Do you want to buck 'em??
Rough Koopsta
Shirt, I knew you're hurt
Take the bridge back
Take a bag with them slugs
Sentence see your gone son
Devils in your Chris

It's the coulda me dree Z's
Koopsta got 'em stee
Make prophet me
See that's what you get for talkin' shit
Trick I drop you in the splunder
Cut you up like
Jerry Springer biatch

Come, come who the fuck
They want some
Niggas want to jump, jump
Get'cha make ya pump, Paul
Still gon' miss ya bump, bump
Off a nigga fakin', goin' to a richin'
Bitches turn to shaken

Mafioso rule by
And he will act a fool
When he don't give a damn
If your fuckin' red or blue boy
Couldn't buy the wet slide
Goin' on this best lide
Lord Infamous done with tight
When me gotta get mine

You know what I want
But do Koopsta gets it
Storm on this bitch
Like some new used confetti
Astronomical Triple 6
Writes space on top of astroids
Comin' to rip up the shore
We killin' the fool, so act a fool boy

Stomp motherfucker, stomp motherfucker, stomp (Lay at, move his ass down to the pump)
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How long gon' go deep
In the North?
When niggas stay drunk
And smoke on your new ports
From on my streets
Wit all only peeps
I used to scratch
And throw down beats

I made a mix
With real deep bass
The noise I had to be slangin' tapes
DJ in this shit try to make that shit
Tone be speakers that stack they crates
Studio 9 was the place to be
Where all jocks were tryin' to get
The chance get on the tape

Bein' a fool
Keep tryin' I'm not goin' to quit
The club was packed from wall to wall
The gangsta walk is what we call
When niggas are buckin'
I'm still gonna dance

The third a fool Let's look if all

We took the club
And show no love
Just throw in our face
And gettin' refunds
They might wanna fight
Later on the night
'Cause Memphis playas don't give a fuck
Security junk

We smack the punks for throwin' us out
For smokin' a blunt, the number ones on
It just cam on
And now it's time to fuckin' stomp
Juicy's in the motherfuckin' house
It's the peel yo
Motherfuckin' stand back
It's they fuckin' steelo

On your fuckin' ass
We can't fuckin' brag
Cause we comin' up
Robbers on my ass, should I blast
'Cause they runnin' up
Maybe it's my premadin'
No present turn to yo
With the sayin'

Saw your nine
Boy I call that kick door
I stick those
Bitches in my trunk
And now we back to my hood
Don't want the left they die yet
But he wishin' he would
Wasn't in the mood

For this bunk shit
But these niggas had to creep
That boy they stupid
I sit, I leave these hoes for a permanent sleep
And now we out the club
We gotta get em' up
Triple 6 and Prophet Posse
Ya'll know we make em' stomp

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