

## Three 6 Mafia "Try Somethin"

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Yeah it's Project Pat up in this thang  
Representin' "Layin' the Smackdown", "North North"  
Three 6 Mafia fin' a rip it like it's supposed to be flip  
Handle that shit

Jack one, smack one, run off wit ya sack son  
Anybody wit the loot, give it up or I'ma shoot  
Bow down M-town, niggaz like to ride clean  
Snort on some good dope, smoke on some good green  
Friday pay day, so I'm at the Shake Junt  
Lookin' fo' a big lick, fiendin' for a fat blunt  
Saw my victim caught me one slippin'  
On the side of the club, takin' a pissin'

No mask on face, I didn't really need it  
He can be damn fool and he'll get heated  
Point blank, snatch bank, runnin' like a track star  
Heart pumpin' fast like I ate out the crack jar  
No one saw me, made clean get away  
That means that I still live to get paid  
Late night, all night jackin' on the spizot  
Breakin' up a dice game or where it's hizot

(I'm a rob me some niggaz)  
Mane I'm fucked up, a nigga gotta try somethin'  
(I'ma rob me some niggaz)  
Mane my lucks up, a nigga gotta try somethin'  
(I'ma rob me some niggaz)  
Mane I'm dead broke, a nigga gotta try somethin'  
(I'ma rob me some niggaz)  
Plus I'm out of dope, you know gotta try somethin'

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I ran up in the bank put a tone to his head

Told the clerk this a robbery, nigga drop the bread  
Then I ran like a bitch when my folks was outside  
So I jumped in the car, mashed the gas start to ride  
The westside of Tennessee, until I heard the news  
Nigga should have went to Mexico, my face was on the  
tube  
Most wanted for a felony, I should have stayed in class  
I was a stupid as nigga, I didn't even wear a mask

I guess you know by now the B H Z do not play  
My pussy valley are down and gonna spray  
They still robbin' niggaz and jackin' fo yo clothes  
And have you runnin' round like college girls exposed  
My Tulane niggaz you knowin' they stayin' strapped  
Beside DJ Paul they put The Haven on the Map  
But it's too many hoods in The Haven to claim  
So we gon' all bring guns we gon' all bring pain

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You can do what ya do to keep ya ass in  
It's CB and mane I ain't playin'  
Wit pistol in my muthafuckin' right hand  
I'm a stick it to ya body, and start demandin'  
Give your muthafuckin' money out ya fuckin' pockets  
Give me them rings and that fuckin' watch  
And you better listen up before I start poppin'  
It's me again, I'm constantly robbin'

Slap on his block wit the glock and lock'em down to the  
rocks  
Fiendin' for his knot in his pocket strip him down his  
socks  
Grab and feel this fo' fo' hopin' steam right off this  
scope  
And I let him smoke if I go in ya pockets and ya broke

Ya got a lotta nuts rollin' my hood on ya twankies  
Now ya gotta drop off them bitches and that ring on ya  
pankies  
Give me all ya dope or ya green, ya pills, and ya powda  
Or I gotta pump the gauge and let you take a buck shot  
shower

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