

## Three 6 Mafia "Try Something"

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[Project Pat]

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 , smoke on some good green  
Friday payday, so I'm at the Shake joint  
Lookin' fo' a big, fienin' fienin' 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 no one saw me made clean getaway  
That that means that I still live to get paid  
Late nights, all night jackin on the spizot  
Breakin up a dice game or where it's hizot

[Hook: Crunchy Black - repeat 2X]

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

[Juicy "J"]

I ran up in the bank put a tone to his head  
Told the clerk this a robber 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 ass nigga I didn't even wear a mask

[DJ Paul]

I guess you know by now the BHZ do not play

My pussy valley niggaz 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 name  
so we gon all bring guns we gon' all bring pain.

[Hook x2 (Crunchy Black)]

[Crunchy Black]

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

[Lord Infamous]

Slap'em on his block wit the glock  
and lock'em down to the rocks  
fienin' for his knot in his pocket strip him  
down his socks, grab and stroke this 44  
hopin' steam right off this scope  
and I let him smoke If I go in ya pockets and ya  
ya got a lotta nuts rollin' my hood on ya twankies  
now ya gotta drop off them bitches and that ring on ya  
pankies  
either ya give me ya green, ya pills, and ya powda  
Or I gotta pump the gauge and let you take a buck shot  
shower

[Hook x2 (Crunchy Black)]

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