

Three 6 Mafia "War With Us"

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Like Thisssss...

How many niggas wanna go to war wit us
How many niggas really think they can hang wit us
How could you sleep on the thugs when the thugs dont
sleep
BeCause we keep in the street
7 days a week nigga
(X2)

(Dj Paul)

Let me tell you bout these monkey ass niggas
All up in my grill
Niggas clamin they down on my side but they
Aint on the real
Smilin in my face
Behind my back
They tryin ta get my raps
This ole wannabe nigga
I bet I slice you like a fuckin snappa
Up in the streets
You lookin good
Its because of me
Keep it in mind without the sixth
You would never be
A nigga hit me for the 10-4
I hit a 10-4
On my walkie-talkie
Them niggas ask me what Im in fo
I said I need a nigga heart ta
Stop beatin
We playin the same game
But these motha fuckas cheap brah
I treat this mother fuckin nigger fair
And In return what I get
The nigga try to cut my fuckin share
And to find out
He down wit cowards in the first
Think Im talkin bout you
We writin a fuckin verse
Maybe I am nigga
Nigga maybe Im not

But if you think I am
You guilty
Feel the fuckin buckshot

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(X2)

(Lord Infamous)
This shit we gettin cause
We focus
We watch the dopest
We get ta smokin
Like molten
The niggas hopin
But cannot cope
With ths loakest
Eletric wit
60,000 volts
Its ferocious
To get trocious
So take notes
Its provokive
You think we jokin
Hocus-Pokus
You open
The foo was scopin
Catch a pump
If ya dont keep
That nigga hard wit ya
Cut off ya door
Cut cha throat
Tie ya bed
His kids will with us when we roll
Take that boy
All his stuff

Nigga you dont hear me though
Got the score setteled
Lord Infamous- Scarecrow
Gun play, anda le
Bodies in my chevrolet
Sunday through Monday
I wanna let guns spray
Tear da club up
Three-Six Mafia
Nigga

Time ta make the gas
In the rainy ass beaker
Its on
Its a scam
Wit a frown
Make you put down
Frown town
Never was
Never
Was they punk
When they fuckin say it

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(Juicy J)
Rule number 1
Never steal from the Juice
Rule number 2
When you cross then your through
Rule number 3
I cant see you when its dark
Rule number 4
Is that nigga ridin in the car
Rule if you think a nigga playin wit you hoe
Then stick it to the streets
Cause real niggas often roll
And if I got a knife
Then theres gonna be some fuckin killins
Like if they talkin hard
Leave em hangin from the ceiling
And if you aint involved
Dont you get yourself involved
Cause hardest lookin niggas
That I know
Always pullin guns
Comin up in the game
I had to watch my back
Cause niggas want the rymes
They fuck my stack
Them jackers jack
Some people say how
I won a fuckin gold plat
And I still pack a strap
I make a phone call
To the thugs

They be shootin
Crap
And do
What I tell them
To do
Lets make these guns clap
Nigga

How, how, how, how...

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(X4)

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