

## Three 6 Mafia "We 'bout To Ride"

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*[DJ Paul: talking]*

yeah nigga  
the mother fuckin two time two time motherfuckin  
champions in this bitch  
I got another motherfuckin gold plaque on the wall now  
nigga  
now tell me what you think about that look me in my  
eyes  
and tell me nigga bitch bitch bitch bitch hoe hoe hoe  
nigga

*[Juicy]*

(background mixed through various parts of whole  
song)  
drop em in the trunk lock em in trunk real fast you'll be  
flying

*[Crunchy Black]*

we bout to ride on these fools cock these nines on  
these fools [x2]

*[DJ Paul]*

like thisssssssssss  
now in my city its so real in my city its so fake  
got some niggas that's gone play got some niggas that  
gone hate  
got some niggas that's gone dis the treal niggas on the  
tape  
but them the ones who want the streets so they start to  
evaporate  
that's why them niggas ain't around no more  
cause them niggas could sell no more  
without the Hypnotize or the Prophet nigga you is no  
more  
got plaques up on my walls  
got twenties on my cars  
keep coming like you coming and I'm gonna show you  
I ain't fucked up bout no charge nigga

*[Juicy]*

can you niggas feel my pain  
catch me standing in the rain

holding on a rusty 2  
bout to act a fuckin fool  
is the 6 the devil though  
make you wanna powder your nose  
have you smoking hydro weed  
satisfaction guaranteed  
bucking wild and throwing signs  
knowing these niggas done loss they minds  
blame it on Coriddy and Ooh  
when we cock them thangs and shoot  
thinking somebody had seen my face  
now I'm gonna catch a murder case  
just gonna beat him round for round and leave him in  
the river

*[DJ Paul (Crunchy Black)]*

They try to  
(we bout to ride on these fools cock these nines on  
these fools) [x4]

*[DJ Paul: talking]*

hahaha y'all niggas still don't understand  
nigga look around motherfucker look the fuck around  
you  
and see who you see nigga all you see is me  
Hypnotized C-A-M-motherfuckin-P bitch  
come on come on keep it coming keep it coming keep it  
coming

*[Project Pat]*

so you wanna try a  
nigga with the nine-a  
creep up from behind ya  
like the macarena  
shoot ya in your spine-a  
strap ya like a minor  
patch out your hizead  
slug bloody rized  
staying on the low low  
hating that's a no no  
duck taping trick up  
in the trunk you go go  
you gonna shake and shiver  
pain I deliver  
kidnapping fools throw they body in the river

*[Koopsta Knicca]*

let get this on  
you think I just piss off them fuckin sluts then a  
the streets auto traffic gonna fuck you up but now  
I had to tremble quick cause he bump with it

got some midgets in my clizick now I'm pimping bitch  
my friends have brand new teams  
twenties hundred ain't she motherfuckin funny

North Memphis come we catching everything and  
money  
home at night keep my motherfuckin eyes open  
cause last night I'm dealing with the fedz in the corner  
store

*[Crunchy Black]*

yo yo yo yo yo yo yo  
I locked em in the trunk  
and dropped they bodies off  
see cash in B.Z. you get that sawed off funk  
point to your head and then left someone dead  
then try that with thugs and be half out your head  
see messing with me is like messing with the fedz  
see messing with me is like being halfway dead  
most niggas don't walk my path I done already laid  
put 2 in the gun and flex so I won't be in that resting  
place

*[Lord Infamous]*

don't make me get ignorant, feel the incisions  
I shall make fragments, daggerous dragon  
poison and lashes, 2000 hazardous  
can you imagine, me with the Magnum  
fire breathing dragon, blow away the ashes  
what the fuck happen, torture and trap them  
Satan is digging, Scarecrow premonition  
the world is ending, please make a decision

*[LaChat]*

mayn fuck that shit  
go get that bitch and throw her ass in my trunk  
that infrared net be getting her head  
she make more sounds and she dumped  
where the fuck the evidence bitch  
only heat for my witness  
you think I'm playing what you saying  
LaChat ain't bout her business  
I tote my glock I keep it cocked  
the .38 slug for a nigga  
could be my brother husband cousin  
fuck him I pull the trigger  
got no remorse wont sympathize  
ain't got no love in my soul  
don't fuck with me know who I be  
LaChat that murdering hoe

*[T-Rock]*

I got him running from my slugs wrath  
niggas get they mugs snapped  
licking shots from plastic glocks  
you marinate in blood baths  
ignorance leave my manner  
silently concealed with Anna  
hoe I pugulize your skull  
and split it with the snipers scanner  
insert the capping glock  
gunpoint faster props  
lock and load like master lock  
and hit you for an aftershock  
I'm a snake so meet your fate  
compensate the paper chase  
Triple 6 is running shit  
corroborate and we make you wait

*[Lil Pat]*

you's out there thinking we just bullshittin  
about this shit gone whined up being  
the very motherfucker with they wig split  
laying there in the corner  
that you cant just see me come out of  
now you think a nigga still playing  
bitch what's up cuz  
like I always said  
I'm gonna tell you once and ain't no more  
I think I done made it clear enough  
about how these ballers like the road  
I ain't you hoe  
Lil P don't mess with me when I get good and crunk  
or you gonna find yourself locked in the fuckin trunk

*[Juicy J]*

*[background mixed]*

drop em in the trunk lock em in trunk real fast you'll be  
flying

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