

## Three 6 Mafia "Yeah I Rob"

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Yeah, Mafia, Three 6 Mafia  
This is for you muthafuckin' hoes in the muthafuckin'  
club  
Runnin' round here clownin', frownin', muggin'  
Like y'all some muthafuckin' gangstas  
Nigga y'all some muthafucking hoes  
A nigga know you from the hood nigga  
And we gon' show us really real nigga, for real for real  
bitch

Yeah, I rob, yeah I steal  
Yeah, I'll put ya body in a field  
Now here I go bitch nigga, fuck wit' me  
(Fuck wit' me)  
Now here I go bitch nigga, fuck wit' me  
(Fuck wit' me)

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Now Three 6 we representin' thugs we reppin' for the  
gangs  
And the niggaz using drugs  
We reppin' for the gangsta ass gals in the club  
We reppin' for the head bussaz keepin' mean mugs

I'ma keep me a slug for 1 of you fakers  
I got 100 rounds its 100 imitators  
So many wannabes folks wit' beefs in the industry  
Niggaz claimin' killa but they scared of these fuckin'  
streets believe

Walk up in the club like a thug get yo ass kicked  
Step up off in the parkin' lot and leave in a casket  
Actin' like a scary bitch you gigglin' and laughin'  
Let me hit that fuckin' weed hurry up and pass it

Yeah, they call me Juicy J the Three 6 Mafia bandit

Gotta ride on 24s or somethin' wit' a candy  
Pounds of dat weed, yeah, a nigga keep it handy  
A real bad bitch and a 5th of dat brandy

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Now when I pull up at the club I'm lookin' so clean  
77 cut dogg painted lime green  
The hoes got quiet when I pull up on the scene  
For all you ugly ass hoes I gotta fake wedding ring

Today I'm married and my wife don't play  
So if you want me to cheat ugly bitck you gotta pay  
It's gon' cost 1000 dallars if you wanna see me play  
I'll fuck you sideways 'bout 30 minutes straight

Then clean off my dick 'cuz a gotta kill the smell out  
Holla at ya later I got mo dick to sell I got mo pussies to  
swell  
And mo dreams to tell and tell ya old man I ain't goin'  
back to jail

I'm the last Mr. Bigg and I always keep it real  
I'ma Alabama nigga representin' mo beer  
And I live in the mall I stay dressed to kill  
And I got so many diamonds it don't even look real  
nigga

I got 6 different ways to kill ya showty  
Got 6 different spots to put ya body  
Got 6 different ways to cut ya up  
And I even got 6 niggaz in it ya bro

Now how the fuck niggaz gon' talk that stuff  
When niggaz like us come shoot the club up  
And if you keep talkin' we gon' make you what  
You bitch ass niggaz gon' catch that cut

Back up in the club, dalla on swole

Sippin' on AOs residue in my nose  
In dat bitch 12 deep, freak bitches in my fleet  
Hoe quit actin' like you neva seen a nigga on TV

Got my UZI and my face in a bird like Fontana  
I prey one of you bitches try step to me with Ana  
(Blah)  
I parent Memphis shit, Lord the livin' legend  
Still makin' niggaz drop like 3 time felons

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