

Three 6 Mafia "You Scared Part II"

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You scared hoe
What what what
You scared hoe
What what what
You scared hoe
What what what
Kickin in the door I make
Them bitches hit the floor
For keys

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Bust in with that 45 make them bitches back it up
Catch them ridin on them thangs make them bitches
jack it up
Here they got that pot it man make them bitches bag it
up
Finally got that money man make them bitches sag it
up
Take it to the spot man now its time to crank it up
Don't play tomorrows a brighter day I gotta pack it up
Means I bees the first up on the block I guess to rack it
up
Pocket full of stones oh boy I gotta track it up

Fuckin wit you snitches man don't make me wanna
hang it up
But lookin at a empty plate dont' make me wanna keep
it up
Any nigga with that work gon make me wanna keep it
up
Even though my pockets don't got deep they ain't got
deep enough
Wishin I could rob me a bank but I ain't theif enough
I keep it in the hood to rob a nigga chart they sleep
enough
That is bout the time I get my back then I need it up
Time to find another boy time I gettin a rita

I think I got them scared
I think that they scared of me
I think you bitch you scared
I think that they scared of me
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Which one of you rappers wanna feel them shots
Sayin that Juicy J fuck you out your record money flop
Hope you know these north memphis soldiers keep a
plastic glock
Stand in front of your house I'm bout to buck you
cowards on the spot
Heard you talkin loud at the tuff I guess to gang your
pops
Man this ain't no radio station boy quit tryin to pump
your watch

Police yellow tape somebody blood they wipin wit a mop
What a witness saw when we here roll on down your corner block
The mafia boys we got the toys make you drop it off
Pass me the gun I take the handle then saw it off
Bust in the bank and make you faint before I knock it off
Humm on the drank and full of dank ready to break the law
I see them fuzz I see we won cause I won it all
So fucken scared you talkin gahos want it oh want it oh
But we don't care we like em dallas standin ten feet tall
Buckin you blastin you watch you splatter on the fucken wall

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Creepin carefully through the street because it very real in the field
Ain't no love for pity ain't nobody cut you no deal
Everyone I know they do whatever just to get a meal
Or whats in the bottle or the baggie or whats under seal
Careful of the company you keep everyone a treat
Cause when robbas mobbas double jaw just to bust appeal
You got hustlas dealas bankin every town every field
Guess what I don't hang around the brothas so so mass a gil

Crunchy Black in this bitch I'm bout to bring the pain
Ain't no gang in my slang do you understand
Mess with me then your messin with the grownest man
Where I'm from from the slum niggaz shootin a thang
On the run now you see me in the papers man
They was tryin to stop a nigga from doin his thang
Cant ya mug is the song that I'm singin man
Hypnotize got me gold diggin for the chain

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