

Three 6 Mafia "You Scared, Pt. 2"

Visit "[You Scared, Pt. 2](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

You scared hoe, you scared hoe
You scared hoe, kickin' in the door
I make them bitches hit the floor for keys

You scared hoe, you scared hoe
You scared hoe, kickin' in the door
I make them bitches hit the floor for keys

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 it's time to crank it up
Don't play, tomorrows a brighter day, I gotta pack it up
Mean's 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' with you snitches man don't make me wanna
hang it up
But lookin' at a empty plate don't make me wanna keep
it up
Any nigga with that work gonna make me wanna creep
it up
Even though my pockets don't get deep, they ain't got
deep enough

Wishin' I could rob me a bank but I ain't thief enough
I keep it in the hood to rob a nigga chart, they sleep
enough
And it's '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
I think I got them scared, I think that they scared of me
Kickin' in the door, I make them bitches hit the floor for

keys

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
I think I got them scared, I think that they scared of me
Kickin' in the door, I make them bitches hit the floor for
keys

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' with a
mop
What a witness saw when we here roll on down your
corner block

The Mafia Boys, we get the toys, make you drop it off
Pass me the gun, I take the handle then I saw it off
Bust in the bank and make you faint before I knock it
off
Hum 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

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
I think I got them scared, I think that they scared of me
Kickin' in the door, I make them bitches hit the floor for
keys

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
I think I got them scared, I think that they scared of me

Kickin' in the door, I make them bitches hit the floor for keys

Creepin' carefully through the street because it's 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 what's in the bottle or the baggie or what's under seal

Careful of the company you keep, everyone a treat
'Cause when robbas, mobbas double jaw, just to bust appeal

You got hustler's, dealer's bankin' every town, every field
Guess, what I don't hang around the brothers, so, so mass a girl

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, nigga's shootin' a thang

On the run now you see me in the papers man
They were tryin' to stop a nigga from doin' his thang
Can't you mug is the song that I'm singin' man
Hypnotize got me gold diggin' for the chain

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
I think I got them scared, I think that they scared of me
Kickin' in the door, I make them bitches hit the floor for keys

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
I think I got them scared, I think that they scared of me
Kickin' in the door, I make them bitches hit the floor for keys

Visit [Three 6 Mafia](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.