

Triple 6 Mafia "Grab The Gauge"

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[Hook: (4x)]

Grab my guage and then erase
Grab my guage and then erase
Ride up on the street
And put some niggas in the front page

[Verse 1: Gangsta Boo]

Naughty naughty motherfuckers get the feelin' ah this
shit
This shit so funky comes way under nigga grounds are
Triple 6
I'm smokin' out, I'm livin' large,
I keep you hatas out my face
Yo life is over motherfucka, when I grab ahold that
guage
My niggas from the Three 6 click they keep me hooked
up on that game
I'm chargin' niggas daily maybe, lady, is out to get
paid
You hoes can't fuck wit me
I'm flowin', showin', hoes I ain't no hata
Comin' strictly from the South-side gettin' greater later
Everybody wanna ride for he say she say they say next
You suckas need to grow up out that kiddy shit
Quit fakin' just cause ah Three, Six, Mafia
Coming nine-six, to two G bitch
Misses lady gangsta on that weed, chicken rib shit
Just to let you know my partner hoe come on the
scenery
Scenery, filled wid red dots, infra red beams
Now where you gon' go?
You can't hide your life is over kid,
It's time for the killin'
Cause you have fucked up wid the wrong ass bitch

[Hook 4x]

[Verse 2: DJ Paul & Juicy J]

[DJ Paul]

Man this nigga kill me
tellin' these people that he's about to go nationwide
When he gotta drop his tapes of his self
Plus he gotta call Kim, to get a ride

[Juicy J]
I saw the motherfucka standin' out in front ah Best
talkin' about, bout my tape
The nigga talk about the hard shit on that tape,
Knowin' he sweet as cake

[DJ Paul]
The type ah nigga to tell these hoes
that's he about to blow the fuck up
The only blowin' up bitch you doin'
Is when I stick the grenade in your butt

[Juicy J]
He say he smokin' so many blunts
I can't tell, ooh, he's a liar
I saw you for real,
Hit that ill shit,
You female buyer

[DJ Paul]
Juice man I know what you sayin'
These hoes be killin' me ever so softly,
But little bit a bitch boy know
I be sellin' his first cassette or tape offa me

[Juicy J]
Don't forget about the dope,
You enraged, after you got that page,
From a doctor from the health department
Tellin' you you are gettin' fatal wid AIDS

[DJ Paul]
This hoe boy holdin' card
Was a mad bit than he bought for the two pon it
Then he got fucked signed his contract
You bitch boy you's a fuckin' dummy

[Juicy J]
Lookin' tryna deal wid big time cars, thieves, put 'em
on dem CDs
Young nigga you'll never sell more than the Three 6,
bitch please

[Hook (4x)]

[Verse 3: Lord Infamous & Koopsta]

Infamous is comin' strapped like an Italian Arabic
I reckon I wreckin' ya South American
Killa guerilla Colombian Muslim or some, loop
Maniac, comin' to rip your damn head of your neck
put your heart in the back and I spit on yo ashes
and straight to the head for the chief
and the blunt of the Indicut down in my stash,
I reside in the insane asylum the bodies I pound 'em
on Infamous Island where there is no smilin'
the niggas buckwild and the weapons are silenced
there's nothing combine us,
Military barbarian buck 'em and bury 'em fuck wid the
scarier, insanitarium, popper and carry 'em,
There's no merry love, only murder blood,
Till I take something worst out ah all ah these
hollow points burst and disperse going through
flesh and bone through the back of your shirt
you be burnt up and buried in dirt that'll work,
The Scarecrow be smokin' these niggas for shit
they can't get wid these bitches they'll never compare,
I'm comin' from the land of Triple 6 niggas still
sufferin' every day that I swear

[Koopsta Knicca]

I see them fucking pressin' on they brother man,
It happens everyday don't make me grab the guage,
Dangerously I play I best to kill wid guage
And put ya body in the back of that grey Chevrolet

[Hook ('til fade)]

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