

Triple 6 Mafia

"We Shootin' 1st"

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[Hook]

'Cause bitch we shoot 'em first
We don't ask questions later
We're Triple 6, Triple 6 fuckin' haters
And it's on if you niggaz
Wanna bring it to the door
To you cowards in my face
I'm a treat you like a hoe

[Gangsta Boo]

Since you niggaz talkin' shit
About the dirty dirty six
Lemme see if you can bump out
And be featured on a hit
Radio the love my songs
Ballin' niggaz love my thongs
If you wanna go to war
I suggest you bring it on, nigga
I ain't no little girl
I been down in the streets
Remember me Hillcrest
Nigga reppin' BAZ
Shoot a finger fuck a spot
Niggaz drop, niggaz drop
But everybody in the club
Lookin' hard nigga he ain't hot
We be cold froze wrists
Got you bitches in a blitz
Mad 'cause I be hanging 'round
Them niggaz in the triple six
Bitches wanna say this
Bitch I ain't stuntin' you
I be on the charts blowin' up
Bitch look at you
Niggaz be mad
Actin' like some fuckin' hoes
If you can't stand the truth
Nigga keep your eyes closed
DJ Paul, Juice Man
Crunchy Black, Lord Infamous
I'm the one
Mrs. Crazy lady Gangsta Boo bitch

[Hook 2X]

[Crunchy Black]

Niggaz talk shit

Well they might as well talk shit

Talk this

When I bring that fuckin' chalk bitch

And put your body in a body bag or somethin'

And drop your bitch ass off in a river my cousin

You should've never played the dozens

With a nigga like me

It be C fuckin' B

And I'm hard to be

Niggaz talk a lot of shit

But I promise you dog

I'm a blast at your ass

And let the gun revolve

Niggaz always tryin' to be real hard

Niggaz always tryin' to pray to God

When they got their ass caught up in some bullshit

And that's some bullshit

You gotta finish it

You gon' remember this

Ain't no game I play

Poppin' shots at your ass

With the A fuckin' K

Nigga watch what you say

When you talkin' to me

Nigga watch what you say

When you talkin' to C

[Hook 1X]

[DJ Paul]

Put a mask on, gone in man do the shit [4X]

[Lord Imfamous]

My arteries pump acid

I love to pop that plastic

Life is filled with maggots

Nigga I let you have it

With automatic havoc

While faggots ride or tag it

Boy I'm psychopathic

Milli clips big rappin'

What I got for a mackin'

For funeral compassion

Better close that casket

When I hit for that stackin'

Wanna know the business

Stay out my fuckin' business

Gossip like some bitches
But y'all no competition
Better pay attention
I'll cook you like a kitchen
Diss and leave you missin'
And on a murder mission
Critical condition
Got plenty ammunition
Don't need to catch you slippin'
I'll fuck you up lil pimpin'
Lord have mercy hurt you with verses
Got you puntas rollin' in hearses
Hate the six we got platinum plus a
Your shit on shelves collectin' dust a

[Hook 1X]

[DJ Paul]

Put a mask on, gone in man do the shit [4X]

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