

## Triple 6 Mafia "Who Run It"

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[DJ Paul:] Who run it [15]

[Chorus: DJ Paul (4x)]

These bitches ain't runnin'(runnin'), shit but y'all mouth  
Cause the first hater step, the first hater get tossed out

[DJ Paul]

These niggaz got plenty ammo, but they ain't got  
plenty guns

I'm bustin' out of these cars, got the hoes on the run  
I'm hearin' plenty of words, but ain't no actions to boot  
We can do some straight war for war, we can do some  
stickin' and movin'

We can meet in the middle of these streets or in the  
middle of this rain

I can pop your chest, blast the glock, or pop your jaw  
diamond ring

Bitch don't hate me hate the bank, or snatch the G's  
that I take

Or hate my shiny wristband, and big ass rims I rotate  
See people flip when I'm comin', got some of 'em sick  
at the stomach

They wonder what I brought in, they wonder what I got  
comin'

Niggaz I'm comin' like this, off in your mouth like a  
bitch

Test me when you think I'm in, I'm bringing water, I'll  
start it

[Juicy J]

What's this

It's that player that you love to hate, always see come  
out the bank

Always have to mention my name, when you high on  
that drank

Catch you with this boy you can't, cause you know I'm  
holdin' rank

When you see the platinum Rolex with the ice it make  
you faint

Through the streets now have you heard, out the Mafia  
droppin' birds

Runnin' from the nazi cops, tossin' out the bags of herb

Ain't afraid to pop the steel, hollow tips to make you feel  
If you wanna punk me out, pop these niggaz in they grill

[Chorus: DJ Paul (2x)]

[Crunchy Black:]

I can't take any more, I'm bout to explode  
I'm bout to overload, I'm bout to kill boy  
All I wanna know is where the G's at, where the Ki's at  
Keep it easy, you don't want to get speedy  
All on this motherfuckin room, nigga boom  
Get on your back so we can get up soon  
Stab you in your heart with a har-fuckin-poon  
Nigga boom, nigga boom

[Lord Infamous]

Scarecrow's on it, I'm still hungry, stoppin' for a  
platinum supper  
Wipe it easy, some black founded, crooked ass set'll  
be eating rubber  
Casue if they skit-skat, gun 'em all down, even ghost  
towns  
Splish-Splash, brains on the ground, with a cannon  
round  
Ball bat, bash him in his back, beatin' bitches down  
Battle like blaze from the cross, that he never found  
Catch a close encounter from the anarchism of these  
A-bombs  
Chemical reaction cause the venom shot in to his arm

[Chorus: DJ Paul (3x)]

[Gangsta Boo]

Here we go, all you weak ass hoes  
In my face like you my friend  
Triple Six dropped in again, time to make ends  
Dope game , my game, hoes lame, it's a shame  
How that Gangsta Boo is runnin' the click up on you  
bitches man  
Fat cat, what I be, packin' how you love that  
Fuck a platinum plaque, gimme money, where the  
dollars at  
(Blap, blap) We dare them to stack it for 10 G's  
(Where you from?) Black haven is where I be on my P's

[Koopsta Knicca]

Parents beware, watch out for your children  
This the one that'll lock 'em in the basement  
Some of them talkin' so rugged, some corrupted ugly

pussa-pussa  
Cause the fuckin' all my niggaz, Koopsta tryin' to tell ya  
somethin'  
Peter-Peter, pussy eater, one of them fucked by  
Koopsta Knicca  
Lord, I done some sins, cause she married, but I don't  
know that nigga  
Figured he is a killa, so he figures he'll watch us fuckin'  
Put them muthafuckin' slugs upside that thug, cuz, oh  
my

[Chorus: DJ Paul (til fade)]

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