

Kingpin Skinny Pimp "All About Them Prophets"

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f/ Prophet Posse

[D.J. Paul Talking]

Ahh yeah, the Prophet Posse in this motherfucker

For all you dick eaters, and all you dick beaters

For the Nine Triple Six, we reunited motherfucker

We finna do this shit like this.....

[Bridge]

Niggas be talkin' shit, bout, bout , bout, bout, bout,
whoever they don't

like

Niggas be talkin' shit, bout whoever they don't like

Man them haters in the club, got us fucked up, fucked
up

[Gangsta Blac]

Woke up early Tuesday mornin', down with the Prophet
and the City

They got a spot on track for Blac, so I got to bump this
bitch

Straight from the hood, where nothin' but crosses get
thrown up at yo ass

But Gangsta Blac, gone kick the past, a Prophet
bringin' in the cash

You got some gooder, I think you uhh, should send it
by the Bird

If ain't bad work, then my nigga, bitch shit, we shoot it
to the curve

I'm bout my Prophet, all my niggas they be knowin' the
score

From SPV, this Gangsta B., and Prophet got plenty
more

[Lord Infamous]

I'm up drivin' in the eye of a Volcano

On to oceans made of Lava, readin' goggles

Faced with Kamakazie, women thinks that I'm bizarre

Happy when you reach you was bloody

In Mystical in the Mystic Dark

Water chargin' bitin' the fishes gray shark

Tapin' bones around my wrist

In front of the fire place

Soakin' in the my Polo kerosene

While smokin' a blunt of hay

Twisted blade, reachin' killers

Edge'in children on the scene

Scarecrow lookin' in a mirror that don't give a image

[MC Mack]

Now pimpin' as a Mack, I'm breakin' bitches for my
dividends

Don't show no slack, I'm MC Mack, so buster bitches
watch yo back

We creepin' in comin', in bumin', breakin' ya off some
proper

Deliverin' in killin', mackin' preparin' ya for the
slaughter

The Triple Six, Killa Klan, Prophet Entertainment, bout
comin' up

Chargin' bitches, for riches, so hoe type nigga, don't
test yo nuts

Hierbone, with the D around my neck

Got'cha in a sweat, no fessin', just messin', my mother
fuckin' pimpin'

So bitch lets go cash yo check

[Scan Man]

It was a night of a Devils pledge, strictly bout my
brother whippin'

They bled, the holy red, I lived and popped 'em in
shreds

The millions I made 'em I caught 'em slippin' I rushed
'em quick

With Glocks and chest pop drop them bitches in the
restin' places

Killa Klan Sinters, Even though we Ministers, Prophet
Entertainment

Breakin' tricks with no lovin' her

Scan fuckin' Man, with them demons craved in the soul

But you still don't hear me though, so you bitches be
my hoes

[Crunchy Blac]

Heres the blast, why did you look into that mask

Ballin' up early, let me finish up our task

The dirty work, but dirty work

There is no ask, in questions

Teachin' lessons, bout a bullets I be stressin'

My mind is kind of out there high in the sky

I'ma finna go in kill my alli-by, alli-by

No reason why he wonder, how he might just tell a lie

Lookin' down on ya by a Prophet bitch

Crunchy Blac dig ya grave for ya

Prophet

[Juicy J]

To all you wonabees, fake tradin' wonabees

I'm not gonna leave, 'til I found the mother fuckin' ki's

Just walked into yo house, wrap some tape, 'round his
Momma mouth

Put the chrome tec, in her face, incase she wanna
shout

If I hear the Five-O comin', I'ma break in run

But I'ma gonna get that fuckin' cheese before a nigga
done

All About them Prophets, Three Six Mafia, yeah we in
the game

Ridin' nothin' but clean ass Lexus, and Suburban
thangs

[D.J. Paul]

Keepin' all Anna down, haters man I gotta dodge

Stayin' out the eyes of you folks, cause you full of flock

Plain as day, quick to say the Three Six ain't no child's
play

Fuckin' with that Junky Fella, pluckin' on that twelve
plate

Prophet Posse, reunited, man these hoes hatin' it

All about a meal ticket, local on this killin' shit

Feelin shit, heres a bitch, another hit ya

Fist up with the Renzo click, Glock tottin' Mad Dog

Goppin' down Three Six, Mafia, Mafia

[Mr. Slicc]

My temperature I stand is boilin' hot

If you disrespect you drop, my mind is on that level

So you know I'm packin' glocks, so watch my finger

I bring a, hoe bout to that Anna, don't squeeze her

Get out yo fuckin' Beamer, this is a jack, and don't be
reachin' for yo strap

Cause I'm will comnesed to blast, in harass, in then
dash in

Back to that Mask Vile, get in all my Prophets, cause its
on, and

So I'm real

[211]

A lot of motherfuckers, wanna know where my heart is

So I fold 'em in break 'em

With ten seconds on my gat, you see a G can regulate

From the shoulder flex, with my hands, I can cause
death

I snap in break yo mother fuckin' neck

Now wake him up, so he can smell the coffee

Better yet this far, you ain't hard

Make ya so-scared, cause ya bared

One thing I was taught, you taught, gotta walk

But don't get caught in the mist of the Prophets

In the beams y'all

[Kingpin Skinny Pimp]

Y'all niggas ain't no killers, to many Prophets be on my chest

Havin' me stressed, suicidal thoughts, I was up every night

I never rest, to many groupies, claimin' they straight

Hangin' around me, knowin' they haters

I ain't never been through what I been through

I dare you, fuck you pimp-a-traders

Skinny Pimp I'm on Anna, and I'm a grown ass man

Feedin' my Momma, beatin' my Father

You think that I'm playin'? I'm strictly sprayin'

Out this game, from my year

Knowin' I'm real, because I'm steel

O-G-P, A-M-P, must not come out stackin' little's

I'm so trill, so I live, do these busters know how I feel?

When you smile I see you frown

I'm Bout It, Bout It, leavin' you drown and will

You try to explain, when you know you been crossed

So I'ma let the AK talk, like when a buster talk, South Memphis

Nigga what'cha fought? You scared to start a riot, keep that quiet

While I shout, I'm bout that paper player no doubt

When I run my mouth, just set me out

Give me some?, Give me some?

Where I'm from? Memphis area

Serious about them Prophets how the fuck you think we fake nigga

This Skinny Pimp

[6x]

Triple Six Mafia!

Triple Triple Six Mafia

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