

36 Crazyfists

"E. M. P. H.i. S"

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I got all real niggaz on on a muthafuckin' Posse song
Niggaz that's down to cut some muthafuckin' heads
From hear to ATL, to Nashville, back to the M-town
nigga

And you know what that mean bitch
Makin' easy money, pimpin' hoes is serious bitch
Makin' easy money, pimpin' hoes is serious nigga

Call a nigga, drug dealer, out here on the track nigga
Weed smoker, coke snorter, come and get a pack
nigga

Cane slanger, bitch banger, dog I'll bring it to ya
If you got a problem with me, holla at my Luger
Dro puffer, cheese come up, when we on the track jack
Hit you in the head, with the gat, 'til your skull crack
Blood gushin', head rushin', act first, no discussion
Come with that bullshit, then the bullets start bustin'

First crime, we came with Mystic Stylez on grime
You slip, I Live By My Rep don't fuck with mine
Da End, the souls of men embedded inside the Posse
The Prophet, the Posse, we all collide
We brutal, the Chapter 2 to end the phase, our mind
In crime, reminds, CrazeNLazDayz
Heypno-tize, and blazed another gold plate
Sixty 6, sixty 1, The Smoke Clears, evaporate

I got a 357, a tec with a black clip
A 180 pounds witha fist that will bust lips
Some killaz on my side, if I tell 'em they gon' get
A fiend wiolatin' the business, I ain't wit'
And now in 2000 you talkin' the same shit
And now in 2000 I'll bust and I won't miss
The smoke is in the air the liquor is still a fifth
The grill is still gold, and the curls they know kick doors

First one of us is done, hollow tips come by the ton
Two AK's, and put some drama to leave this niggaz
bodies numb
I don't talk this shit for fun, cock it back and let it go
And 6 shots, from the 3-6 shooters lettin' 'em know,

WHOA!

Picture me, naked face, to kickin' in your door
4, niggaz deep, bandanas with black calicos
So, when we creep, drop cause I'ma hit you nine times
Take your nine lives, bump up and Hypnotize your
mind, blow

You can believe this, you can believe that
And believe I got a baseball bat, and I'm bustin' your
head
Black
You believe I'm comin' strong, you believe I'm all grown
You believe, that nigga, I love to get it on
You half steppin'
I got the weapon
Boom! Boom! I'm blastin' at your mind to get you
believe that
I love to kill, I love the thrill
And I love to put a nigga body parts in the field, nigga

No no, come, come and get this bitch, ain't got no time
fo no
Shit
Got all my boys, don't make no noise,
Just throw that trick in the ditch
It ain't no way La Chat gon' let it slide, with the shit that
You done
I got my piece for what I do, to show you who the fuck
number
One
I shot that bitch without causes, ain't got no love in my
heart
It ain't no way that I can't handle, keep that tone in my
jaw
This ain't no crap, I speak the truth, gotta come too
thick to
Get me
On one of you hoes, before you come, La Chat ain't
gone easy

Man a bitch'll take that lil bit out her pussy for them
papers
Get the fuck away from me ho because the crew can't
stand them
Vapors
Take her, break her, to whip that funky bitch
Talkin' that shit about this
Man you'll get 10 slugs up in your arm pits
Yeah we can do I, t take your time and do it right
You can gimme the fuckin' chewin', I can fuck you all
night

Wanna fight about your friends see how them bitches
gon' start
See now that's that type of shit that get my muh'fuckin'
dick
Hard

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