

## **Three 6 Mafia F/ Dayton Family**

### **"Are U Ready 4 Us"**

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13e9  
Hahaha  
1998  
Three 6 Mafia  
Hooked up with the motherfuckin' Dayton Family  
Are ya'll ready for us  
Bring the pain  
Bitch ya'll ain't ready for us  
Miphia style  
Flip Time  
98  
Rollin' like dees  
Smoke the trees bitch

Chorus x2  
We mafia is it too much (We mafia mafia mafia ya)  
Are you ready for us (We mafai mafia mafia ya)

Cause it's the 1990 Triple 6 2000

(Scarecrow)  
Mixtures of sin and gin on sight  
Cut the wings off an angel  
On both sides  
I'm suin'  
Huntin'  
All them suckas  
State your last name first  
Meyers, Michael  
Lord is killin'  
Three 6 killin'  
What else will I say  
Even children  
Probably don't give a fuck if you are naughty or nice  
At night  
Sacrifice  
Good bye, lights out

(Juicy J)  
Can you feel me  
Can you hear me

Did you pick the scene  
A lot of fools done fucked around town  
Showed up in your dreams  
Standin' in a hideaway  
Inferred, them guns spray  
Gotcha shakin'  
Gotcha nervous  
Knowin' not how to get away  
Lookin' out the window pane  
Cause all your gonna feel is pain  
In your yard I see a tree  
I also see your body hang  
See the phone  
Pick it up  
The wire that is only cut  
I meant to pray  
Your still gonna die  
Too late bitch  
Your time is up

Chorus x4

(Dayton Family)  
What the fuck you wanna do  
Be a victim of my homicide  
If you try to jack  
I'll leave you dead head in the g ride  
And creep up out my vehicle  
And continue my jack move  
Still gat under the dirt  
Now put it up in your hand  
Now ain't that smooth  
Motherfucker  
Snooze motherfucker  
Move motherfucker  
Loose motherfucker  
Put your face down to the floor  
And don't you take a look up  
I heard about what you cook up  
See bitch this is a stick up  
I'm takin' you off your tippy toes  
Take your cheese  
And fuck your hoes  
Givin' you crack sacks, macks back in your Cadillacs  
Drop glock in my draws  
Extra clip up under my balls  
My dick's like a 44  
Fuckin' up your pussy wall  
You ran your lip about your grip  
And I'm takin' in on the stash box  
Your pockets are swoll hoe

And I'm lookin' for a jackpot  
I wear a mask on my face  
So I won't catch a case  
Keepin' it low key  
Don't nobody know me  
I'm just like a snake  
When I creep through your window  
So motherfuck the cops  
Cold hard on me kin though  
So motherfuck the 5-0  
It's all about survival  
I leave them like d-o-a  
Bitch that's dead on arrival

Chorus x4

Cause it's the 1990 Triple 6 2000

(DJ Paul)  
Give'em two  
To the head  
Three to the neck  
And the other fuckin' tip  
Too his motherfuckin' chest  
Gotta buck him down  
Gotta buck him down town  
Talkin' bout' these clowns  
Talkin' shit up in my fuckin' town  
Since he ain't dead yet  
Check his head  
Check his chest  
Playa should have guessed  
He was strapped with a fuckin' vest  
Hoe you should have known  
You was fuckin' with the Triple 6  
We bust  
I knew you wasn't ready for us

(Gangsta Boo)  
Am I too much  
To avoid, can't you fuck with us  
In the Lexus truck with Juicy J  
Getting fucked up  
Tearin' the club up  
What be bumpin' on the radio  
Mafia is what I'm screamin'  
Till the day I die hoe  
More game for the lame  
Educate them bitches man  
Stay in focus  
Hocus pocus

Tryin' my best to maintain  
High as the sky  
Is why it's my business bitch  
Open up your own fuckin' account  
And get up out my shit

Chorus x4

Cause it's the 1990 Triple 6 2000

(Crunchy Blac)

6 bitch  
So don't you fuck with this click  
Cause if you fuck with this click  
You'll get a little of this (gun shots)  
You must don't know who you fuckin' with bitch  
Cause we leavin' bodies in body bags  
Drop em' off in a ditch  
Know I mean kid  
know I mean kid, huh  
See we come from  
A natural bomb  
A natural gun  
A natural gimme some  
Don't make me make your body numb trick  
And have you hollerin' out mafia mafia mafia mafia

(Koopsta Knicca)

Stick em' dead  
Kill em' dead  
Rush them tricks on down to the flo'  
With north Memphis convicts  
Bithces call me Koopsta hoe  
Fuck me once never twice  
Wrapped up on that game of dice  
How can I lie  
When at nine hundred times  
You said you was a man of the house  
I don't really done it  
Koop you hung around that nigga man  
Try so hard to be a soldier bitch  
But come out to be dealt with trick  
I'm sick in the head  
Better call Fred  
Dirty red  
Yeah, yeah you gon' look  
Too late fuckin' fool  
Cause you drownin' in your poo poo

