

## Gan Gerald

### "Highway 666"

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John, I'm standing on Highway 666  
Running through bands like quartets  
Shit broke

[Mr. Lil' One]

Stimulated by the slow track, think I need to go back  
Will I consume too many ounces of the cognac  
Who got your back dog, ain't no need to lie  
Falsify, the wink in your eye  
I remember times when you cried to me  
Put that on your life you never lied to me  
Now I try to be just plain old me  
Where the fuck you get nuts to put smuge on me  
I'ma chop it up like wood, shed a little bit of light now  
And I'ma tell you where you outta be right now  
Motherfucker, riding on the campaign  
Who got the champagne, fucking up my last name  
I got a rendezvous with all of you  
So I'ma follow you and slaughter you and tell you what  
you outta do  
Get yourself a four five, put that in your mouth  
Pull the trigger motherfucker till you blackout

[Chorus: Mr. Lil' One]

Highway 666  
Is where we roam, is where we cripple motherfuckers in  
they dome  
Highway 666  
Is where we mob, is where we slaughter motherfuckers  
and they moms  
Highway 666  
Is where we hang, is where the evil motherfuckers  
come and bang  
Highway 666  
Is where we live, is where we curse motherfuckers and  
they kids

[Mr. Shadow]

It's your worst thought, your spot is now taken  
I'm tripping off some bomb shit, now wait a second  
Who's stepping, tripping, yapping or disrespecting

All you loud mouth motherfuckers feel the murder  
weapon  
Situation where the average man  
Dies with his eyes open and a gun in his hand  
Turn a man into a bitch, you will get hit  
On Highway 666 with broken bottle and sticks  
You kicked the bucket, me, Nights and Lil' say fuck it  
Catch you in the shadows of your hood cuz we love it  
SD thugging, Southern Cali madness  
Valley of the damned where horrific shit happens  
Subtracting fools from your block, trick believe me  
You'll be a headliner, missing like Chandra Levy  
Looks can be deceiving so don't judge the cover  
You just met the three Mistahs you motherfucker

[Chorus]

[Knightowl]

I'm cursed by the spooky shit where blood likes to drip  
Where fools like to pack blades with garlic on the tip  
Pack a forty five, smoke fools for the fuck of it  
Watch a motherfucker beg, shoot him in the fucking  
head  
Why gives a shit, not me, watch em die  
The sky be getting lit but this ain't Fourth of July  
Bitches that'll yap take a nap with the sharks  
Meet us at the park, it gets crazy after dark  
I'll crack your fucking dome, shut them eyes like a Jap  
Snap your fucking spine, best to not fuck with mine  
Highway triple-6 where your life'll get stolen  
Rush a motherfucker if you feel the nuts swollen  
Come and take a chance where the devil likes to dance  
Have you ever seen a man piss up in his pants  
Cry like a baby, chances Slim just like Shady  
The last thing you see my fist clutch a three eighty

[Chorus]

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