

Garland Judy

"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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