

## **Hodina Karl**

### **"Posse Song"**

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[Project Pat]

Hen hen hen-o-sin  
Make a playa sin  
Mix it in with the white gin  
Here we go again  
Project Pat, gotta keep a strap  
Haters know I rap  
Wanna shoot me in my gold teeth, blow me off the map  
I attack like a shark would  
Represent this hood  
North Memphis nigga, Hollywood  
Make it understood  
In my blood, ain't no traitness  
Or no fakeness  
And no hoe couldn't break this  
You can hate this

[Crunchy Black]

This bitch that bitch, nigga here's the deal  
Crunchy ain't runnin round here fakin deals  
Crunchy runnin round here tryna get a mil  
While you fakin a deal, it don't cost nothin to be real  
All you gotta do is keep that shit real  
Don't be runnin round here hollarin you got deals  
Don't be runnin round here hollarin that you will kill  
It don't cost nothing to be real  
But it cost when you kill

[DJ Paul]

I'm bout to crash into you suckaz like the world trade  
I'm ridin green Escalade  
Full of green grenades  
You hoes always hollarin that we be some bitches and shit  
But every time I turn around you got our name on your shit  
I used to be with them  
Mane i'm still with them  
You wish you was with them  
How the fuck you hate them  
When you always claimin them

I think its funny cuz yall faggots be still, callin my  
studio  
Tryna get back, stay who you with, cuz I don't need you  
hoe

[La Chat]

I call up my niggaz, we buck and toss with no mercy  
hoe  
We packin this guage and decorating you with bullet  
holes  
La Chat I be ready, you bout to say for no reason shit  
That leaves me no choice, to grab my glock and fuck  
up your wig  
You think killa talk  
But ain't no kill in your blood boy  
That infrared be beamin i got ya scopin behind ya door  
You niggaz can't take it, you hate the fact that we  
runnin it  
You ain't gotta love it, but you gonna learn to respect it  
bitch

[Lord Infamous]

Got some syrup in my cup, got some smoke in my  
mouth  
Got some white in my nose, got your bitch on the couch  
Got her head in my lap, trick I gotta keep it South  
Got a problem with Three Six? gotta blow your brains  
out  
Got the South sewed up  
Got the guns, load up  
Fuckin with the Scarecrow, that'll get ya blown up  
It's a hold up  
Everybody fold up  
Niggaz talk like they tough  
But they ain't got no nuts, bitch

[Juicy J]

I'm shootin a dyke in her breast-o  
Coward in his chest-o  
And this police nigga what we call him Donnie Brasco  
If you bitches want war, you can bring it, lets go  
When i put this tone in ya face, presto  
A killa in a black coat, gonna make a mess tho  
Leave ya in the street with a bloody Willie Esco  
Drankin on some scotch, and we choppin down that  
cocoa  
Tryna roll some pot in a fuckin optimo (mo)

[Frayser Boy]

Dont you make the wrong move, and you get your ass  
killed dog

A fake ass nigga but he claimin that he real dog  
You ain't got to lie to kick it actin like he down dog  
Always lookin like tryna wear a murder frown dog  
Don't you get smacked and be gettin off the pavement  
dog  
Don't you make me act a fool with some bad behavior  
dog  
Hypnotize Camp Posse got my fuckin back dog  
Frayser Boy'll leave ya stankin pop you with the gat dog

[Project Pat]

I'm watchin out for you polices niggaz we tight  
This unit rip your head in pieces, I know you feel it  
These lyrics just like Mona Lisa's cuz you can sell it  
The Posse click tight like feces, I know you smell it  
This ghetto hood shit is crucial, just like a murda  
You step hoe then we shoot ya, we quick to serve ya  
You hate us, then it's mutual, so don't be scared a  
The H-C-P'll do ya, mane we gon hurt ya

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