

Juicy J f/ Hypnotize Minds "Mafia Niggaz"

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(Juicy J)

yea all these motherfuckers out here talkin' that
motherfuckin' shit
let me guess what you is my nigga, seeeeeeee!

(Repeat)

(Nigga we don't give a fuck 'cause we dont fuck wit'cha
kind)

(Verse 1, Juicy J)

Once we drop, see you on the block
We gon' open shop, wit' them thangs that they call
them cops
Click, click, click, click, POP!
Don't you step, wit'cha weak ass self, yes I know you
hard
Three 6 Mafia got this Memphis, Ten. on the, the, the,
the LOCK!
Say you real, I can't tell you real, I'll put down a mil'
Talk that hit, mang I getcha mang, shoo-shoo-shoot to
kill
And he trill, and he know the deal, always packin' steel
Buckin' hollows for yo' chest to swallow, fe-fe-fe-fe-feel

(Verse 2, La Chat)

Nigga what bitch? what ho? fucked ya up
Get up, throw it up, better duck, 'finna buck
Cause I'm, 'finna put this lead to 'ya
La Chat gon' have to do 'ya
You bitches talkin' shitt-a
I'ma have to bring it to ya
I'm strapped up wit' them Rugers
So slick, I'm known to fool ya
Hollow tips is goin' through ya
A bitch that love to shoot ya
What ya talkin' bout boy? that hoe?
That's me, I breathe this set you bleed
I'm a bitch that don't start shit
But killin' off all my enemies

(Verse 3, Crunchy Black)

Here I go again bitch, loadin' up them guns
Lookin' out for my enemies, bitch now here I come
Ain't no fuckin' with me, ain't no fuckin' with some
Some of my niggas, bitch we totin' guns
Lock and fuckin' load up, bitch we takin' ova'
Bust him in his shoulda', let 'em know they ho to us
Shouldn't of ran that fuckin' lip, talkin' bout that Tre shit
Get'cha self dealt wit', real motherfuckin' quick

(Verse 4, Frayser Boy)

Nigga let's do it, let's pursue it if you got beef wit' me
Trigger molester, nigga test us, run up dogg you gon'
see
Reppin' that bay, carry that K, and will let loose on you
sucka's
I keep it cocked, you will get shot, I'll bury you
motherfuckers
This shit I speak, you best to peep it, fo' you end up a
victim
This shit is real, don't need to steal, cause these
bullets, I sent 'em
They comin' at'cha, this I bet'cha, hypnotizin' yo mind
I'm known to buck, don't give a fuck, cause I don't fuck
wit'cha kind

(Verse 5, DJ Paul)

Now it's one thing I ain't gon do, and thats be playin'
'round with some ho's
Now its one mo' thing I ain't gon do, and thats be
hangin' round' with some foe's
I'm kickin yo' ho ass out this clique
Soon as I see yo' ass ain't shit
Punch the clock out, get yo' Glock out, we can handle
this
I'm meaner than yo' regular but try to keep it cool at
times
You started war wit' the realest niggas, but now I'm
'bout to change yo' mind
Change yo' face, shoot at yo' place, blow you bitch into
outer space
Let'chu know that T-R-I-P-L-E-S-I-X don't play

(Verse 6, Lord Infamous)

I gotta' do this shit exactly like I have it planned
I want you dead, I want you killed, yo' heart be stoppin'
man
I got to spill your blood, I want to feel it in my hands
And put yo' family in body bags and drag 'em in my
van
I'm gonna teach yo weak lil' bitch clique how to do a
crime

I'm gonna steal, but shoot you weak fucks for a long
time
That's consequences, repercussions, fuck wit' one of
us
Your death is signed, sealed, delivered by the
Infamous

(Verse 7, Juicy J)

Roll, roll, roll your dope, ridin' down the street
Choppin' up that goody-good, and smokin' hydro weed
All these sheisty coward niggas, they can't get wit' me
Talkin' 'bout they pimpin', slangin', mayn nigga please
They mad because that Juicy J be on they Tele-V
And have they baby mama hollerin', cryin' on her knees
I tell ya this my nigga, that the hater pays a fee
You gonna have to pay, when ya hate on pimp Juicy

(Nigga we don't give a fuck, cause we don't fuck
wit'cha kind.) (Repeat 4X)

(We mafia niggaz, pullin' da triggas, do you wanna
fuck wit' these hot ass niggas?) (Repeat 4X)

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