

The Prophet Posse

"Triple Six Club House"

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helicopter-murmurs]

Pickin' up to the muder scripts

So come and dish it for the road

And the code of the motherfuckin' Triple Six sitcom ugh

Makin' sketchin' the infetion from the rich and come
along

For the mob on you or it's the income

Ball on to the next century misery

Strike em' got a murder that is goin' down in history

A train from the north

Or train from the south

There isn't

But they all collided through

The niggas died

Cause the green and pride

Cause I will prosue you

Screw you

Put a slug through you the voodoo bruetaly

Ride on seventh of the sign

On the sniper you can find

That my slug made em' shiney jewelry

Mr. Boogy Man if I fall from

I smell some money in his hand

Take his side ugh

I don't give a fuck

About you side

You can be from L-A, Miami, or the N-Y

Chorus x2

We gonna take you to the Triple Six club house

We got a plot for you already dug out

I'm gonna run outside man

And pop these thangs

Wanna wanna come play in a black reign

Hers's drivin' round your house

Who do you hate

Voodoo dolls restin' on you bed throw devil setts

Aix ahh diss stick

Nothin' up my sleeve

Money boost blazin' quick just call me crow's

For he's blaaay!

Co got a luss for the devilish bus

And the Triple Six crash

And I touch like malencholy

Rollin' every spot

Lookin' for you ass and we hot

With the infrerred sewn in his flesh

And like some fuckin' for life

We gonna cut ya into itty bitty parts
Meet me on your side of town
Where they keep the graveyards
Crush blasted rest lots of trash
Empty shades cracked
Sim City streets
Black males found in blood trails
Ain't not enough mall for all ya'll to provail
So that we an put to sleep
and they smeel while they pale
Sipin' on the soft wines of your weet softy blood
My name is Scarecrow
With yo welcome to my club
Chorus x2

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