

Three Six Mafia "Mean Mug"

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Album: Choices

(Feat. La Chat)

[Chorus: 2x]

Mean mug niggas lookin and they hid from a smile
But inside blood cookin, got a problem wit my style
Click the click wit the clan, lames I don't understand
If ya feel that ya real, fuck a song, grab ya steel

(Juicy J)

These snitchin niggas claim we dealin
Told the folks we pimpin women
But a nigga ain't gone livin
Locked up in a fed building
All in my fuckin face
All up on my fuckin case
Im about to take some names
Bodies gone get bucked and hanged
Haters we ain't barrin you
Yall done pressed the panic fuse
Nigga we ain't been cool
Never have I fucked wit you
Neither do ya fuck wit me
On yo deals, smoke yo trees
Playa lma make yo bleed
For them Z's or them Ki's

(DJ Paul)

Now all these niggas downin me is some bitches
Mane I got models (Hoe)
I blow all of yo insides up out you and make you hollow
(Hoe)
You smilin in my face but I'm knowin yo grin ain't good
(Hoe)
I steady hear ya claimin but you ain't from my hood
(Hoe)
The real BHZ niggas keepin they mouth shut (Bitch)
Aint spreadin no rumors or droppin salt up on a thug
(Bitch)
Im knowin ya broke, but no excuses for actin like a kid

Never shot a gun, so how you thinkin you ready for war
dig

[Chorus 2x]

(Gangsta Boo)

Why you bitches got your mug on me
Is it because I'm being me
Tryna protect yo image, nigga bust if you ain't diggin
me
Bitch, I don't even like you mane, comin from lady
gangsta mane
Cut yo CD off, step right in to my location mane
Memphis, Tennessee, BHZ, all up in my blood
Shake ya load off, why ya yellin quote unquote a thug
Nigga anyway, I don't dig niggas in denial
Wit ya fake smile, dirty nose, lady know the time
Why you in my grill playa, get the fuck away from me
hoe
All my niggas be on blow, ready to snap you bitches
throat
Yall be lettin these tapes fool you like I am joke
Watch me put you in a choke, never let you niggas go
Trick ass Biotch, listen close, do you feel its you
Do you feel its you, that I'm talkin to, what you gone do
Come and wreck my shit, I got niggas wreckin shit
I got Georgia boys ready to come up on a fuckin lick,
Biotch!!!

[Chorus 2x]

(La Chat)

So you call yourself a gangsta mutherfucka you bitch
La Chat I'm out here on the town, I do some real
gangsta shit
You talk alot of shit killa can you back it up though
Them boys can't help you when I buck them hollow
points at you hoe
Now have you ever killed a nigga, have you blew out
his brains
Or have you cut the body up and fed your dog the
remains
See scandalous is how I'm labeled, cuz I ain't takin shit
I be that bitch so quick to click, remove your face from
your wig
Now if you wanna fuck wit me I'll take you bitches to
war
Just leave ya place and address nigga, I'll be there at
your door
It ain't no need yo mammy beggin way too late for the
kids

I told you bitches from the jump, you shouldnt have did
what you did
So whats up killa, shit, whats up whats up, I thought you
was tough
Not tough enough, to drop on up, now I got that pump
at your guts
So if you got your mug on me I'm takin that as a threat
La Chat gone ride down on you hoes and put that tec to
ya neck, hoe

[Chorus 2x]

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