

Three Six Mafia

"Who Run It"

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Album: When The Smoke Clears (2000), Hypnotize
Camp Posse (2000)

(DJ Paul)
Who run it (x15)

[Chorus:] x4

(DJ Paul)
These bitches ain't runnin'(runnin'), shit but y'all mouth
Cause the first hater step, the first hater get tossed out

(DJ Paul)
These niggaz got plenty ammo, but they ain't got
plenty guns
I'm bustin' out of these cars, got the hoes on the run
I'm hearin' plenty of words, but ain't no actions to boot
We can do some straight war for war, we can do some
stickin' and movin'
We can meet in the middle of these streets or in the
middle of this rain
I can pop your chest, blast the glock, or pop your jaw
diamond ring
Bitch don't hate me hate the bank, or snatch the G's
that I take
Or hate my shiny wristband, and big ass rims I rotate
See people flip when I'm comin', got some of 'em sick
at the stomach
They wonder what I brought in, they wonder what I got
comin'
Niggaz I'm comin' like this, off in your mouth like a
bitch
Test me when you think I'm in, I'm bringing water, I'll
start it

(Juicy J)
What's this
It's that player that you love to hate, always see come
out the bank
Always have to mention my name, when you high on
that drank
Catch you with this boy you can't, cause you know I'm

holdin' rank
When you see the platinum Rolex with the ice it make
you faint
Through the streets now have you heard, out the Mafia
droppin' birds
Runnin' from the nazi cops, tossin' out the bags of herb
Ain't afraid to pop the steel, hollow tips to make you
feel
If you wanna punk me out, pop these niggaz in they
grill

[Chorus] x2

(Crunchy Black)
I can't take any more, I'm bout to explode
I'm bout to overload, I'm bout to kill boy
All I wanna know is where the G's at, where the Ki's at
Keep it easy, you don't want to get speedy
All on this muthafuckin' boo, nigga boo
Get on your back so we can get up soon
Stab you in your heart with a hard fucking poon
Nigga boo, nigga boo

(Lord Infamous)
Scarecrow's on it, I'm still hungry, stoppin' for a
platinum supper
Wipe it easy, some black founded, crooked ass set'll
be eating rubber
Casue if they skit-skat, gun 'em all down, even ghost
towns
Splish-Splash, brains on the gr

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