

Three 6 Mafia, Da Summer

DJ Paul talking)

Yeah, yall know what time it is
Three 6 Mafia in this thang and we heated it
We bout to let yall know what the business is in the M-town
Like, like

(DJ Paul)

See in Memphis them thugs be kind of like layed back
In some clean ass rides bustin a sac or hittin a pack
My converty been dirty in the grass but I gotta get it cleaned up
I'm fresh for ya pop a drank and I gotta get beamed up
I'm calling my team up
Mess witcha pull list in Marietta
I'm looking at about eleven
Meet me at for I gun and get 'em
Them G's and them fiends so deep
them fools always gotta start some shit
And now the coppers done ran a player clean off the strip

Up in the summer

(Koopsta Knicca)

Book of red dark as we busted through the misty fog
Me, Scarecrow, Juicy, Boo, Crunchy, just sign my role list Paul
None but that 9 up on my side
That side you tried to fight
Got bitches on my side
Get these bitches out now
Who got that fire please pass me that light my nigga
when ya doing that gin
Just want that really, really want that Henney just
want to f**king flare
And men my lung just busted open from disc under
That'll land up in a trauma Koopsta coming from da summer

(Hook - 4X)

Getting my groove we got to ride
Ridin' through the hood with my homies getting stoked out
In da summer

(Gangsta Boo)

When Gangsta Boo ride
Ride with me baby I'm getting caught
Ya come across a chick lil' somethin who sets it off
Its da summer boy lets get together and hit the pool
Skinny-dipping yeah that's what I'm saying it's all good
Ex-ed out a little baby they call me the Lady Boo
It's no prob' to me you
Hypnotized a little always da summer who got me loose
Come and play with me
Lets go shine together dude
Come and ride with me
In da summer
(Scarecrow)

See in da summer can I cut 'em off
Gotta keep a easy eye out for the law
Scarecrow chop a limb down, burn a log
Wanna spread nothing none till it kinda slung
Keep a big bank and buzz when the summer fall
Then I roll up a crumb till it gotcha gone

Here come another bum wanna winning won
Crunchy, Boo, let me hit it triple honey Hun

For the birds that don't know that's yellow
Pre-coasted quick on the medal
And I will leap I will mail it
It makes me slow down the pedal
Don't watch that dope I can't sell it
You and the jealousy mellow
Because you can't f**k with rebels
Lord Infamous hot as a kettle
In da summer

(Chorus 4X)

(Juicy J)

Pastor E. and J, Grandma Gay, lets take a ride and shoot
North side where they break the rules
To my high school
I'm scoping out some freaks in the streets
What's up with them dingy shoes, and maybe I'ma holler trick
With a sexy switch
Rolling through the Green Pearl clean
What's up Black and Kim
Chiefin on the swishers slangin way down to the ground
While I'm dozing off on you 'cause haters squalling call 'em Kirks
DM riding on 20 chromes
Under the seat he keep them tones

In da summer we be coming
(Crunchy Black)
We be dropping just like women
We be hurting 'em hypnotize
We be taking people under
When I popped up on the scene
Do you people remember me?
We were fuller of that green
We were high up on that dream
Yeah, Crunchy still the same
No, that game didn't make me change
All we got a little change
Used to D
Now you people be acting strange
I'm used to game
All them people be calling your name
Wont you catch up with them lames
'cause you trying to steal my fame
In da summer
(Chorus 4X)

(Lord Infamous talking)

keep it rollin', keep it rollin'
Yeah, yeah, keep it rollin', keep it rollin',
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, another hot one
Three 6 Mafia heatin' it up
Earthquakin' it, bakin' it, another summer hit
Low down dirty
Mafia, (mafia), mafia, (mafia), mafia, (mafia)