

Three 6 Mafia, Destruction Terror

Chorus

Destruction terror and mayhem

Pass me a.....

(Koopsta Knicca)

Look in the eyes of this muthafuckin' wise guy

I got the nine on my side

But let me tell you why

Inside the blackness of the skies

Lie the fuckein' robbers

Can I call it off you got the dope

You got this coke right on ya

How could you speed with the street sweeper to yo chest

We had to spread

Aw yeah but guess what happened next

Me and my six niggas had to rip them temples in

I didn't want to kill 'em

But I filled 'em I ain't bullshittin'

(DJ Paul)

Bitches when we see ya we gonna get'cha

We cockin' 45's to yo temple

Let the bullet hit'cha

We ain't gonna stop

Mark my word

Ain't no shootin' in there ever

Enemies ain't birds

All this medicine done made me crazy

I'm starting to lace it

I should've stopped a long time ago

But I was lazy

You sissy son of a bitch

You need to turn yo self in

We want'cha bad in the south

The quicker you pay

The quicker the payment be

Chorus

(Juicy "J")

It's about 1'oclock AM in my hood

In my set 4 deep in the steamer

Gettin' high

'Bout to we me a motherfucka up

Aftermath when I blast

Leave a motherfucka bucked

Layin' down in the grass

Niggas acting like they hard

Pullin' cards

But they fake

Niggas claiming that they bad

Looking mad for they trait

Talk down on a playa

But they smile in yo face

We gonna ride on you fools

Get away without no case

(Gangsta Boo)

Hoes killing me softly

Trying to put me to the test

Give me a fuckin' reason just to snap yo neck

I be the one with flow that's hurting all you hoes

Late night

Creeping bitch at your boyfriends door

Never be out to play a hate
Strictly out for my riches
I ain't got time for this shit
Cause it's money over bitches
Bustas be telling me to leave
Niggas stay out of mine
Who gives a damn what you think
Bitch I'm prophet for life

Chorus

(Lord Infamous)
Never take her for the reasons of a killa
Six dimensions
Let the ammunition take you through
The darkness of the solar system
Malice murderers of many men
Multiply incisions
They certain their vision
Get them percision and death permission
Best believe
I keep them over seventeen
Up in any magazine
Cuaght the wicked packed
That fool is jacked and catch a casualty
Having the capacity
To try to pull a strap on me
But Infamous is coming with the motherfuckin' stack of the
Teflon plated served peala'
I do not recommend fucking with Scarcrow
Nigga got you making tons of enemies
Triple that much in artillery
Showing no love for not anything
Popping yo head to the butcher swing
Polish the blade on the guillotine
Put that bitch out his misery
Fuck a hoe out the galaxy
Infamous with a fatality
There's no way you can imagine
Bodies stacked up on the battle scene
Living pyschopathicly
Scarecrow terror Tennessee

Chorus