

Three 6 Mafia, Let's Start A Riot

(Chorus starts off w/cuts and scratches)
Let's start a motherfucking riot in this bitch!
Let's start a motherfucking riot in this hoe!
(Repeat 4x)

(Verse One: DJ Paul)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, fucker, yeah
You got to be the weakest hoe in the world
You move all the way to Memphis from (gunshots) (Atlanta)
'Cause you were scared like a little girl
Little sorry broke bitch ass nigga
You ran your mouth and got into it with some real ass niggaz
You landed in the " and saw your life was in ruins
By the way nigga, how your collarbone doing?
I thought you we really quick to kick some ass down here
Memphis, Tenn. I'll take the base out of it and say so clear
Then you move back to (gunshots) (Atlanta) and got your shot up
While you were driving you living a life of hell
I guess you wanted to be so much like your favorite rapper
That you even try to die like your favorite rapper
At ninety pounds you're too small
Look all the trouble you found
You've done fuck around and find yourself under the ground
I wanted to get in that ass so I invite you to a show
But you's a ho because your ass didn't show you ain't buck bitch!

(Chorus 4x)

(Verse Two: Lord Infamous)
This right here won't stay quiet
It might strike up a riot
Everytime we bump this shit somebody up in here die
The dangerous Hypnotize is from the deadliest Minds
We are the rowdiest of hypnotists out here you will find
You better fuck with your kind
You do not want none of mine
We're the funkiest, bumpiest out on the grind
This is one your sitting in your junk get ya crunk
We're the specialist Triple six out on the funk
So hit the floor and give me about one hundred jawbreakers
We're causing pain up on this thang you can't shake us
I'm pistol-whipping, self-tripping furiously fast
Hit the gas, the cash I'll give them a blast
In the past, Three 6 have you beating 'em bad
Just like the old shit you holding niggaz up in a mask
Hit the parking lot, pop the boys
Straight Homicide
It be these killers man, these killers man 'bout to

(Chorus 4x)

(Verse Three: Crunchy Black)
First, I've had you niggaz get buck, get wild
Then I want you niggaz to move the fucking crowd
Three 6 in this bitch knock a nigga down
My nigga on the right, get buck, get wild
My nigga on the left, smack a bitch in the mouth
My nigga on top turn it to the ground
For all you hoes walk around with a frown
We gonna play a game called "Beat a bitch down"

(Verse Four: Juicy J)
Bitch I know It's 'bout that cash when you selling your ass
You done spent your whole check walking around acting mad

Heard you be at ATL, Magic City It's sad
To cover up it's just a flauge like you ain't like the past
You say you down with the goodbook
I think you read a cookbook
I know you need some help you need to go see Dr. Hoodshook
And please quit claiming the low down dirty Three 6
When you telling motherfuckers you ain't with it bitch!

(Chorus 4x)