

Three 6 Mafia, Mean Mug

(Project Pat) mean mug niggas lookin ana hid from a smile but inside blood
cookin got a problem wit my style wit tha click wit tha klan lames I don't
understand if you feel dat ya real fuck a song grab ya steel

(Juicy J)
theese snitching niggas claim we dealin
told the folks we pimpin women
but a nigga ain't gone live it
locked up in a fed building
All in my fuckin face
All up on my fuckin case
I'm about to take some names
bodies gone get buck and hang
Haters we ain't barin you
'cause ya'll done broke tha panic fuse
nigga we ain't benn cool
Never have I fucked wit you
Neither do you fuck wit me
On yo d's or smoke yo tree's
Playa i'm make you bleed
For them Z's or them Keys

(D.J. Paul)
Now all these nigga's downing me on some bitch's mane I got model's (hoe)
I blow all of yo insides up out you and make you hollow (hoe)
You smiling in my face but I'm knowin yo grin ain't good (hoe)
I steady hear you claimin but you ain't from my hood (hoe)
Da real BHZ niggas keepin mouth shut (bitch)
A spreading no rumors, or dropping salt off on a thug (bitch)
I'm knowin you broke but no excuses to be acting like a kid
You never shot a gun so how you figga you ready for war dig

chours 2x

(La Chat)
Yo yo why you bitches got yo mug on me, is it because i'm bein me
Tryina protect yo image nigga bust if u ain't diggin me, bitch
I don't even like you man comin from lady gangsta man
Cut yo cd out step right into my location man
Memphis Tennessee, bhc all up in my blood shake yo load off
Why you yellin quote-un-quote a thug nigga anyway I don't dig on niggaz in
denial
Wit ya fake smile dirty nose lady know
The time why you in my grill playa get the fuck away from me ho
All my niggas be on blow ready ta snap you bitches throat
Y'all be lettin these tapes, fool you like I am a joke watch me put you in a
choke
Neva let you niggas go, trick ass beotch,
Listen close do you feel is you, do you feel is you
That i'm talking to what you gon do come and wreck my shit I got niggas wreckin
shit
I got Georgia boys ready come up on the fuckin lick.

chours 2x

(La Chat)
Hold up, hold up, so you call ya self a gangsta muthafucka, you bitch
La Chat im out here on the town and I do some real gangsta shit
You talk a lotta shit killa can you back it up though
Yo boys can't help you when I buck the hollow parts at you ho
Now have you eva killed a nigga, have you blew out his brains
Or have you cut the body up and fetch a dog the remains
See scandalous this how I'm labeled, cuz I ain't takin shit
I be dat bitch so quick to click remove yo face from yo wig

Now if you wanna fuck wit me I'll take you bitches to war
Just need yo place and address nigga I'll be there at your door
And ain't no need yo mammy beggin way to late fo the kids
I told you bitch, I told you bitch, and you know you shouldn't have did what
you did
So what's up killa shit what's up what's up
I thought you was tough, not tough enough
To jump on up now, I got that pump at yo guts
So if you got yo mug on me, I'm takin that as a threat
La Chat gon write down all you hoes and put dat tech to yo neck, ho.

chours 2x