

# Three 6 Mafia, Shoot Up Da Club

(Juicy J)

Nigga North North niggaz ain't barrin' that shit  
Nigga South Memphis niggaz ain't barrin that shit  
Nigga West Memphis niggaz ain't barrin that shit  
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(Chorus: Crunchy Black)

Ain't no hoe up in me nigga bitch stay out of my fucking way  
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(Crunchy Black)

I went to the club  
Fucking with a scrub  
Wanna tote pistols  
And smoke bud  
Went inside just for a minute  
He was like Popeye he had to eat his spinach  
Then the police they had to get in it  
Just my luck my windows was tinted  
Security saw him  
Him put the junk  
In the stash spot  
Mane he should not have got jumped

(Frayser Boy)

It's a late Sunday night I'm at the club posted up  
Got them thangs in the car  
You get wrong and get fucked  
Kinda drunk kinda high  
On the edge so don't try  
Show your ass in the club  
When you leave you gone die  
Besta dip before I dip  
Please don't let me leave first  
When you come out it's like summer when I let the heat burst  
Put you underneath work  
You gone swear you need church  
You the first up out the club  
You the one to bleed first

(Chorus)

(Lil Wyte)

Run up in this motherfucker  
Shoot it up from roof to floor  
Make the bullets scatter through the crowd  
And hit them head to toe  
Where it will stop nobody knows  
That's the beauty part of it  
You mad about the drama we inflict but bitch you started it  
I roll with HCP  
And that's the only gang I claim  
Think I ain't serious about this bitch  
It's tatted in my veins  
And that's for life  
Get your shit right before you get fucked up  
To start a fight

Get your click tight before you hit the club  
I spit the facts and that's for real  
And I ain't just running my mouth  
Once them bullets start ripping I bet your click run to your house  
Now your all alone  
With a bunch of killers in an empty building  
Should have listened to this song before you left your wife and children  
Pay attention  
Maybe living can be worked into your schedule  
Playahatian got you waiting to be dancing with the devil  
Life is crazy when you tamper with the ones that keep you float  
Keep your ears and eyes up in it  
And don't forget to guard your throat (Bitch)

(Chorus)

(Juicy J)  
Memphis niggaz tearing your motherfuckin spot up  
Memphis niggaz bucking AKs burn the block up  
Yeah we be wild as a fool in the courthouse  
But in the club we have the clackup clackup thangs out  
Mane this shit ain't funny  
Cause niggaz need money  
And club owners making all the cash gimme something  
I'm riding down Poplar it's a club to my left  
A little mix junt  
I think I'll jack it by myself (Bitch)

(DJ Paul)

Now when they talk about Memphis and who represent it  
They talk about The Hypnotize Minds and the Grizzlies  
A lot of rappers in my city want my crown  
But they ain't sold no records and they pockets ain't round  
The only thing that they can rap is Reynolds  
The only new cars they can ride is rentals  
I got three houses in Memphis and one in Florida  
A condo in Cali bitch can you afford us  
Hell naw

(Chorus)

(Juicy J)  
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Nigga!