

# Three 6 Mafia, Sweet Robbery

(Chorus)

(DJ Paul)

I cruise to my chevy shakin' these late nights  
And soon a killah will thank me will come out again to take another life  
I'm tired of hidin' form the 5-0 cause these fools scope me nightly  
I'm changin' my identity and playin' more roles than that niggah spike lee  
This shit ain't fake i gotta break  
And get the fuck back on this murder case  
For chill this shit is cool to rap about but see to me it ain't no fun when it's real  
Them cops can't roll to Triple Six so no lord can save'em  
I try to least stay after but now i ask for another favor  
One of my homies died, two of my niggah's in the J.C  
But now I ask of you first power bring them back to me  
We ran a job off top, we had to pop some cops  
But still some fools house made us lead us to his stash pizzot  
Skeemask over my skull, peppers in my mouth cause I'm grilled  
Bitch cause (?) glock nine with no love, killah's from the south gotta peel  
Caps that will make your shells fall, but I will be the only one still leg  
locked  
Employed cause job to me, you need to lay down you niggah's, you bitches  
You snitches, smoke swishers and plan my sweet robberies.

(Chorus)

(Juicy J)

This shit is on, I'm scopin' out this fool that I don't like  
Who fucked me out some money  
(What how I squash this shit)  
Wait till the night  
I'm gonna touch him with a gauge, gotta touch with a gauge  
Niggah think he fucked me gonna get his ass sprayed  
First I hit the weed, hit full of red rum, niggah better give me some  
Or O'll make your body numb bitch  
I thought you knew it was on when you pulled that shit  
Flodgin' ass niggah prepare for the triggah with no fuckin' heart  
You gonna meet this sick killah don't step  
Better watch your self, better watch your self,  
Watch out for the niggah's you trust or take your last breath  
When I put this tone up in your face it's gonna be a case with out no trace  
The robber had a mask on tryin' to get his blast on  
No evidence cause this shit will be erased  
We're in Pauls chevy deep, with visions in your sleep  
The Juice, Project Pat, Lil' Glock & S.O.G  
Lord Infamous and Crunchy Black got them gats to your back  
Another sweet robbery another mother fuckin' jack  
\*talking\*

(Chorus)

(Koopsta Knicca)

The terrors in the air-yair hopin that I find your soul hoe straight buddah  
smoke  
We robbin' hoe, cause a niggah know leavin' them (?) sorrow  
Thats why I'll never know the secrets of the many double quickly  
You'll be givin up dead lay dead, get a ton of burn in the air  
By the Koopsta niggah don't (..?..)  
I'll take you for a ride, take you to the evil side  
Bitches would rather see you dead than alive  
Misery burn out of cry, for one day (?) misery cried  
Cops caught the witness on me and my niggah (?) on many of hoes  
So you triziks can witness the Triple Six kill up them sons like robbery pro's  
Kurt rolled the windows solo we can get outta here  
Paul caught two bitches in the den, commiting like ruff up in ten

Ten corpses dead with torches to the night into they brain  
(...?... ) gonna work so we buried them bitches on another day  
No heaven sin, no evidence man you can't fuck with this  
Fuck you niggah's who don't wanna give Paul your chevy you gonna be a dead bitch  
You hear him, a heavy body droppin' in a ditch  
They say I'm crazy though I'm really just a lunatic

(Chorus..till fades)