

Three 6 Mafia, Try Somethin'

(Project Pat - on the phone)

Yeah it's Project Pat up in this

Representin' 'Layin' the Smackdown', 'North North'

Three 6 Mafia fin a rip it like it's supposed to be

Handle that shit

(Project Pat)

Jack one, smack one, run off wit ya sack son

Anybody wit the loot, give it up or I'ma shoot

Bow down M-town, niggaz like to ride clean

Snort on some good dope, smoke on some good green

Friday payday, so I'm at the Shake Junt

Lookin' fo' a big lick, fiendin' for a fat blunt

Saw my victim caught me one slippin'

On the side of the club takin' a pissin'

No mask on face I didn't really need it

He can be damn fool and he'll get heated

Point blank, snatch bank, runnin' like a track star

Heart pumpin' fast like I ate out the crack jar

No one saw me made clean getaway

That means that I still live to get paid

Late night, all night jackin on the spizot

Breakin up a dice game or where it's hizot

(Hook: Crunchy Blac - repeat 2X)

(I'm a rob me some niggaz) Mane I'm fucked up

A nigga gotta try something

(I'm a rob me some niggaz) Mane my lucks up

A nigga gotta try something

(I'm a rob me some niggaz) Mane I'm dead broke

A nigga gotta try something

(I'm a rob me some niggaz) Plus I'm out of dope

A nigga gotta try something

(Juicy 'J')

I ran up in the bank put a tone to his head

Told the clerk this a robbery nigga drop the bread

Then I ran like a bitch when my folks was outside

So I jumped in the car, mashed the gas start to ride

the westside of Tennessee, until I heard the news

nigga should have went to Mexico, my face was on the tube

most wanted for a felony I should have stayed in class

I was a stupid as nigga I didn't even wear a mask

(DJ Paul)

I guess you know by now the BHZ do not play

My pussy valley are down and gonna spray

They still robbin' niggaz and jackin' fo yo clothes

and have you runnin round like college girls exposed

My Tulane niggaz you knowin' they stayin' strapped

beside DJ Paul they put The Haven on the Map

But it's too many hoods in The Haven to claim

so we gon all bring guns we gon' all bring pain.

(Hook x2)(cruchy blac)

(Cruchy Blac)

You can do what ya do to keep ya ass in

it's CB and mane I ain't playin

Wit pistol in my Muthafuckin right hand

I'm a stick it to ya body, and start demandin

me muthafuckin money out ya fuckin pockets

give me them rings and that fuckin' watch n you

betta listen up before I start poppin it's me again

I'm constantly robbin

(Lord Infamous)

Slap on his block wit the glock
and lock'em down to the rocks
fiendin' for his knot in his pocket strip him
down his socks, grab and feel this 44
hopin' steam right off this scope
and I let him smoke If I go in ya pockets and ya broke
ya got a lotta nuts rollin' my hood on ya twankies
now ya gotta drop off them bitches and that ring on ya pankies
either ya give me ya green, ya pills, and ya powda
Or I gotta pump the gauge and let you take a buck shot shower