

# Three 6 Mafia, We Shootin' 1st

(Hook)

'Cause bitch we shoot 'em first  
We don't ask questions later  
We're Triple 6, Triple 6 fuckin' haters  
And it's on if you niggaz  
Wanna bring it to the door  
To you cowards in my face  
I'm a treat you like a hoe

(Gangsta Boo)

Since you niggaz talkin' shit  
About the dirty dirty six  
Lemme see if you can bump out  
And be featured on a hit  
Radio the love my songs  
Ballin' niggaz love my thongs  
If you wanna go to war  
I suggest you bring it on, nigga  
I ain't no little girl  
I been down in the streets  
Remember me Hillcrest  
Nigga reppin' BAZ  
Shoot a finger fuck a spot  
Niggaz drop, niggaz drop  
But everybody in the club  
Lookin' hard nigga he ain't hot  
We be cold froze wrists  
Got you bitches in a blitz  
Mad 'cause I be hanging 'round  
Them niggaz in the triple six  
Bitches wanna say this  
Bitch I ain't stuntin' you  
I be on the charts blowin' up  
Bitch look at you  
Niggaz be mad  
Actin' like some fuckin' hoes  
If you can't stand the truth  
Nigga keep your eyes closed  
DJ Paul, Juice Man  
Crunchy Black, Lord Infamous  
I'm the one  
Mrs. Crazy lady Gangsta Boo bitch

(Hook 2X)

(Crunchy Black)

Niggaz talk shit  
Well they might as well talk shit  
Talk this  
When I bring that fuckin' chalk bitch  
And put your body in a body bag or somethin'  
And drop your bitch ass off in a river my cousin  
You should've never played the dozens  
With a nigga like me  
It be C fuckin' B  
And I'm hard to be  
Niggaz talk a lot of shit  
But I promise you dog  
I'm a blast at your ass  
And let the gun revolve  
Niggaz always tryin' to be real hard  
Niggaz always tryin' to pray to God  
When they got their ass caught up in some bullshit  
And that's some bullshit

You gotta finish it  
You gon' remember this  
Ain't no game I play  
Poppin' shots at your ass  
With the A fuckin' K  
Nigga watch what you say  
When you talkin' to me  
Nigga watch what you say  
When you talkin' to C

(Hook 1X)

(DJ Paul)

Put a mask on, gone in man do the shit (4X)

(Lord Infamous)

My arteries pump acid  
I love to pop that plastic  
Life is filled with maggots  
Nigga I let you have it  
With automatic havoc  
While faggots ride or tag it  
Boy I'm psychopathic  
Milli clips big rappin'  
What I got for a mackin'  
For funeral compassion  
Better close that casket  
When I hit for that stackin'  
Wanna know the business  
Stay out my fuckin' business  
Gossip like some bitches  
But y'all no competition  
Better pay attention  
I'll cook you like a kitchen  
Diss and leave you missin'  
And on a murder mission  
Critical condition  
Got plenty ammunition  
Don't need to catch you slippin'  
I'll fuck you up lil pimpin'  
Lord have mercy hurt you with verses  
Got you puntas rollin' in hearses  
Hate the six we got platinum plus a  
Your shit on shelves collectin' dust a

(Hook 1X)

(DJ Paul)

Put a mask on, gone in man do the shit (4X)