

Three 6 Mafia, Where Da Killaz Hang

Chorus

I represent where them killaz hang

(Lord Infamous)

The ganja I'm chokin'
The laws'll get broken
The pussies are open
The killas is scopin'
The (?) is smokin'
Is bloodily soakin'
The Scarecrow
The sicker
The Snizote I'm locin'
We up in the attic
My victim in panic
They try to get franic
Got blowed off the planet
They don't understand it
Soldiers can't stand it
That's how I planned it
Fuck you goddamnit
My automatic
Ready for static
Blastery tragic
Have you in plastic
Way my mind be twisted
Got me itchin' gotta have it
Niggas want to approach Lord Infamous
But I am loco I will blow
Your head off your shoulders

(Project Pat)

Mister murderer robbers
Niggas with some charges
You fake mothafuckas
We gonna finish what you started
Yo heart is a nigga set
Bitch you best ah have a gat
Smoke a nigga
With that trigga
Memphis nigga Project Pat
I'm down like the Kamakaze souldier on a killin' spree
Once we get into it dog
You gonna have to murder me
Who I be
I'm hidin' in the bushes layin'
Push us to the ground
Ghetto clown
Off your blood you shall drown

Chorus

(Koopsta Knicca)

Too dim not today
Now the koopstas off the streets
Only real G's close to me
He's (?)
People sayin' folks
Tryin' to take me as a joke
But this pimp shit bitch
Can't go I ti-zook all of you hoes
Loadin' up my mind
Daily fuckin' my patience
Runnin' from my visitations

Just the coo fool can ya face me
Claim to be my friend
When ya takin' a second look
I guess it's on then
Big bizness bitch
No money on my book
Manne this shit is hectic
So I'm callin' up to got
Me and my charge partna booga
He's a rapper down with us
Party (?) 17's where I dwell
Stale (?) on my shelf
I'm fellin' as if I'm in hell
Yea soon I be bailed
Pale well if it's swell
Triple platinum with the (?)
Deja Vu fuck when I left
Oh me isn't this a binitch
Please excuse me for my frenech
But you writin' all these lyrics
If ya hear me then ya feel me

Chorus

(Crunchy Black)
In the hood where I dwell
And I dwell real well
For you playa hatin' ass bitches
Manne you might as well burn in hell
When you smell the aroma
>From them blunts when I hit corners
Don't you duck
Don't you dodge
Cuase it's only gonna be
Murder murder on my mind
Leavin' blank in the pass
When you drop that fuckin' glass
Manne I bet'cha I kill yo ass
Nigga pop with the glock
In a pine fuckin' box
Don't you try to call the fuckin' cop
Cause a nigga ain't gonna stop

(Project Pat)
Shootin', cappin', jack and chill
Lettin' you so calleds know the deal
Hollow tips yo ass gonna feel
Roll yo dice bitch and you real
Fuckin' with the click, the crew, the clan
You gon' recognize
G's swangin' out they trees
Have you stankin' with the flies
Cries comin' up out yo mouth
But they muffled by the tone
When I pull the trigga back
You enter the external zone
Southside killas
Always stayin' strapped with them thangs
Project Pat
Memphis, Tennessee
Where them killaz hang

Chorus