

Three 6 Mafia, Who Run It

DJ Paul:
Who run it (x15)

Chorus: DJ Paul (4x)
These bitches ain't runnin'(runnin'), shit but y'all mouth
Cause the first hater step, the first hater get tossed out

DJ Paul:
These niggaz got plenty ANNA, but they ain't got plenty guns
I'm bustin' out of luxury cars, still got these hoes on the run
I'm hearin' plenty MANY words, but ain't no actions to PROVE
We can do some straight war for war, we can do some stickin' and movin'
We can meet in the middle of these streets or in the middle of this RING
I can pop your chest, PLASTIC glock, or pop your jaw diamond ring
Please don't hate me hate the bank, FOR STASHIN' G's that I take
Or hate my shiny wristband, and big ass rims I rotate
See people flip when I'm comin', got SUCKAS sick at the stomach
They wonder what I brought in, they wonderin' what I got comin'
Niggaz I'm comin' like this, off in your mouth like a bitch
Taste me, when you think of me, I'm bread and water, I'll start it

Juicy J:
WWHAT'S THE BIDNESS
It's that player that you love to hate, always see come out the bank
Always have to mention my name, when you high AND on that drank
Catch up with this boy you can't, cause you know I'm holdin' rank
When you see the platinum Rolex with the ice it make you faint
Through the streets now have you heard, BOUT the Mafia droppin' verbs
Runnin' from the nazi cops, tossin' out the bags of herb
Ain't afraid to pop the steel, hollow tips to make you feel
If you wanna punk me out, pop these niggaz in they grill

Chorus: DJ Paul (2x)

Crunchy Black:
I can't take any more, I'm bout to explode
I'm bout to overload, I'm bout to kill you boy
All I wanna know is where the G's at, where the KEYS at
Keep it easy, you don't want to get skeezed at
All on this muthafuckin' ROOM, nigga BOOM
LAY YOU ON your back so we can get up soon
Stab you in your heart with a HAR-FUCKING-POON
Nigga BOOM, nigga BOOM

Lord Infamous:
Scarecrow's on it, I'm still hungry, starvin' for a platinum supper
Wipe it easy, mc's look black founded, the quicker the sicker their eatin'
rubber
Infamous grips, gats gun em all down, even ghost towns
Splish-Splash, brains on the ground, with a cannon round
Ball bat, bashin' niggers back, beatin' bitches down
Battle like blaze BUST HIS BALLS, BODY never found
Catch a close encounter CAUSE the anarchism of these A-bombs
Chemical reaction cause the venom shot in to his arm

Chorus: DJ Paul (3x)

Gangsta Boo:
Here we go, all you weak ass hoes
In my face like you my friend
Triple Six dropped in again, time to make ends
Dope game , my game, hoes lame, it's a shame
How that Gangsta Boo is GONNA click up on you bitches man
Fat cat, BUT I be, packin' how you love that

Fuck a platinum plaque, gimme money, where the dollars at
(BLAW) BE DEAD IN A SECOND for 10 G's
(Where you from?) Black haven is where I be on my P's

Koopsta Knicca:

Parents PLEASE, watch out for your children
This the one that'll lock 'em in the basement
Some of them talkin' so rugged, some corrupted ugly pussa-pussa
Cause the fuckin' all my niggaz, Koopsta tryin' to tell ya somethin'
Peter-Peter, pussy eater, one of them fucked by Koopsta Knicca
Lord, I done some sins, cause she married, but I don't know that nigga
Figured he is a killa, so he figures he'll watch us fuckin'
Put them muthafuckin' slugs upside that thug, cuz, we're out