

Gangsta Boo, M-Town Representatives F/ Hypno

(DJ Paul)

Niggas you roll them dice
You better except how they fall
Nigga you f**king wit Juice
Nigga you f**king wit Paul
Nigga you f**king wit Boo
Nigga you f**king wit Black
Lil bitch you f**king wit Lord
Lil bitch you f**king wit Pat
Nigga you f**king wit Roc
Nigga you f**king wit Chat
And if you f**k wit La Chat
We blow your chest through your back
And if you f**k wit anyone else
I dont give a f**k
Because they dont plead and breed HCP nigga what

(Lord Infamous)

I always leave them in suspense
Better put up your defense
cause this .44's intense
Niggas catch a body risk
Bloody glock bloody trench
Bloody bodies on the fence
Bloody legion, all you bitches bloody six is in the midst
Oh my Lord, Infamous
Cock the hammer let it split
I'm the damager carnage
I'm the razor in your wrist
I'm the medicine you hit
Got you f**king throwing fits
Kicking chairs and swinging fists
How long can you get to this?
Play

(Crunchy Black)

It started way back when a nigga was a kid
I stick and move my nigga
That's the shit that I did
I broke a few f**king bones
And I cast few stones
I pulled a few f**king tone
Man that shit went wrong
You got me stuck in the zone
When a nigga doing wrong
I pop you once in your head with that goddamn chrome
Don't give a f**k motherf**ker
If your family moarn
Shouldna stepped to me dawg
Shouldna stepped to me at all
You weak busta!

(Project Pat)

A mistaken ID
Wanna put me in the po-key
'cause I'm on parole
Police swearing that they know he
Had to do the shit
'cause Project Pat is a convict
Whose North Memphis raised
Hood bred taking no shit
If I did the hit
You'll be left okey dokey
Still selling dope on the motherf**king lowski

When I pull the tone
After that squeeze the trigger
On any punk bitch or a ho ass nigga!

(La Chat)

See I'ma go and have to kill a bitch
Empty the clip
I guess that's the only way
Or I'ma have to buy you a lick
La Chat aint with that bullshit
I be burying hoes
And I'ma do it for the weather bitch
F**k a low low
Man I'm a mean bitch I tell ya
I done been there done that
It aint no mission I cant finish
Nothing aint too tough for Chat
So if you catch me slippin ho
F**k me wearing a mask
'cause once I know its you fo sho
I'ma cremate ya ass

(Juicy J)

Can a nigga get chosen
Knees kinda cold
Have you seen a memphis playa
Ride bentley rose
I done told ya that I'm always gonna stand on ten toes
With a liquor bottle, crack, and a blunt already rolled
My cologne smell the curb
Just superb on these hoes
Hanging with these Memphis killas
With that candy round they nose
On my neck on my wrist
Is that jewelry that be froze
On my face is my cardier shades and my golds

(T-Roc)

Is this a stain to be making?
It's a T-Roc creation
No roofer sniper you facing
I'm like an offspring of Satan
My innovation of danger
From the slugs of the chamber
Keep more guns than a ranger
Prepared to mangle a stranger
My competition deleted
From verbal telekenisis
Placing bodies in ditches
And leave them stinking like fecis
Once the list is depleted
Fold my dollars like creaces
My coalition is the Hypnotize Camp
Its no secret nigga!

(Gangsta Boo)

If I go leave me a stain
I got two glocks and a blunt
Bout to let you bitches know
That Gangsta Boo don't give a f**k
I got diamonds on my wrist
I got diamonds in my teeth
Is it a bird?
Is it a bee?
Can you bitches picture me?

Talking shit about Ms. Lady
When you know you wanna f**k
Ya'll round town clowing
Doing donuts in the truck
Got you bitches to the flo'
Got the nigga take his dough
I be Mrs. "Where Da Dollas At?"
You hatas know the score
I be ballin ATL
I hit round up on the cell
Got them meet me at the swiss
And bring some niggas to the tale
Might as well go on playa
Ya'll aint ready for the gangsta ho
I be rippin bitches
Like guerilla, murder, kill ho
I dont give a f**k
What you groupies say up in the streets
Catch me off in gucci sheets
Sleeping living luxury
Just to give you hoes
All the answers you been waiting fo
I remain the undisputed champ
Nigga ye aint know?

Ha Ha...Bitch!