

Three 6 Mafia, Be A Witness

(feat. Killa Klan Kaze)

(Chorus)

Killa Klan, come get this, big business,
motherfucker be a witness

(K-Rock from Killa Klan Kaze)

Now I was coming in up in Memphis on that
motherfuckin real shit
Bullets in chamber, fill it with anger, paid all my
dues to Triple the 6
Scanman might take your hand, slowly grab to the
pistol grip
See Crunchy Black up in the back loading up my
extra clip
Coppers got me in a chase, I can't catch no murder
case
I pulled over, got my glizz, I took my hand and
popped the cop
DJ Paul looked at me, nervously without a sweat
Carlo Haywood got his check, robbed the dope mane
broke his neck
OX and vogues put up on hoes, stinging like a
bumble bee
European Chevy Thang pop out woodgrain leather seats
South Memphis, killa, playaz, we got brand new tape
for sale
Mystic Styles bumpin loud in the sand ford bring a
crowd
chevy thang with your clip, project with the fuckin
pump
Cuz show me love, K-Rock locked'em in the fuckin
trunk
Damn I'm going crazy mane, razor blade cuttin in my
hand
Maybe I'll be savin babies, fuck my lady I'm the man
Rappin' aint no fuckin thang, triple 6 be
biggity-bangin'
Shootin' up me block, witta me glock, it woulda
been ol' K-Rock
Finna be cockin', attackin' and poppin'
and droppin' these coppers like enemy niggas
That can't pull the trigger, I figure this pimpin'
that's livin' them limpin the Triple 6
Now I'm back when I been on the track wit the
Scarecrow
Cuz the DJ Paul pop in the clip, no slippin' you're
trippin I'm taking no lip
Niggas I'm droppin your musical style
Killa Klan gonna blast them bitches, catchin 'em
when they steady pimpin'
Triple 6 gonna warn your ass, bitch we have no
fuckin witness, fuckin
witness

(Chorus) -4x

(MC Mack from Killa Klan Kaze)

I got a street sweeper just to keep these playa
hater niggas up off my back
But yet I'm always the center of attention, pimpin'
ass nigga known as MC
Mack

You best believe I'm packin ammunition for these
busta snitches
Stangin, robbin, aint no thing, a pimp done went
rags to riches
Hustling on the track, my ends is stackin, cuz I'm
breakin heifers
Make my cheese, bitch break your knees
(god-DAAAMN!) the pimpin mack is
clever
Bustas trying to playa hate me, but they cannot
aggravate me
Droppin sawed off in my game, but MC Mack will
never change
I'm cheffin like an Indian and thats the type of
stage I'm in
I'm blastin wit this fuckin trick, we stangin like
a fuckin wasp
Provoke me, joke me, play me, make me buck your
bitch ass, pull your card
We creepin late at night with them thangs on the
roody-poo,
trick lets see who's hard
I ask myself the question why these watermelon
niggas wanna cramp my pimpin
Jealous cuz I'm ridin on gold and sweatin these
hoes up out they clothes
So brace yourself for the impact of the Mack, this
aint the first of the month
And we breakin bones in half, and blastin bitches
Hoe so be a witness, be a witness

(Chorus)- 4x

(Scanman from Killa Klan Kaze)
There's no love up in a nigga when I'm creepin for
a killing
When you bitches slips, the Mac-10 clicks, buckin
bitches with no patience
So in a minute that's when you lie dead, from the
buckshot through your chest, bullets
fled Ripping and stripping and home again and worn
to shreds
Pimp shit killa Scan the Man, I leave them bitches
scared from horror
Of the corpses that I torture sufferer, in them
chambers
The morning, the crying, cuz eternally they torment
The burning (shhhh) in the bottom of my pits bitch
I'll rise back up on you niggas real quick just
like the evil dead
My master with evil powers to devour you bitches
that burn in hell
i'm clickin with madness form the triple six killa
demons
The anger that's in me got me crazed man
I'm lurkin I'm creepin, here come the Scan Man
Sneakin in to drop a Mac-10 bomb and leave bodies
in a slum
The Killa Klan massacre, leavin them bitches to rot
in them ditches
When vengeance of demons slit young bitches and rip
them, in pieces
No love bitch

Chorus till end

