

# Three 6 Mafia, Don't Turn Around

(Verse 1)

I only fuck with those who only fuck with me  
A sucker play for games, a man play for keeps  
I keep's me a nine millimeter just in case  
A coward's in my face  
These bullets he gone taste

A waste of your life, stepping wrong, I'm on trees  
Best to leave me alone, best to go make some cheese  
N-O-Mes come in all shapes, forms, sizes, colors  
Could be your best friend, cousin, or brothers

I'll rob them all, just to see who got the fatty stack  
Walked in the bank, put the loot in the cul-de-sac  
Slapped on the guard four times for he passed out  
Eyes on the blow and my pockets was assed out  
Had on a trench coat, wig and some goggles  
If'n you resist, you may not see tomorrow  
I'm in there, I done dared the police couldn't get me  
But I made a slip up; had a trick with me

(Chorus: repeat 2X)

Don't turn around (Give me the fucking cheese trick)  
Don't make a sound (Show me where the keys at)  
Lay it on the ground (knowing that your pockets fat)  
Fore' I buck you down (and I'm quick's to do that)

(Verse 2)

Nigga starting bragging in his hood about the robbery  
Wasn't long then 'fore somebody dropped a dime on me  
I'ma be the one they can't get to, they picked the boy up  
Run his mouth just like a fool, he gone get me fucked up  
But I'ma have to get to him before the police do-a  
Caught up with him night and day, locked him and his crew up  
Sprang down Chelsea Ave. kind of in the evening  
For this motherfucker's death, dawg I was fiendin  
He was looking at me strange, like I'ma catcher  
I done hopped out with the thang, let me holler at'cha  
Fool, where you been dog? (My momma got sick, man)  
Fuck that got to do wit'chu? (Hold up I ain't your bitch, man)  
I heard you been talking, your muthafucking lips loose (Nah, it ain't like that dawg. I ain't no damn fool)  
Looking in his eyes, I could see that he was so scared  
I squeezed on the trigger with the gun to his forehead

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

Blew the top out his skull, now they want me dead  
All the niggaz in his hood, police, and the feds  
Stepped out of Westwood, way out of the side  
On the other side of town, somewhere I can hide  
I done threw my life away, hunted by them by pigs  
Robbing every other day, drops in off my nigs  
They done found my whereabouts, bouts' to do me in  
Kicking in the front door, and I was in the den  
SK was under the couch, snatched it off the wham  
Open fire on them hoes, I didn't give a damn  
Blood stream was full of dope, pump off coca leaf  
Feds had me under a scope, and an infra-beam  
Rifle bullet threw my throat, choking, hit the floor  
Gunpowder in my mouth, knocking heaven's door  
Street life done took me out, and that shit ain't fake  
I done fucked myself off, cause a bammer's fate



