

# Three 6 Mafia, Gunclaps

[Chorus x3]

Gunclaps, we hear the gunclaps  
The rowdy gunclaps the bloody gunclaps

[juicy j]

5 a-m in the mornin'  
Nigga heard them tones pumpin' like a thousand-five cannons  
Nigga gettin' it on  
Peep out the window, i was solo flashin'in the streets  
Caught by cops  
I'm tell them bring some extra tape and plenty sheets  
Right they ass chevy drove by bout' seventy shotguns  
Loaded for your roller  
Put em' straight to sleep  
Hollow points hit my fuckin' window  
Make you think your through  
Like it's the forth of july  
With them niggas spook  
I wish the folks would hurry up  
I cock my gun back with my thumb  
Nigga rowdy rowdy like it's north memphis, vietnam  
As i gotta check to take a look and then fired back  
I realized i was out numbered  
In a deadly trap

[scarecrow]

Three 6 mafia, prophet posse, killa kaze  
With the shotties  
Leave your chest cavity  
Stoppin' at the autopsy  
I slaughter  
And i can't help but notice all your pain  
When the monsters got that clappin', clappin', clappin'  
On them thangs man  
We hear the gunshots  
Nigga bang diggy dank  
Got a shank full of thangs  
And it is kind of insane  
I scarecrow with mystical styles  
Niggas are getting buck wild  
Look at my dirty fouls  
Bodies are stacked up by pounds  
You wanna fuck with me player  
First you must say a lil' prayer  
Ask the nigga over there  
Yeah, that be my preacher there  
Niggas are all actin' (??)  
Grow up actin' now fight  
Infamous buckin' all night  
Burnin' em' after a light

[Chorus x2]

[crunchy blac]

Slip, slide come and take a ride  
To my fuckin' stash pile  
Nigga you can't hide  
It's a mug crunchy got a tug  
Stuff a nigga in my trunk  
Told ya'll niggas what  
Crunchy ain't no fuckin' whore  
Get down on that floor  
Bitch i want more (more)  
Bitch now give me more  
Give me chocolate chunk bitch, i bitch i kill you more  
They pay, that pay that five  
Now bitch i want some more  
All i wanna feel

Is some motherfuckin' rain  
Let it rain motherfucker, let it rain (gon' let it rain)  
See you inside by the game that i spit  
Never ever in your life  
Can you ever get with this  
[dj paul]  
Hey yo kemosabe  
I got hoes smokin' weed up in the lobby  
Cocaine fills my body, like gotti  
Hotty  
Where the keys to room 2-10  
I got thugs with price tage bout' to get in  
We heard it's goin' down, tricks about 2 mil  
Feel, the fuckin' prophet posse get ya killed  
Nigga, we got 40 cal's to your face  
Na'ad mean  
Three 6 leave no fuckin' trace  
It takes more gunshots for these boys to save ya  
Me and crunchy chunk ya' over like white with a razor  
Several automatics in a blazer  
Before we bump you off  
Give me that plate and the lazer  
[Chorus...till fade]