

Three 6 Mafia, M.E.M.P.H.I.S. (Remix)

(DJ Paul)

Finally, I got all real niggaz on on a muthafuckin' Posse song
Niggaz that's down to cut some muthafuckin' heads
(Mafia, ya, y-ya, y-ya, ya, ya)
From hear to ATL, to Nashville, back to the M-town nigga
And you know what that mean bitch
Makin' easy money, pimpin' hoes is serious bitch
Makin' easy money, pimpin' hoes is serious nigga

(Project Pat)

Call a nigga, drug dealer, out here on the track nigga
Weed smoker, coke snorter, come and get a pack nigga
Cane slanger, bitch banger, dog I'll bring it to ya
If you got a problem with me, holla at my Luga
Dro puffer, cheese come up, when we on the track jack
Hit you in the head, with the gat, 'til your skull crack
Blood gushin', head rushin', act first, no discussion
Come with that bullshit, then the bullets start bustin'

(Lord Infamous)

First crime, we came with Mystic Stylez on grime
You slip, I Live By My Rep don't fuck with mine
Da End, the souls of men embedded inside the Posse
The Prophet, the Posse, we all collide
We brutal, the Chapter 2 to end the phase, our mind
In crime, reminds, CrazeNLazDayz
Hypno-tize, and blazed another gold plate
Sixty 6, sixty 1, The Smoke Clears, evaporate

(Juicy J)

I got a 357, a tec with a black clip
A 180 pounds with a fist that will bust lips
Some killaz on my side, if I tell 'em they gon' get
A fool violatin' the business, I ain't wit'
And now in 2000 you talkin' the same shit
And now in 2000 I'll bust and I won't miss
The smoke is in the air the liquor is still a fifth
The grill is still gold, and the curls they know kick, fool

Mafia, ya, y-ya, y-ya, ya, ya
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Mafia, ya, y-ya, y-ya, ya, ya
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Mafia, ya, y-ya, y-ya, ya, ya
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(Cruchy Black)

You can believe this, you can believe that
And believe I got a baseball bat, and I'm bustin' your head black
You believe I'm comin' strong, you believe I'm all grown
You believe, that nigga, I love to get it on
You half steppin' I got the weapon
Boom! Boom!
I'm blastin' at your mind to get you believe that
I love to kill, I love the thrill
And I love to put a nigga body parts in the field, nigga

(La Chat)

No no, come, come and get this bitch, ain't got no time fo no shit
Got all my boys, don't make no noise, just throw that trick in the ditch
It ain't no way La Chat gon' let it slide, with the shit that you done
I got my piece for what I do, to show you who the fuck number one

I shot that bitch without causes, ain't got no love in my heart
It ain't no way that I can't handle, keep that tone in my jaw
This ain't no crap, I speak the truth, gotta come too thick to get me
On one of you hoes, before you come, La Chat ain't gone easy

(Koopsta Knicca:)

Man a bitch'll take that lil bit out her pussy for them papers
Get the fuck away from me ho because the crew can't stand them vapors
Take her, break her, to whip that funky bitch
Talkin' that shit about this man you'll get 10 slugs up in your arm pits
Yeah we can do it take your time and do it right
You can gimme the fuckin' chewin', I can fuck you all night
Wanna fight about your friends see how them bitches gon' start
See now that's that type of shit that get my muh'fuckin' dick hard

(T-Rock)

Capital Mack-11's, and load 'em full of ammunition
Terrorist sect's, we pull and lock'em in the Expedition
No set a niggaz got guns equivalent to what we pack
Nuclear pistols and fire scorchin' automatic gats
How in the fuck can you handle the, busta damager
Toss that bitch over the banaster, like trash canisters
Hollow points into your battle troops, when I have to shoot
Plus I'll be storin' the cap for you, and trick be absolute

(MC Mack)

I woke up early Saturday morning,
suddenly your phone was ringin' off the charger
Thinkin' to myself, man, is it a bitch or cop, or is it them robbers
Got MC Mack of in a scheme, I'm stainin' for my dividends
And pay a livin', neh nigga,
gon' bother my cheese gon' reach the ceiling fan
You can catch my in that president thing, on gizold when you see me
You can joke me, ever rope me, best believe your bleed this evenin'
Fuck the reason, and the treason,
time to get dirty nigga better I'll pop it
You was gaspin' for your life, but all I heard was Killa Klan Kaze

(DJ Paul)

Bitches think we playin', think this killa shit a joke
Don't fuck around with HCP and get you ass smoked, ho
Comin' with some fully auto's, fuck some semi's
Hit 'em with some hollow auto's, cause I desp-iz-ise
Blastin' like some rondo batays, for you miatays
Koop with double clicks and duck tape, and wicked wizays
And I, perferin' keepin' busin' in my freak time
Taught 'em in that buried unknown, they wanna reap why
Give you second thoughts about that businness, you then finished right
Take you to the vault, cash it in, all night flight
And I'm in a bad mood, cocaine make it that
Plus, I gotta ease on this nine-milly, willy, nigga I slang with that
Bitch, nigga, it's CP nigga HCP, Hypnotize Camp Posse nigga
What, what, it's CP nigga HCP, Hypnotize Camp Posse nigga
It's CP nigga it's CP nigga HCP, Hypnotize Camp Posse nigga
It's CP nigga it's CP nigga HCP, Hypnotize Camp Posse nigga