

# Three 6 Mafia, Put Ya Signs

Three 6 Mafia  
&quot;Put Ya Signs&quot;  
When The Smoke Clears Sixty 6, Sixty 1,  
deciphered by Cadillac Escalade

Chorus 2X

Put ya sign in they face, gang sign in they face,  
put ya sign in they face, gang sign in they face,  
make them niggas fight, What?!?!?, make them hoes fight  
make them niggas fight, What?!?!?, make them hoes fight

Gangsta Boo

if you bitches aint scared punt a bitch right to the floor,  
tell her she belong below under shoes where roaches go,  
hoe im ready if you ready tell me what you wanna do,  
to the lovely gangsta boo, buck as fuck i thought you knew,  
put my sign up in your face, leave ya stank without a trace,  
you aint buck bitch i saw your stankin ass yesterday,  
tuck your chain, hold your weave cuz im comin in the crowd,  
bo'in niggas in the mouth, slammin bitches to the ground

Lord Infamous

i see them from the stage, angry faces fighting in the corner,  
full of marijuana, niggas in the middle in a trauma,  
while they throwin bo's they snatchin hoes, they stalkin in a coma,  
any thick or fine bitch come on through a nigga all up on a,  
some trick done got mad, and ran to the wagon grabbed the 12 gauge pump,  
proably full of numby numb, that coke and rum and getting dumb,  
guards are bailin through the niggas shootin, runnin to the rover,  
niggas catchin heat from slugs, niggas gettin trampled over, clubs buck as a  
muthafucka

Repeat Chorus 2X

Juicy J

now i got you bitches hot, platinum mouthin on the spot,  
mad because they tapes dont sell, so they start that slingin rocks,  
bring your ass to north memphis, killas hangin, niggas pimpin,  
playas on them cards flippin, choppin dope up in the kitchen,  
anna always keep it real, way before a record deal,  
so nigga dont hate on me cuz juicy j be gettin his mills,  
clean that mug up off your face unless you wanna catch that case,  
nigga fuck what your in, whose your kind, and fuck yo friends

DJ Paul

nigga you claimin sett throwin, showing signs, you aint knowin  
look inside, your face is plain as day, and no hoe will show it,  
bitch im down with the same gang you claim but i will fuck you up,  
hoe it aint the same off in them thangs, i dont give a fuck,  
put some in your liver, so chillin when in the studio,  
nigga hot in the liver watch you run like a bitch, hoe still i bet you know,  
packin automatics for that static that you stressin punk,  
acting like you want some of that 6, but you scared to jump

Repeat Chorus

Koopsta Knicca

nigga callin on some songs aint no fun on my weekend,  
aint no fuckin smilin faces, aint no friends up on this man,  
its the fizz that keeps me cool, should security bring the news,  
should i fight all night, anyway thats how i pay my dues,  
do you feel it is it there, smack that bitch up with that chair,  
when you see me over there raise your hands up in the air,  
fuck this, this aint no rosewood, nigga take another route,

slit up, chopped up, buck, lights out

Crunchy Blac

claim what i claim, hang where i hang,  
bang what i bang, nigga aint no thang,  
do what i do, hangin with my crew,  
nigga i thought you knew,  
in your hood, throwin our setts,  
mean fuckin mug, nigga dont disrespect,  
get in our way, guns will spray, ez come nigga anyday

Repeat Chorus Til Fade