

# Three 6 Mafia, Stomp

Was this in them trees  
These are the things  
They held me vision  
Seein' more things  
Me and DJ Paul  
We got the hook off  
We gon' stee  
We gon' play social to go slappin' through thy window  
Somethin's creepin' up slow  
It was a Lodus  
Read about a hoe  
Some sippin' on the women  
Who gon' want to cross my fules, attention  
Not only was you weak  
Need another nigga drivin'  
I stop the car  
Said do you want to buck em'  
Rough Koopsta  
Shirt I knew your hurt  
Take the bridge back  
Take a bag with them slugs  
Sentence see your gone son  
Devils in your Chris  
It's the coulda me dree z's  
Koopsta got em' stee  
Make prophet me  
See that's what you get for talkin' shit  
Trick I drop you in the splunder  
Cut you up like Jerry Springer biatch

Come, come who the fuck  
They want some  
Niggas want to jump, jump  
Get'cha make ya pump, Paul  
Still gon' miss ya bump, bump  
Off a nigga fakin'  
Goin' to a richin'  
Bitches turn to shaken  
Mafioso rule by  
And he will act a fool  
when he don't give a damn  
If your fuckin' red or blue boy  
Couldn't buy the wet slide  
Goin' on this best lide  
Lord Infamous done with tight  
When me gotta get mine  
You know what I want  
But do Koopsta gets it  
Storm on this bitch  
Like some new used confetti  
Astronomical Triple 6  
Writes space on top of astroids  
Comin' to rip up the shore  
We killin' the fool  
So act a fool boy

Chorus x4  
Stomp motherfucker, stomp motherfucker, stomp  
(lay at, move his ass down to the pump)

How long gon' go deep  
In the North  
When niggas stay drunk  
And smoke on your newports

From on my streets  
Wit all only peeps  
I used to scratch  
And throw down beats  
I made a mix  
With real deep bass  
The noise I had to be slangin' tapes  
DJ in this shit try to make that shit  
Tone be speakers that stack they crates  
Studio 9 was the place to be  
Where all jocks were tryin' to get  
The chance get on the tape  
Bein' a fool  
Keep tryin' i'm not goin' to quit  
The club was packed from wall to wall  
The gangsta walk is what we call  
Whn niggas are buckin'  
I'm still gonna dance  
The third a fool  
Let's look if all  
We took the club  
And show no love  
Just throw in our face  
And gettin' refunds  
They might wanna fight  
Later on the night  
Cause Memphis playas don't give a fuck  
Security junk  
We smack the punks  
For throwin' us out  
For smokin' a blunt  
The number ones on  
It just cam on  
And now it's time to fuckin' stomp

Juicy's in the motherfuckin' house  
It's the peel yo  
Motherfuckin' stand back  
It's they fuckin' steelo  
On your fuckin' ass  
We can't fuckin' brag  
Cause we comin' up  
Robbers on my ass  
Should I blast  
Cause they runnin' up  
Maybe it's my premadin'  
No present turn to yo  
With the sayin'  
Saw your nine  
Boy I call that kick door  
I stick those  
Bitches in my trunk  
And now we back to my hood  
Don't want the left they die yet  
But he wishin' he would  
Wasn't in the mood  
For this bunk shit  
But these niggas had to creep  
That boy they stupid  
I sit, I leave these hoes for a permanent sleep  
And now we out the club  
We gotta get em' up  
Triple 6 and Prophet Posse  
Ya'll know we make em' stomp

Chorus x4