

Three 6 Mafia, Walk Up 2 Yo House

i cant not stop i keep on busting my gun
i cant be seeing myself stop until the feeling of calm
this ain't no sitcom ,yo income
fool i have you seeing
mask on my face so no idenity they seeing
the enemies me and the six triple triple six
picture beeing face to face wit the forty bitch
one gee of that cash flow try to escape got to charge a hoe
44 in the middle bitch your life is said
imma fucking let this ruger go
it aint no thin line cuz a don't love but plenty hate
when i come at your door imma take this mask up off my face
we ain't gone ring your doorbell just a couple of knocks
when we see your presence your fucking heart is going to stop.