

# Three 6 Mafia, You Scared Part II

[Dj Paul:] Three Six Mafia, you scared 2003 six is goin down

[Intro]

You scared hoe

what what what

You scared hoe

what what what

You scared hoe

what what what

Kickin in the door I make

them bitches hit the floor

for keys

[rpt 2x]

[Dj Paul]

Bust in with that 45 make them bitches back it up

Catch them ridin on them thangs make them bitches jack it up

Here they got that pot it man make them bitches bag it up

Finally got that money man make them bitches sag it up

Take it to the spot man now its time to crank it up

Don't play tomorrows a brighter day I gotta pack it up

Means I bees the first up on the block I guess to rack it up

Pocket full of stones oh boy I gotta track it up

Fuckin wit you snitches man don't make me wanna hang it up

But lookin at a empty plate dont' make me wanna keep it up

Any nigga with that work gon make me wanna kleep it up

Even though my pockets don't got deep they ain't got deep enough

Wishin I could rob me a bank but I ain't theif enough

I keep it in the hood to rob a nigga chart they sleep enough

That is bout the time I get my back then I need it up

Time to find another boy time I gettin a rita

[Chorus]

I think I got them scared

I think that they scared of me

I think you bitch you scared

I think that they scared of me

I think I got them scared

I think that they scared of me

Kickin in the door I make them

bitches hit the floor for keys

[rpt 2x]

[Juicy J]

Which one of you rappers wanna feel them shots

Sayin that Juicy J fuck you out your record money flop

Hope you know these north memphis soldiers keep a plastic glock

Stand infront of your house I'm bout to buck you cowards on the spot

Heard you talkin loud at the tuff I guess to gang your pops

Man this ain't no radio station boy quit tryin to pump your watch

Police yellow tape somebody blood they wipin wit a mop

What a witness saw when we here roll on down your corner block

The mafia boys we got the toys make you drop it off

Pass me the gun I take the handle then saw it off

Bust in the bank and make you faint before I knock it off

Humm on the drank and full of dank ready to break the law

I see them fuzz I see we won cause I won it all

So fucken scared you talkin gahos want it oh want it oh

But we don't care we like em dallas standin ten feet tall

Buckin you blastin you watch you splatter on the fucken wall

[rpt chorus]

[Lord Infamous]

Creepin carefully through the street because it very real in the field

Ain't no love for pity ain't nobody cut you no deal

Everyone I know they do whatever just to get a meal

Or whats in the bottle or the baggie or whats under seal

Careful of the company you keep everyone a treal

Cause when robbas mobbas double jaw just to bust appeal

You got hustlas dealas bankin every town every field  
Guess what I don't hang around the brothas so so mass a gil  
[Crunchy Black]  
Crunchy Black in this bitch I'm bout to bring the pain  
Ain't no gang in my slang do you understand  
Mess with me then your messin with the grownest man  
Where I'm from from the slum niggaz shootin a thang  
On the run now you see me in the papers man  
They was tryin to stop a nigga from doin his thang  
Cant ya mug is the song that I'm singin man  
Hypnotize got me gold diggin for the chain  
[rpt chorus]