

Three 6 Mafia, Wona Get Some, I Got Some

feat. Tear Da Club Up Thugs, T-Rock

(Intro: DJ Paul)

Yeah

HC mutha fuckin P nigga

Hypnotized mutha fuckin Mindz bitch

For you mutha fuckin rinky dink records up out there

Ya'll know who ya'll is, there's a bunch of you mutha fucka's

DJ Paul and Juicy J wannabe ass niggas

T-Rock rock that shit fo these (?)

(Verse 1: T-Rock)

My house of representatives, be A town assassins

Down to cause a riot in any shape form or fashion

Run up in your grill, with intentions to be blastin'

I want all dem presidential figures you was flashin'

We some alcoholic niggas, we cause depression'

A-tech in this mobb, niggas mashin' for cashin'

Amazed what we see the crooked police harassin'

All because we makin' cheddar other clicks are lackin'

Down for the cause, when you haters wanna brawl

Got my back against the wall, Hypnotized Camp I call

We some trill figgas', drug deal niggas, makin' skrill quicker

Livin' in the world where it's hard not to kill niggas

Enemies is insane, lost they whole entire brain

Sacraficein' every chick that they can make, because of fame

I'ma gleam till I'm gone, like I'm ridin on the chrome

Shakin' all the playa haters, soking knowledge in my dome

(Chrous: DJ Paul) x2

Little Ass Boy You Gone Hear This And Feel Me Smilien In My Face But Chu

Really Wanna Kill Me

Any one of you niggas' wanna get some i got some

Any one of you niggas' wanna get some i got some

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Any one of you niggas' wanna get some i got some

(DJ Paul)

Ohhwee it's gettin' hot up in here

You mutha fucka's learned some technique yet nigga

I start this shit...changed the beat up

(Verse 2: Lord Infamous)

Get back from me nigga here come lord your fuckin' nemesis

Back on your premisices, remember what I left on bitch

You hoes can't take me, you can't fake me

you can't make me, you can't break me,

Always shady, and I leave yo weakass (?)

I got no fears and no pain in my veins mayn

I been insane coming free in the black rain

You wanna step up to the mayn, well put yourself in danger

I'm like the ranger from the west and obsessed with anger

I hear the room was from consumers and this shit is funny

The niggas talkin' shit, it's niggas who ain't got no money

They make a sale off fuck a grip they askin never again

They make a sack a stick to bitch they askin never stick

They make a sack to spit this gangsta shit they'll never spit

So walk up faking feel the shackin' drowning in fuckin' piss

Trick yo' gossip, your like fossets so I let you leak

Lord is elitein' now I beat you like a hoggy beat

(Chorus) x1

(Verse 3: Juicy J)

Mayn you bitches got problems, let it be known hoe
This whoadie gone solve 'em, when it be one who
Fucking round wit grown men
That Hypnotized Camp
HCP we got that pump, cut up your fuckin' neck
Man I'm glad these niggas gonna the fuck up out the Posse Songs
Now I'm smilin in an (?) ridin on chrome
Singin'...No new niggas in our click we thick, we rich, we glist, we been
down for years

(Verse 4: DJ Paul)

I done been up on your corner, I done smoked up all they weed
I done hold down with your killas, I done corner them for there g's
Niggas talkin' bout yo ass, say you ain't nuthin but a bitch
Say you always claimin killa, but for real you suckin' dick
Yeah it's funny how it is to see a nigga in a thong
Get them glocks with the pop, you gone break yo ass and run
I ain't fuckin' wit yo kind and I ain't got no point to prove
Let yo legs move be a mutha fuckin best move..bitch

(Chorus) x1