

# Three 6 Mafia, You Scared, Pt. 2

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)

(Verse 1)

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  
F\*\*kin 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)

(Verse 2)

Which one of you rappers wanna feel them shots  
Sayin that Juicy J f\*\*k you out your record money flop  
Hope you know these north memphis soldiers keep a plastic glock  
Stand infront of your house im 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 f\*\*ken 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 f\*\*ken wall

(rpt chorus)

(Verse 3)

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 treat  
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 in this bitch im 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 im from from the slum niggas 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 im singin man  
Hypnotize got me gold diggin for the chain