

Triple Six Clubhouse

Tear da Club Up Thugs

[helicopter noise]

Pickin' up the murder scripts

So come and dish it for the road

And the code of the motherfuckin' Triple Six sitcom, ugh

Makin' sketchin' the infetion from the rich and come along

For the mark on your arm it's the income

Ball on to the next century, misery

Scarecrow got a murder that is goin' down in history

A train from the north

A train from the south

There isn't

But they all collided

All the niggas died

Cause the green and pride

Cause I will pursue you

Screw you

Put a slug through you the voodoo bruetaly

Ride I'm seventh of the sign

I'm the sniper you can't find

And my slug made of shiney jewelry

Mr. Boogy Man if I fall from

I smell some money in his hand

Take his side ugh

I don't give a fuck

About your side

You can be from L-A, Miami, or the N-why

Chorus (2x)

We gonna take you to the Triple Six club house

We got a plot for you already dug out
I'm gonna run outside man
And pop these thangs
want to want to come play in a black reign

Hers's drivin' round your house
Who do you hate
Voodoo dolls bouncein' on you bed throwin' devil setts
Six ahh dished it
Nothin' up my sleeve
Money boost blazin' quick just call me crow
For he's blaaay!
Crow got a luss for the devilish bus
And the Triple Six crush
And I touch like malencholy
Rollin' every spot
Lookin' for you ass and we hot
With the infrerred sewn in his flesh
And like some fuckin' disco lights
We gonna cut ya into itty bitty parts
Meet me on your side of town
Where they keep the graveyards
Crush blasted rest lots of trash
Empty shells cracked
Cell City streets
Black males found in blood trails
Ain't not enough mall for all ya'll to provail
So that we an put to sleep
And they smeel while they pale
Sippin' on the salty wines of your sweet softy blood
My name is Scarecrow
Bitch your welcome to my club

Chorus (2x) -fade on 2nd-