

# 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 brutaly

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 inferrerred 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-