

Da Summa

Three 6 Mafia

Uh- uhh, the Three 6 Mafia.
Loungin' in the studio.
Finna' give y'all a little demonstration
Of how we kick it here in the M-town
Finna' drop it somethin' like this

See in Memphis, them playaz be kind of like laid back
In some clean ass rides, blunts in the sack, I'm blowin' the pack
Hittin' the park about three, sometimes a little later
The last day of the week and they couldn't any greater
They leavin' the park and hittin' the South Park strip. RIDE
The South Gatin' skatin' ring later on that night
We in the lot bumpin' our underground rap tapes
Paul and Juicy part 2, and for another one, hey just couldn't wait
We back at the crib sweatin' in a lil room
W-30's sp 12's in every scenes we use
Straight from the four track, to a simple cassette
That's through a pimpsta's mode.
Now it's time to hit the stereos stores and collect
We at the club Friday's and Saturday's special request made
Me and Juice Man hit the tables, scooped the Scarecrow off the stage
Bangin' so bunk, there some fools always gotta start a fight
They usually made us close up early that night, in da summa. In da summa

With my crew, We just ride
Ridin' through the hood with my homies gettin' smoked out.
In da summa
In da summa
In da summa
In da summa

Drunk off red dog, as we ball through the mystic fog
Me, Scarecrow, Crunchy, Skinny G, and roadie Paul
Fly got his mind in the sky as we chiefin' blunts
Black Glock's that's in the ride fiendin' for a homicide
Some Tanqueray grab my yey mess with little Sid
That's how we always did it since I was a troubled kid
But we don't stop 'cause our heart is pumpin' blood like thunder
No man up in the trauma, head is broken In Da Summa

Some of the Scarecrow want the ceremony till the sun sets me ease
Until the night fall breeze
Rise up to the darkness, listen close to noises in the streets
Grab my O Z of Indonesia, six Philly blunt leafs
Don't want me black khaki slacks and me black t-shirt
And my automatic gats in case I had to dig a plot of dirt
Then hit Paul up on his home
Tell him to bring his slow ass on
So we can hit the honey comb before the ganja's gone, da summa

Pass the E and J, Koop. Then let's take a ride and shoot
To the high school, North Side where the playaz rule
I'm scopin' all the freaks, with some weave and a sexy switch.
"Can I get ya numba"

"I gotta man"

Well I'm a holla trick
Ballin' down valentine, one time on my mind
If they pull me over I be hopin' they don't find the nine
Made enough from evergreen to holla at Blac and Cam
Chieffin' on the blunts in the alley slangin' boulder, yeah
Couldn't forget my roadie big Kurt, Swally, and Dion
Project Pat and the yam shootin' teflon
Just a few homies who I grew up in the hood with me
And the ones in Orange Blossom Hoover University. Yeah
It's gettin' late and I'm ballin' down Eldridge street
Blowin' my horn tryin' to get this girl attention in front of me
'Cause everyday I'm out there tryin' to get a freak number
That's how the juice is, in da summa

That's how we do it
So that's how it is
The Three 6 Mafia in the house for the '95
Straight from the M-town The Juice, DJ Paul, Lord Infamous the Scarecrow
The Koopsta Knicca, and Crunchy Black
We out