

Dangerous Posse

Three 6 Mafia

The most dangerous posse song ever
It's going down, Hypnotize Camp Posse
You did this nigga, shit talkin
You wanna talk about something nigga
Talk about how many hoes, clothes and bank rolls we got
Who we got in here: Juicy J, Lil Wyte, Frayser Boy, Crunchy Black
Lord Infamous and me DJ Paul the King of Memphis

Nigga we some maniacs, fuckin up our brainiacs
Breakin down some dope, wit a razor boy remember that
Crop a mix with Smilax
Take a gun and cock it back
Now I'm bout to blow my brains out cause I dont give a shit
Hope you give a nigga reason to want ya
The bigger gun the better
The more shit you talk, the more blood the sweata'
The plane crashes, the devil, the anthrax, the letters
Forgot about the peddlers, we still in it together

Let me introduce myself, my fuckin nigga
I'ma be the one to pull that fuckin trigga
I'ma be the one thats sent to fuckin getcha
You better watch out cause ill paint a picture
A pretty little picture now how a nigga getcha
Lock you in the trunk and take care of my business
Paul and Juicy sent me so you know its big business
C.B. nigga aint leavin no witness

Yeah, make me a believer nigga
Make some shit this bumpin you fuckin wannabes, Lord roll!

I am the predator you are the prey
You play the target, Lord play the gage
You play bitches and I mack hoes
You run from niggaz, I find the snub nose
I come from 3 6 picture platinum clique
And you cant sell three copies of your shit
You smoke garbage weed, and cheap packs a blow
You own a vehicle, pick up the Scarecrow

Frayser Boy, cockin toy, yall dont wanna fuck with me
Infared got ya scared, in protective custody
The Unbreakables, the most hateable, the unescapeables
Time to bust a nigga head, we arent hesitateable
Ya chest pumped out, mouth talking that shit
Im from the Bay, ima show you how a nigga beat a bitch
Time to damage shit, no understandin this, you know you scandalous
HCP blowin your lights out like a candle bitch

Well I'm about to rich rip a hole in the industry
Holdin my energy
Wasnt about to let it but you had to come testin me
Givin you one warning change your name before I get your crunk
Lyrically copyrighted all my shit and plus ill fuck you up
You dont want to have to cross the path a killers when you on the streets
HCP got WYT to the E and thats just how it be
Quit ya muthafuckin hatin playin all your petty games

If you wanted to ride my nuts that bad you shouldve asked me man

Danger

You muthafuckas wanted a war bitch then ima bring it on
Catch you in these fuckin streets boy and ima point the chrome
Put you in the fuckin car hoe, and we gon take you home
To hell with all that cryin now nigga we gonna get it on
Beat you with that yawk dead center across your damn dome
The way you ran your mouth, you shouldve known to have the fuckin tone
Beggin from beginning, man winnin cause our camp is strong
The same way your skull started dentin cause we beat it long
You niggaz swear you have the right plan but you had the wrong mans
Tryin to build a clique like the hypnotize camp
Im knowin it wouldnt work so I just sit back
And watch how the trains just runs off the track
Cause it be to many loses, to many boses
Too many niggaz thats wantin they own office
You niggaz gotta realize who got the city owned
Three Six fuckin Mafia not these damn hoes