

Destruction Terror

Three 6 Mafia

Destruction terror and mayhem
Pass me a
Look in the eyes of this muthafuckin' wise guy
I got the nine on my side
But let me tell you why
Inside the blackness of the skies
Lie the fuckein' robbers
Can I call it off you got the dope
You got this coke right on ya
How could you speed with the street sweeper to yo chest
We had to spread
Aw yeah but guess what happened next
Me and my six niggas had to rip them temples in
I didn't want to kill 'em
But I filled 'em I ain't bullshittin'

Bitches when we see ya we gonna get'cha
We cockin' 45's to yo temple
Let the bullet hit'cha
We ain't gonna stop
Mark my word
Ain't no shootin' in there ever
Enemies ain't birds
All this medicine done made me crazy
I'm starting to lace it
I should've stopped a long time ago
But I was lazy
You sissy son of a bitch
You need to turn yo self in
We want'cha bad in the south
The quicker you pay
The quicker the payment be

It's about 1'oclock AM in my hood
In my set 4 deep in the steamer
Gettin' high
'Bout to we me a motherfucka up
Aftermath when I blast
Leave a motherfucka bucked
Layin' down in the grass
Niggas acting like they hard
Pullin' cards
But they fake
Niggas claiming that they bad
Looking mad for they trait
Talk down on a playa
But they smile in yo face
We gonna ride on you fools
Get away without no case

(Gangsta Boo)
Hoes killing me softly
Trying to put me to the test
Give me a fuckin' reason just to snap yo neck
I be the one with flow that's hurting all you hoes
Late night
Creeping bitch at your boyfriends door

Never be out to play a hate
Strictly out for my riches
I ain't got time for this shit
Cause it's money over bitches
Bustas be telling me to leave
Niggas stay out of mine
Who gives a damn what you think
Bitch I'm prophet for life

Never take her for the reasons of a killa
Six dimensions
Let the ammunition take you through
The darkness of the solar system
Malice murderers of many men
Multiply incisions
They certain their vision
Get them percision and death permission
Best believe
I keep them over seventeen
Up in any magazine
Cuaght the wicked packed
That fool is jacked and catch a casualty
Having the capacity
To try to pull a strap on me
But Infamous is coming with the motherfuckin' stack of the
Teflon plated served peala'
I do not recommend fucking with Scarcrow
Nigga got you making tons of enemies
Triple that much in artillery
Showing no love for not anything
Popping yo head to the butcher swing
Polish the blade on the guillotine
Put that bitch out his misery
Fuck a hoe out the galaxy
Infamous with a fatality
There's no way you can imagine
Bodies stacked up on the battle scene
Living pyschopatheticly
Scarecrow terror Tennessee