

Fuckin' Wit Dis Click

Three 6 Mafia

How can you have faith in a god
That can not even control creation
How can he lead you to salvation
There is no hope in chaos only
Welcome to the other side of reality
And this is your eternity (eternity)

The end of the world
I can see it comin'
So I pack my nine millimeters and I start
Huntin'
For these niggas that talk shit
Man these hoes will never quit until ya
Leave'em hangin' from a tree or thrown
In a ditch
Which one of you
Niggas think you really got them guts
To walk up to his house, knock on his door
Let'em feel the buck shots of a 12 gauge
Backed up by an A-K
Fore you go to bed at night you bitches
Better kneel and pray
Cause when it's business
We takin' care our business
I'm clappin' on any of a witness
Or any who wanna get in it
Man this shit is real
Not them stories you put in your raps
Not even that bullshit you talk behind
A nigga back
Let me make it simple and plain
Run up and you'll get your brains-blown
To the side of the curb with that plastic
Thang-thang nina glock 19
With the 20 clip
You don't wanna fuck with this
You don't wanna fuck with this

Therefore all you clicks, and you clans
And you crews
Fuckin', fuckin' with this click
And we gon' bring it to your ass

Man for what any crime I swear I'll die
Before I do some time
Bitch the Koopsta massive when I murder
With the muthafuckin' plastic nine
Corpses that we tortured in the chevy
Voices won't let me rest
Could this be the end yet
Or a message sent from Satan (nigga omens)
They open the gates of horror
For them horror lords
We tortured the cases who arrested
The faces of triple six
That which is sorcerer
(Kill that bitch, chop that bitch)

Or you might get caught on a crucifix
I'm sick of that burning inside of my
Cradle I'm wishin' that He could just come
Yet

This nina gots no trigger so I'm clickin'
Real quick like a serial killa mon'
Straight from that cell for real'a
I'll buck you dead my nigga
And it's a shame when I dropped'em off
The break mane
In return I got no thangs
I went in dark room fool Koop be jackin'
For their thang
Everytime I see's you slippin'
I go into a my Mac-10 (Mac-10)
Victims of my devil's playground
Come burn with me until the end

Totin' the dead body over my shoulder
And sure to break out with my shovel
Or let evil look forward
And I start to dig up and toss in the body
And give up more money as bank of the sore
Three separate bodies hacked up with a axe
And I think a big sack
Been chewed up by rats
I'm just writing these poems
They bring to renown cause a triple six
Night to rescore
Split rists with nee-dles in my fists
And amidst', thy clicks, of tricks
No I'm not a Christian
But I'm mentally ill and I don't
Understand all the reasons
Well I think it's killin' season
And neither does my schitzophrenic friends
So therefore nigga due to my mental
Defocalty
Scarecrow is only entertained
By helping enemies bleed
Let all the bodies soak in all the blood
Let's go smoke with that chick with no pity
I bloody cut chop up they shell goes in
20 gauge
Finally thinkin' like I was fright-nit-ting
I'm havin'no thoughts
Of the lives I've done lost
When I'm blazin' that stupid gauge fire
Cause I'm havin' a halloween slaughter
It turned my gun focal
Just thank Micheal Myers
No mutilation's paralyzations
Got no patience when I'm chasin'
Down a patient
Tryin' to thwart assassination

I'm on a cross loose up off these
Cut me free (cut me free)
I'll draw your portrait if you put me
Down on my feet (down on my feet)
My cross turns upside down
And finally I'm loose
I flip the land and released up of some

Sinners Scarecrow and the Juice
I look to the sky and all I could say was
"Well finally it's on again"
No lord could stop us now
Cause the demons reborn again
My praise
The first power found me
So I could never cower
Without a mind fool murder bust and bounce
I'll tell you half about this antichrist
Look into my eyes tell me what you see
The demonic man about scarecrowism
Saints can you feel me
I try for years and years
Sinkin' this one day of depression
Stormy weather and church bells
Ringin' to the election of a new-follower
Follow me into the trees
Watch me rob Adam
And watch me rape Eve
In this eve-much destruction
Most will probably wonder
With Dj Paul, the Triple Six click
And Hell take'em under

Bitch, now never