

# 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 seperate 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