

I Told 'Em

Three 6 Mafia

Yeah!
Hypnotize Minds!
Three 6 Mafia!
Yuh! You niggas wanna motherfuckin' play nigga
Don't go by the Terrance playin' no motherfuckin' TV show or movie nigga
Lookin' to test me sucker?
I'll show you niggas where motherfuckin' tears come from nigga
From the motherfuckin' haze of these niggaz guns right here boy
!
It's goin down!

I told 'em I told 'em I told 'em I told 'em I told 'em
I showed 'em I showed 'em I showed 'em I showed 'em I showed 'em
I hate to be fussy, I said I hate to be fussy
I said I hate to be fussy, I swear I hate to be

Come one come all, to the Hypnotize gun show
Young hoe, gun let go, I've been gung-ho
Run yo' click clean out of that shit
Did they forget, or did they not know who they was fuckin' with
?
D Paul, Three 6, king of this Memphis shit
Any nigga think otherwise they need to stop it
Prayin' when the red tape'll introduce a faker to they maker
Call me The Undertaker for haters causin' vapors
And you can catch a hot one, I got plenty of 'em
They called bullets and they burn just like a oven
You know we can do it however, it ain't no use to play
Fire on a nigga like they used to say, yuh!

Coward niggas ride 20 niggas deep
With a piece, underneath the seat, make 'em think they street
I don't need nobody else, whoop you by myself
One on one, leave the guns at home, keep 'em on the shelf
But you can't, cause you need a crew, extra fist or two
Only one, might really shoot, but that is not you
And you show out, try to buck, make 'em think you tough
Been to jail about a couple times, I guess that puffed you up
If you real nigga what the deal? Take some weed or pills
Maybe thinkin' get your confidence up, tell 'em how you feel
You a Jew, and a fuck nigga, can't stand yo' grind
But you walk around, fake-
ass frown, but I know you're a clown bitch!