

# Last Man Standing

Three 6 Mafia

You don't know me  
My weapon's here to tell ya

Torture til they gone never stay alone killas laser chrome  
Hunting in the zone where the enemies roam  
Massacre the town fire all yo rounds make em all fall down  
Please don't make a sound hear the Devil growl  
Please don't go to sleep never go to sleep  
You may not awake cause I'm goin to take you deep down beneath  
The Scarecrow's in the woods, creeping through the woods  
Creeping through yo hood, please don't be so scared  
Go and take a look  
I got behind the steel, may I be forgiven, I didn't mean to kill  
Now I wipe your bone and blood off my windshield  
I'm sitting in the park, fire on the lost, watching body parts  
Burning into sparks, bloodied on my saw  
Lord Infamous is me, psychpathically, driven in the mind  
Seek and you shall find my evil is blind  
Cause I give a fuck less, color of your flesh, I just want to mess  
Up your fuckin chest with my jet black tech

Playa what you know about the south side?  
Not a damn thing, but yo ass do not realize  
South is takin over, nigga, squashin all this bullshit  
North, east, west, it's all good, gotta represent  
Comin with the quickness, oh my goodness, it's this gangsta bitch  
Never solo only roll with niggaz down with Triple 6  
What you gettin jealous fo?  
Nigga you don't know me so  
Bustin so Mafia World, Mafia makin money ho

Yeah, this Triple 6 Mafia click it's real  
Fool it ain't nothin fake  
We tote them glocks and keep them cocked and never hesitate  
You wanna run up to this click and talk that ?flodge? and shit  
And have yo ass tied up and thrown away off in a ditch  
Or see me bitch, drop to yo feet while you flow 20 deep  
Deep in the Mississippi River wrapped up in a sheet  
And then ya know the Last Man Standin can't be you or me  
How could fuck with this and my fuckin N-i-n-e?  
BEEYATCH!

The Last Man Standin'll never be part of the B.O.N.E  
Comin from that ? 4-0, searchin for my enem-eny  
Niggaz tryin to come quick, shut it up you fixin to die trick  
40 caliber, gonna rowdy ya to the brains, you fixin to die, bitch  
Huh, in the Mid-south we cannot see ya, may never wanna be ya  
When you come up out that Chevy with yo draws off  
Sawed-offs we be aimin, never with yo games-es  
Automatic my brains is, shootin yo fuckin brains in  
Three 6 mutha fuckin Mafia, fools we gon rocket ya  
Wanna after party ain't no stoppin us  
Comin from the M, ain't no love for her or him  
Here's a blast from that blast  
Man I doubt ya even last in the past  
You thought you had some characters, fuckin the wrong click  
6 niggaz gonna carry ya, I bury ya

Bitches alive after the rest of demands  
The Three 6 Mafia, the last to stand  
After the war is over

Deuce, deuce down, drinkin crown with the Texas thugs  
Scrugs, ain't no love, catch me slumped of them fuckin drugs  
Boys Club bound, lost and found, biggest man around  
Never try to break me down, ?tre 8? though, gon fuckin clown  
You don't know this nigga  
What, malt liquor got you thinkin strange?  
Rico with that fo-fo through the d-z-oor, you don't know this man  
G-a-n-g-s-t-a, bitch, glorified shit, trick  
Ain't no need for this cause a man will kill you quick  
Nigga!

It's almost nightfall, let me slip on my murderer mugs  
A smile to a frown make a nigga think that I'm on drugs  
Orange Mound where I be, Mackin Child is who I be  
A young to arrested got you stressin to my mystery  
Psycho kids split yo wig, all over the mighty dollar  
Fuckin with my Devil this ho let this beam up out yo collar  
Comin deep, Mafia deep, puttin you niggaz to fuckin sleep  
A bomb in yo pager, now watch it blow when the Child beep  
BITCH!