

Love to Make a Stang

Three 6 Mafia

Because me really love to make a stang
Yes, yes, the high capitol make me touch ya man

I'm scopin' out ya busta cause I got no lov-ez owe ya
I got green Chevy wid a trunk that'll hold ya, down
'Til I reach my part of town Blackside bound clown
Shoot ya down, have ya ever heard the sound of a S-
K auto round, trick
Ditch a bitch in a second click, quick
On a rapper for the hell of it
Similar to love that I got for Three six sixness in the heart o
f me
Cause my bizzody wid a love for robbery

Scarecrow wid the cloudy smoke flyin' out my mouth
The little hundred rounds give it to me now, or me pow
Me cock a slug drop you in thee mud, in thee blood
Eventually you pass away and then me choke on me bud
Me wonder why smokin' the thunder
me sneak away hunt out a nigga for money
I start to share out all ah the money
and me do not stop until that bloody Sunday
No matter sunshine or rain
Man shut the fuck up and give me everything

Back in the days, as a kid I played stick 'em up
Now I'm gettin' buck, gained nuts
Robbin' armored trucks
Walkin' through the streets of Hyde Park
When it's pitch dark
Comin' out the cuts, wid a gat
When I'm ready to rob
Hard to my job
I was makin' bustas think twice
Thinkin' that I'm fuckin' nice
Knowin' I'll make they body ice cold
Then throw 'em in the hideaway where bodies lay
Wid them thangs, we'll split ya brain
When we stang..

Because me real, because me real
Because me real, because me really love to make a stang..