

## 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..