

## Mean Mug

Three 6 Mafia

Mean mug niggas lookin' and they hid from a smile  
But inside blood cookin', got a problem wit' my style  
Click the click wit' the clan, lames I don't understand  
If ya feel that ya real, fuck a song, grab ya steel  
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If ya feel that ya real, fuck a song, grab ya steel  
These snitchin' niggas claim we dealin'  
Told the folks we pimpin' women  
But a nigga ain't gone livin', locked up in a fed building  
All in my fuckin' face, all up on my fuckin' case  
I'm about to take some names, bodies gone get bucked and hanged  
Haters we ain't barrin' you, y'all done pressed the panic fuse  
Nigga, we ain't been cool, never have I fucked wit' you  
Neither do ya fuck wit' me, on yo deals, smoke yo trees  
Playa I'ma make yo bleed for them Z's or them Ki's  
Now all these niggas downin' me is some bitches  
Mane, I got models  
(Hoe)  
I blow all of yo insides up out you and make you hollow  
(Hoe)  
You smilin' in my face but I'm knowin' yo grin ain't good  
(Hoe)  
I steady hear ya claimin' but you ain't from my hood  
(Hoe)  
The real BHZ niggas keepin' they mouth shut  
(Bitch)  
Ain't spreadin' no rumors or droppin' salt up on a thug  
(Bitch)  
I'm knowin' ya broke, but no excuses for actin' like a kid  
Never shot a gun, so how you thinkin' you ready for war dig  
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If ya feel that ya real, fuck a song, grab ya steel  
Why you bitches got your mug on me  
Is it because I'm being me?  
Tryna protect yo image, nigga bust if you ain't diggin' me  
Bitch, I don't even like you mane, comin' from lady gangsta mane  
Cut yo CD off, step right in to my location mane  
Memphis, Tennessee, BHZ, all up in my blood  
Shake ya load off, why ya yellin' quote unquote a thug  
Nigga anyway, I don't dig niggas in denial  
Wit' ya fake smile, dirty nose, lady know the time  
Why you in my grill playa, get the fuck away from me hoe  
All my niggas be on blow, ready to snap you bitches throat  
Y'all be lettin' these tapes fool you like I am joke  
Watch me put you in a choke, never let you niggas go  
Trick ass biotch, listen close, do you feel it's you?  
Do you feel it's you that I'm talkin' to? What you gone do?  
Come and wreck my shit, I got niggas wreckin' shit  
I got Georgia boys ready to come up on a fuckin' lick, biotch

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So you call yourself a gangsta mutherfucka you bitch  
La Chat I'm out here on the town, I do some real gangsta shit  
You talk a lot of shit killa, can you back it up though  
Them boys can't help you, when I buck them hollow points at you hoe  
Now have you ever killed a nigga, have you blew out his brains  
Or have you cut the body up and fed your dog the remains?  
See scandalous is how I'm labeled 'cause I ain't takin' shit  
I be that bitch so quick to click, remove your face from your wig  
Now if you wanna fuck wit' me I'll take you bitches to war  
Just leave ya place and address nigga, I'll be there at your door  
It ain't no need yo mammy beggin' way too late for the kids  
I told you bitches from the jump, you shouldn't have did what you did  
So what's up killa? Shit, what's up, what's up?  
I thought you was tough, not tough enough to drop on up  
Now I got that pump at your guts  
So if you got your mug on me I'm takin' that as a threat  
La Chat gone ride down on you hoes and put that tec to ya neck, hoe  
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