

# Mindstate

## Three 6 Mafia

I tried to warn 'em now they gunna  
Feel the bitches of the devil's daughter  
Horror all because they followed up from sites so quick in sorrow  
There is no tomorrow  
Armageddon is here to close it and  
Smoking on some green  
Thinking of a plan to rob a man  
ScareCrow my nigga, do you think that I can do this shit?  
Do you think I can get away so smooth after I hit this bitch?  
It can be done so all for one and one for fucking all  
Who got them 9s? Who got them Tec's? Fuck alla y'all!

Psychodelical spirits they spiral inside a kaleidoscope  
What would happen if I traveled back in time,  
And replaced the Ten Commandments with something I wrote?  
The world warfare ended some thousands of years ago by  
the rapper Lord Infamous ScareCrow  
Happiness is not even an option my friend it is  
something that you'll never know  
Believe superstitious swampies and zombies, sea  
monsters and sorcery,  
Witches, genies, be-witches  
Give the ScareCrow permission  
Keys to the door way from all the regions of your mind  
I explain the unexplainable myths and times

Triple 6 is my mindstate  
Pre-occupied with devil shit  
Trying to survive through this crime rate  
(4x)

Sitting on the porch  
Trying to torch  
To the light green  
Weed then proceed  
To my mission as I allocate  
Meanwhile the sunset  
Trees blowing spookiness  
Twist the doorknob, torn my bible inside was the massive Tec  
So I snooped  
Coop and boop  
Load up and take a two with me man  
Key to the ceiling is what they got for me to come a weary saint  
Kick some doors  
Put some hoes  
On some mother fucking floors  
Giving a mother fucking ching, ching hoe before you go and smoke

Forget yo G's, forget yo dead  
Where your little kids at?  
Half a bag of the hally place 'em with them glocks and tags  
Sad to see they killed the nigga was innocent, though  
he was guilty they figured  
Not knowing that he was a mafia member  
A mafia member fell tossed in the river  
Using his skull  
Denting his wood

Blood scattered all over the place no one scared for  
someone that saw all they face  
None of them got them a murder case  
Laying in disguise  
Get the Lies out they minds  
As they fly high wide  
In disguise hoping they eyes do not turn white

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Pre-occupied with devil shit  
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Is it Friday the 13th?  
Are you niggas scared?  
As I cock my gun back  
Put a bullet through your head  
I split them dreads  
Whatever, whatever  
You better beware  
The evilest scare  
Leave nothing but shells and gun smoke in the air  
I got them glocks  
So if you run you'll hear them pop  
And then you'll drop  
I'll come up on you and never stop  
Till I reach that point  
To wipe you out you hoes and haters  
Smoke you like joints  
You should have prayed to God to save ya

It was on a Sunday night a nigga hit Paul back  
He said he had a job for us to do to meet him at the  
Hardy's on the Mart to deal mo crack  
My girl beeped me she told me paul was on his fucking way  
Hit me on his cellular phone, big balling down Parkway  
Paul rode up in a viper man  
I jumped on the passenger seat  
and that's when he like started to explain  
How we gunna touch these hoes  
Shake them hoes  
Put 'em in a viper trunk  
Roll 'em to our stash spot  
And then we cut they body up