

# Money Flow

Three 6 Mafia

So many, my niggas  
Keep reachin' the top of this mountain  
So can what I do  
K-Roc ain't go beg the believas  
I'm from where the prophets  
Niggas that a felt me  
Make a little rich with Third World Click  
K-Roc ain't got no more  
I'm on top this shit though  
Check this place  
Am I came with Juice Man can scratch  
Tired of the scam  
Fucked up his chest  
Alcatraz gimisum  
Plus I'm on the dub  
They might know we on edge  
And why fuck the frown  
While these groupie ass bitches be suckin' our dick  
Prophet Posse we made it bitch  
K-Roc we rockin' wit empty (??)  
May kick in this shit that you can't understand  
To bad that bitch is a want to be killa  
We murder the bitch and fall out of the fame

I got six digits on my bank statement, rock  
Eight if you be includin' the two behind the dot  
So how they thinkin' they gon' stand up to the six  
I spend a hundred g-b's  
To artillerize this click  
Candid cameras be in the trees  
Of my domain  
So I can feel safe when I'm goin' off that uzi manne  
Go low mass Suburban, uh  
Go low mass and Impala, nuh  
I can brag for days  
But because you nosie hoes  
I'm stoppin' uh

Bitch rest rest  
Out there finna crash like a lunatic  
Is it to them bitch  
If finna get em'  
Tricks with cataract  
Head back to bisac  
have they take him to woods  
Them goose ate his body  
The body's no good  
I would let that boy go  
But the hoe just make me sick  
Sick sick like a mad man  
When the woofers start blastin'  
Here yee, here yee don't you see  
I got that Three 6 Mafia here  
Were deeper than your faculty

Sportin jewelry and the syndicate  
We rollin' hard

Cause ain't nothin' but the money flow in this camp

I gotta get it  
While the gettin' is good  
Yeah, you know the motto bitch  
Out to set that cheddar  
Cause it's better when you havin' shit  
Dollar signs is on my mind  
Look into my fuckin' eyes  
Gettin' you hypnotized  
Lettin' you know that Prophet is on the rise  
Why you fantasizin'  
Visualize me as you mrs.  
I'm somewhere on that mowett  
And smokin' blunts  
Is how I kick it  
So niggas recognize that in this here niggas  
So don't you see  
Comin' hard as thunder  
Ready to rumble  
What's it gonna be

Come on a journey  
On to the world  
Or do you know about where the nigga be hearin'  
This house of Scarecrow make headin'  
to make it back home in the 21st century  
We niggas keep letchin' the duration  
The Three 6 (??) I punish  
Your facin' the ready to place the grace behave  
We leavin' no traces  
Were paperchasin'  
Don't maybe get to rockin'  
Whit this motherfuckin' stock and facin' to the stock  
And open sesame my forty thieves done a chop  
Know what they croppin'  
When we ride grand larceny tonight  
You best be slidin' through Three 6 murderers  
Creep form the black side  
I got this plan  
This plan to rob a man  
Tell him we got plenty of white  
Get a nigga a key of sand  
Take his fuckin' cheese  
Count them g's  
Then go overseas  
To them damn Columbians make them drop it off  
Say nigga please  
Back to the hood  
With them good  
From my niggas dope  
Nothin' but the pure  
And that chronic that'll make you choke  
I'm stugglin' in that paperchase  
From day to day  
All in the crime  
For you niggas snitchin'  
Proppin' dimes  
I'm takin' care of mine