

Mosh Pit

Three 6 Mafia

Ya this Lil Wyte layin' it down for that ACP
We 'bout to throw these boys in a motherfuckin mosh pit
For those of y'all who don't know what a mosh pit is
It's just a bunch of drunk, ignorant motherfuckers
gettin' the shit whooped out of 'em to some music, you know what I'm sayin'?

Throw 'em in the mosh pit!
Stomp 'em in the mosh pit!
Swing your motherfuckin fists and beat em in the mosh pit!

Its the Juice, up in the club
So raise your set high in the air and show me love
We drinkin' beer, we smokin' pere
Its just alive and three 6 mafia in your ear
We sippin' syrup, you might get hurt
We snatchin' bitches beatin' 'em down in the dirt
We dumpin' fur, we throwin' chairs
So if you scary get your ass up out of here

Now show them golds, and swing them bows
Take your shirt off and commence to whippin' hoes
We got that danger, built for a stranger
Your boys scared to fuck with us but I don't blame 'em
They swingin' knives, they poppin' guns
Roll with them punches motherfucker don't run
Swing back (swing back!), pop back (pop back!)
Clear the room motherfucker like click click (boom!)

Here I come, an only son
I'm goin' straight out the ghetto to number one
I'm gettin' higher, I'm on fire!
So all you haters better get ready to retire
I'm on the scene, I keep it mean
I went from having no cheddar to bling bling
I got some ice, I'm never nice
And I'm a killer so don't make me say it twice
Straight out of Memphis, can I get a witness?
And I be lookin for the chickens with the thickness
I'm here forever, any kind of weather
You say you don't take advice you fuckin' better
My anger swellin', my hate it dwellin'
I might be naughty or nice there ain't no tellin'
My mind trash, I'm about to blast
Not even a hero can save your fuckin' ass!

See the Lil Wyte, I'm from the bay
I do not play, you best of prayed
This is my time, I'm 'bout to blind
I'm smokin' pine, I am so high
I'm 'bout to ride, best not collide
'Cuz if I see you I'm creepin' up from behind
You better hide, you on my side
You in my hood and I know I'm up in your mind
I'll break it down, just like a pound
Of some of the prettiest gally that you done found
I am the man, you are a lame
I'll fuck you up worst than the effect of a plane

This is the real, don't like the feel?
Then get back off in the kitchen where you can chill
I roll with killers, and drug dealers
And all the others I kick it with 'bout their scroller
Throw 'em in the mosh pit!

Yo this is Chris Steve from Saliva comin' at you
I'm bumpin' this Unbreakables motherfucker
You can't even get with this shit
You can't handle it
You can't even fuckin taste this motherfucker
You know what, 'cuz this dick is in your god damn mouth bitch!
Fuckin' dirtiest of the dirty motherfuckin' south comin' at you