

# 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