

Posse Song

Three 6 Mafia

You know what?
I don't even wanna do an introduction, man
Ya know I'm sayin?
Just play that shit, man
Mafia! Mafia-ya-ya! Mafia!
With an all star cast on the Hypnotize Minds roster
You a cropduster sprinklin seasonin'
We some flyin' saucers
Keep away from what'cha know
Twice as far from what'cha don't
Consequences come to those who chose to fuck with us, lil ho
All we do is make our music
Keep away from usin' units
Sometimes when they push my crazy button
And then I abuse it
All I publish is the truth
Lil Wyte playin' by the rules
Fuck on us, and make a Choices 2
And end up dyin' foo

I got a pound from Paul and J
Just a call away
It's time to do some dirt
Blast that ball away
They playin' with dogg today
I'm real, that's all the way
I'm tryin'a get that money, dogg
I never stall the pay
Got bottles, I brought a K
At ten, I caught a case
The early bird gets the first worm
Don't stall today
Get paid, til holiday
We tough, from snow to tre
Block a nigga shine
Motherfucka, you on the way

I think I got 'em scaaaared
Is it because, I'm wit' that Six?
Or is it because, they all, can suck a dick?
I'ma shoot you alllll
Just, like a bitch
And when you see me
Don't be actin' like you know me, trick
No competition, y'all niggas bitchin'
Won't ya sit down somewhere and just listen
Don't hate, nigga don't hate
"Yeah, I Rob" and I'll say it to yo face

At Summer Jam-ah
Yeah, this bitch was talkin' slander
We caught him slippin' up
And we hit him wit' them hammers
It was glamour
To beat him down like Evander
Dream the playa life
Or I'll cut you like a panther

He a "Wanksta"
Sucker far from a gangsta
If that boy was locked in jail
Them niggas probly shank ya
He started runnin'
Like a bitch, a scurry woman
I heard he into suckin' dicks
And lickin' niggas cummin'

I wish a motherfucka would
Put his hands on me
Have his cranium poppin' off
Like John Kennedy
Send your enemies to this devilish heart of
Startin' at the kindergarten
Grab at yo toddler
Soul say (Blay!)
A machine gun killin'
When I slice intestines
They fall out'cha belly
I pump-pump, squeeze
Trigga swing blades, throw grenades
C-4 in ya mouth, blow ya ass away, say blay!

Now Hypnotize Minds
Back on the grind
I just shot my nine
For the very ninth time
It was little bitch nigga
That's a killa on CD
But couldn't back it up
When I saw him at And I ain't that evil
I hope the nigga get well
Claim he solid as a rock
But I seen his face swell
Now go and tell yo mama
That sissy mista' (Kill yo' self!)
Triple Six is that truth
We ain't no motherfuckin fairy-tale
Ye'aint dreamin (Hoooo)

(Hoooo)
Mafia! Mafia-ya-ya! Mafia!
(Hoooo)
Mafia! Mafia-ya-ya! Mafia!
(Hoooo)
Mafia! Mafia-ya-ya! Mafia!
(Hoooo)