

## 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)