

# Prophet Posse

## Three 6 Mafia

Prophet posse, the posse bitch  
It's mafia time  
Lord infamous' mind  
It just ain't stable  
My actions are even more shocking and dockin'  
Than murder between kane and abel  
So stick 'em up  
Everybody catch the ground  
Cause i come from the city of memphis  
It's a rowdy town

Well it's time for them prophets  
Ain't no turning trick  
Ah, you fucked up with the wrong kind  
Ghetto boo bitch  
Comin' at yo ass  
Takin' over 97 this mrs. gangsta bitch  
Married to this damn prophet shit

Watch how i pull these bitches  
And you know the scareman's blastin' teflon's hit yo' feelin's  
Nigga, i'll be damned if i'm gon' miss you  
Gaurds of task, so you best react  
Cause the prophets are sprayin' motherfuckin' gats when i blast  
When i blast  
Them niggas on they back

Excuse me sir  
Can i get that card or that drivers' license  
I need some two scoops  
But not the raisin' of the wisest  
Nicest, the feel of my body gets conset like tyson  
Roll them dices  
Killin' my brain cells  
But fuck it  
We sacrificin' blow that shit

It's that nigga that you love to hate  
Deep in the north  
Is where i stay, the one notorious juicy j  
I fold ya dogs an chop you away  
And get real high to this hear track  
Buck wild as hell is how we act  
The prophet posse is on the attack  
So what you haters watch your back

There's no game that i'll play  
With your bullshit niggas  
Say what your ganna say  
But a nigga will kill you  
If you disrespect  
Then nigga you'll feel me  
And i dwell in hell  
Catch a nigga like, feel me

Some of these niggas on that doe  
Some of these niggas on that hay

What you say, what you say hoe  
Negro indo crackin' them swishers daily  
It's incredible, incredible, from the car  
To the block in the motherfuckin' ghetto  
Cheefin' in a meadow  
When i'm kickin' a line, i rhyme, every god damn time

Niggas that come to me (??) attention  
Brothers and prophet the posse  
Cause the killa roc and never stoppin' roll in a viper  
Niggas that like to be droppin' (droppin')  
Juicy with the two nine, paul with the forty  
Motherfuckers on a paperchas, yeah  
Killa from three 6, k-roc don't play  
Don't play with me baby

We makn' moves in this rap industry  
Like a magician  
A legion of neighborhood niggas on a mission  
For paper, project, my lyrics tight  
Like a virgin  
My lips ignite the mic, cause they get hype  
When i'm cussin'