

Put Ya Signs

Three 6 Mafia

Put ya sign in his face, gang sign in his face
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Make them niggas fight, what make them hoes fight
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(2x)

If you bitches ain't scared put a bitch right to the floor
Tell her she belong below under shoes where roaches go
Hoe I'm ready if you ready tell me what you wanna do
To the lovely Gangsta Boo, buck as fuck I thought you knew
Put my sign up in ya face
Leave ya stape without a trace
You ain't buck 'cause bitch I saw ya stankin' ass yesterday
Talk ya hoe ya 'cause I'm comin' in the crowd boy
With niggas and I'm out slammin' bitches to the ground

I see ya from the stage ya angry face is fighting in the corner
Full of marijuana niggas in the middle in a trauma
While they throwin 'bo's they snatchin' hoes that stuck in a coma
Any thick lil' fine bitch come on through a nigga all up on her
Some trick done got mad and ran to the wagon and grabbed a 12 gauge pump
Probably full of that numby numb that coke and rum and getting dumb
Cars are barrelin' through the nigga shootin' runnin to the Rover
Niggas catchin the heat from slugs
Negroes gettin trampled over

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Now I got you bitches hot
Platinum out and on the spot
Mad becuae they take your cell
So they stop at slangin rocks
Bring yo ass to North Memphis
Killas hang and niggas pimpin
Playas on them cards flippin
Choppin dope up in the kitchen
And I always keep it real
Way before a record deal
So my nigga don't hate on me 'cause Juicy J be gettin his bills
Clean that mug from off ya face unless you want a casket case
Nigga fuck what you end, who you clean, and fuck ya friend

Nigga you claimin set, throwin', showin' signs
You ain't no one look inside your face is plain as day
Another hoe is showin'
Bitch I'm down with the same game you claim but I will fuck you up
Hoe it ain't the same off in them flames I don't give a fuck
Put some in your liver you so in the studio
Nigga all but the liver watch you run like bitch was stealers that I let you know
Packing automatics full of that static that you stressin' for
Actin' like you want some but it seems you scared to go

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Hey don't call me for sweet songs
Ain't no
Ain't no funky smilin' faces
Ain't no grins up on this man
It's the that keeps me cool
Social security breaking news
Shit could fight up all night with mo henny wait that's how I (breath)
Do you feel it? Is it rare?
Smack that bitch up with that chair
When you see me over there
Raise your hands up in the air
'Cause bitch this ain't no Rosewood
Nigga take another round
Slipped up, chopped up, fucked, lights out

Claim where I claim, hang where I hang
Burn where I burn, nigga ain't no thing
Do what I do, hanging with my crew
(What, what, what, what) nigga I thought you knew
Ain't no hood, throwin our sets
Me fucking more nigga no disrespect
Get out our way, gun will spray
Easy come nigga anyday

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