

# Throw Yo Setts in da Air

Three 6 Mafia

If you niggaz ain't scared, throw yo setts in da air  
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Throw yo setts in da air, throw yo setts in da air  
Cause we some killa ass niggaz  
And we don't give a fuck  
We come to break the fuckin laws  
And tear the fuckin club up  
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I think I finally have located the gates of death  
Lie awake at night, to hatch my evil plans, I find myself  
Stumblin through the dark, up against the fuckin verge of sin  
Bodies in my yard, oh my god, them demons came again  
People don't you worry cause the Devil's Daughter got a plan  
Ho, eternal burnin you in half if you don't comprehend  
Understand this shit a gansta bitch is sayin to ya dawg  
Lock you in the truck, mob through the night within a mist of fog  
Never fear a nigga callin himself a killa, what's up trick  
Boy you claim you so goddam buck wild with that weak ass shit  
Chillin at the hideout, smokin out not worried bout a thang  
Ballin through Black Haven, deep as hell in that suburban, man  
Always watchin my back  
Cause niggaz will jack you for your fuckin shit  
?Female? I am, but don't give a damn  
If I split some busta bitch's wig  
Three 6 Mafia niggazz includin 1 female  
That's bumpin so hard on you hoes  
The only ones talkin that shit is DJ-less niggaz  
And all playa hatas you know

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Comin from the darkness of the cut of North Memphis bitch  
Killas from the evergreen, guards we don't set trip  
For my niggaz doin time 201 for the crime  
Let's get in the gangsta line and throw the Funkytown sign  
I'm on that other level, a coffin and a shovel  
?Fly? down to put yo ass, before you meet the Devil, the metal  
Penalties I pay by punk ass opponents, I practice pain  
Juiceman no gain, but I slang that thang that keep ???

I'm steady scopin out these nothins, that be actin like a bitch

That be actin like a ho  
That be actin like a muthafucka busta  
That wants no more of the 3-6 Mafia, trizack-wizack niggas  
Come and feel these triggas, ya figure ya bad  
Bellin out Black Haven but I double dem bucks in yo ass, instead  
Triple muthafuckin 6, in the muthafuckin ?pl-zay?  
For the n-zine decade  
Nigga didn't hear me do, but a muthafuckin click  
In somebody's y-zard he laid  
Where the niggaz in the club?  
Where the niggaz in the streets ain't down with us?  
Man, say a few prayers  
G-Ds, V-Ls, cr-zips, bl-zoods, all niggaz throw yo setts in da air

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When the biblical stories were written  
They left out the one they call Lord Infamous  
Because the horror he possess, was one of a magnificence  
He was set up, then loosed, look for suddenly mortal killing  
He was set to lead the world into unholy acts of sin  
The architect of hell  
And inventor of the six interior decorator  
Of chambers of eternal punishment  
I'm the one that lit the furnace to the flow that burns forever  
Supervisor of the torture, Lord, have mercy?  
Not me, never  
I'm clever with corruption of the Seven Seas and continents  
The money shit, the blunt is lit, the bong is hit, astonishin  
Watch the world, I crumble it, watch heaven, I rumble it  
Knockin Scarecrow out of heaven for he did the Devil bitch  
Holdin angels hostage in the basement of Hell Chapel  
The only nigga ever to set heaven up for a fuckin ?gaffold?  
The Devil fever flowin through the fire hemisphere  
Evil niggaz throw yo setts in da air  
If you dare

Throw yo setts in da air (16x)

Ah yeah, 3-6 Mafia runnin this, ho. Playa hatin just don't hear me, though. Nigga got a muthafuckin problem with the clan, step back into this muthafuckin devil click if you can, nigga. Prophet Entertainment runnin this shit for the 9-5, to the 9 triple 6. It's like this, Joe. Fuck you local ass bustas cause we got bigger blunts to smoke. On that nationwide example, muthafuckas.