

Walk Up 2 Yo House

Three 6 Mafia

Yeah, you stand the third house
Right beside the one with the gate
I'm gonna walk over there and knock on his door
Nigga this is the heaven party
Nigga we got your tests back
You partyin' hoe

Walk up to your house
Knock on your door
And blow your ass off

Late last night lyin' in the bed
Eyes red
Thinkin' should I get these hoes
Thinkin' should get these hoes
Thinkin' should I but they head
Should a nigga plan a hit
Or grab my pistol grip and take care my business
Cause they don't know who they fuckin' with
Call my nigga Project Pat cause I know he got my back
Fruck writin' rhymes
This is real shit not a track
Camouflage in the dark for the ones who act hard
The devil on my left side
The other side I'm God
Why do niggas talk shit
Never tryin' to stick together
Murder in the city streets
Make you fools feel better
So I just walk in a pace
Thinkin' of a case to get a bitch erased
Chrome to your fuckin' face
This ain't no game nigga
My finger is on the trigger
Your time is runnin' out
My conscious say I gotta get 'em
Is there a way that a nigga can escape from hell
I fuck 'em up with the mosberg buckshell
Bitch

Once I step up to your door
I'm lettin' all you bitches know
Point blank range to your skull
No love in me hoe
Once I get that shit
That plan in my head is to get richer
Sittin' back countin' mozzarella cheese
That's the picture
What's up, do you want to come
And compete against this lady
This lady stayin' scandalous
I'm talkin' bout' crazy
Comin' like the Nazi
Kickin' in the doors for your shit
Never ever hesitate
Stay about my profits bitch
I don't give a fuck about

What you sayin' the police know
They don't really know me
All them folk is Jane Doe
Comin' to your soon
So beware of this gangsta shit
Enough has been said
Got you scared so I'm endin' this

See I done built me a two story house up on a rock
I done slept in the dark
And my clothes since a clock get my pocket full nalvy
Bitch, count my head and sense
I got that whole wide world in my hand
Spin that ten as a trill rock
Still for that bill
Hard to kill motherfucker
Koopsta mentally ill
Still (??) in my face and bitch best not say shit
I'm yelling quick, quick, quick, quick, quick, quick
Quick, quick , quick hold all my power
Stayin' blastin' bitch dip into a crystal rub
That tough I've been seen his face, face thinkin' nigga
Fest for he wishes than just vanity
In my pit with the deadlock on bitch and I'm peekin' now
Them niggas bustin' all over the whole ceilin'

Checkin' us out while tap on the door
Kickin' them down hit the floor
Innocent victims are shuttin' their door
Leavin' all drippin' in bloody war
Run in the hallways look in the room
Soakin' away them bloody pools
Check for the posse they hidden up there popped
With a pillow case under their tools
Will it be a bullet behind their ear
Don' want no moaning
No tears, telephone cords
I took out that wall
No one could stop all the terror in here
From the five foot five slut doggin' alcoholic man
Enchanted door kickin' evil nigga
Named Lord Infamous
Nigas what I knowledge do not
Recognize the ultimate to you into trouble
With kona kula serious draggin' dead bodies in back of my grey
Chevrolet on the way to send her many
With a bombing in a bouquet

I just can't stop
I keep on loading my gun
I can't be seein' masta stopa
Till I fill and I come
Cause I ain't no sitcom
Your head com
Fool happy being
Flag on my face
So no identity they seein'
Your enemies me and a
Six double double six bitch ya bein'
Face to face with the forty bitch
One (??) a fast comes tryin' to scare to the trigga hoe
Forty four in the middle being your life sayin'
I'ma suckin' let this Ruga go

It ain't no dead line
'Cause they don't love but plenty hate
When I come at you hoe
I'ma take this mask up off my face
We ain't gonna ring the door bell
Just a couple of knocks
Who it be your presence your
Fuckin' heart heart gonna stop
'Cause we gone