

We Shootin' 1st

Three 6 Mafia

'Cause bitch we shoot 'em first
We don't ask questions later
We're Triple 6, Triple 6 fuckin' haters
And it's on if you niggaz
Wanna bring it to the door
To you cowards in my face
I'm a treat you like a hoe

Since you niggaz talkin' shit
About the dirty dirty six
Lemme see if you can bump out
And be featured on a hit
Radio the love my songs
Ballin' niggaz love my thongs
If you wanna go to war
I suggest you bring it on, nigga
I ain't no little girl
I been down in the streets
Remember me Hillcrest
Nigga reppin' BAZ
Shoot a finger fuck a spot
Niggaz drop, niggaz drop
But everybody in the club
Lookin' hard nigga he ain't hot
We be cold froze wrists
Got you bitches in a blitz
Mad 'cause I be hanging 'round
Them niggaz in the triple six
Bitches wanna say this
Bitch I ain't stuntin' you
I be on the charts blowin' up
Bitch look at you
Niggaz be mad
Actin' like some fuckin hoes
If you can't stand the truth
Nigga keep your eyes closed
DJ Paul, Juice Man
Crunchy Black, Lord Infamous
I'm the one
Mrs. Crazy lady Gangsta Boo bitch

Niggaz talk shit
Well they might as well talk shit
Talk this
When I bring that fuckin' chalk bitch
And put your body in a body bag or somethin'
And drop your bitch ass off in a river my cousin
You should've never played the dozens
With a nigga like me
It be C fuckin' B
And I'm hard to be
Niggaz talk a lot of shit
But I promise you dog
I'm a blast at your ass
And let the gun revolve
Niggaz always tryin' to be real hard
Niggaz always tryin' to pray to God

When they got their ass caught up in some bullshit
And that's some bullshit
You gotta finish it
You gon' remember this
Ain't no game I play
Poppin' shots at your ass
With the A fuckin' K
Nigga watch what you say
When you talkin' to me
Nigga watch what you say
When you talkin' to C

Put a mask on, gone in man do the shit
My arteries pump acid
I love to pop that plastic
Life is filled with maggots
Nigga I let you have it
With automatic havoc
While faggots ride or tag it
Boy I'm psychopathic
Milli clips big rappin'
What I got for a mackin'
For funeral compassion
Better close that casket
When I hit for that stackin'
Wanna know the business
Stay out my fuckin' business
Gossip like some bitches
But y'all no competition
Better pay attention
I'll cook you like a kitchen
Diss and leave you missin'
And on a murder mission
Critical condition
Got plenty ammunition
Don't need to catch you slippin'
I'll fuck you up lil pimpin'
Lord have mercy hurt you with verses
Got you puntas rollin' in hearses
Hate the six we got platinum plus a
Your shit on shelves collectin' dust a
Put a mask on, gone in man do the shit