

Wolf Wolf

Three 6 Mafia

WOLF, WOLF!

All you want, run your mouth in the street
But you AIN'T GONNA FUCK with a picture of me
I don't give a MOTHERFUCK if you a hundred deep
But you AIN'T GONNA FUCK with a picture of me

Tell them hoes they get slapped, and them niggaz get stomped
If crunk was a .44 this be the pump
Hit the floor like a maniac, everybody thump
'Cause nobody bump like the Hypnotized bump
So rush them to the left, push them to the right
Fuck a nigga up wanna start some shit tonight
Bust some heads fuck it, bust a motherfucking leg
Bust dem rude boys up with the naughty dreads
Rush 'em up, push 'em grab 'em and slam 'em
Swing dem elbows boy drop that hammer!
Juiceman, Paul, Lord Infamous, and Crunch
I dare you niggaz to throw the first punch
We ain't satisfied 'till a nigga leave paralyzed
Underground out warning out it's the Hypnotized
Chaos, destruction, mayhem, panic
Lose your motherfucking bitch do some damage!

What the fuss about?

Is it cause a nigga got dough?

What the cuss about is it cause a nigga got hoes?

Hate to be the one to tell ya that a player got your honey

Got her working up in here niggaz taking all her money

In the back of a black Cadillac suck-n-jack

Niggaz kill for them X pills, trying to clean our cataracts

Sitting in the front like a mack, smoking sacks

This is real smoking Laden kills, playing a game of "Pass it back"

If I buy a brand new car, haters get mad

If I buy some shoes for the bitch, haters get sad

If I get your brains blow out, then they crying

TV's as they bump off in the rear, then they dying

I close a lot of doors

I pimp a lot of whores

I fuck your main gal and she's down on all four

I'm straight from the North

I'm down to the core

It's in my fucking veins, and it sweating out my pores

They never take me alive, I'm getting high with my .45

Stash in my ride, watching haters in they eyes

I rather go in a blaze then be taken by some bitches

I seem I'm doing better since I got away from snitches

I'm the rawest, quick the break the lamest

Really all they saw is how quick I broke his rawest

Your dog DJ Paul AKA the K.O.'Em (Memphis)

Slap niggers in they mouth cause they act like women

We out the fucking frizame, we're off the fucking chizain

I keeps me a tone, don't you dare step to me mane

I lives in the south where them thugs outta control

You look off in they mouth you see a whole lotta gold

I love to load clips, I love to shoot guns

I love to load bullets in they back when they run

These niggaz talk shit around they click just for fun
But see 'em in the streets the motherfuckers play dumb, nigga!