

Back Against Da Wal

Three 6 Mafia

My name is the scarecrow
busters they approach they really don't know me too well
I put in the 50 round magazine watchin them spin as I empty the shells
bodies are smackin the mud busters are constantly donating blood
I pull the sawed off out my coat pump it twice and watch each tear 'em up n'
run

oh no we do not mind my part in genocide
oh no we do not mind committing homicide

Although the way you live inside you must die
the scarecrow will try his best to take your life
because I know you will try to take mine
I do onto others before they do onto me
and my fingers refuse to release on the squeeze trigger on the ni ne milli
Cause suckers be trying to take all the things you been working so hard for
but I can hit the floor I would rather go out in the smoke
and so I'll do what I'll have to do I don't want to kill you yet I will fool
before Lord Infamous take a fall I'll spray all of y'all
aww mang
they got my back against the wall

Ohh that's how it is in the ghetto
(I got my back against the wall wall.. wall)
All the player haters and jealousy in the ghetto
Childrens crying homies dieing
(I got my back against the wall wall.. wall)
It's how it is in the ghetto

pop pop pop
..another trick sucka dropped

A quarter after twelve I'm still cruising down on back streets
on my job a dead buyer already lies on the passenger seat
just did one for the money now I'll do two for the showing
when I drop the third body I'm get ready hit the road
I'm spendin bloody money in the streets cause that's all
that I got from ones I've laid in the past and the new heads I just cracked
but all had to go sour when some fools tried to rush
the tables turning before my eyes now its me they trying to touch
I put the pedal to the mizzetal strap my fo fifty five my seventy two
I looked up in the rear view they still comin
those fools must got one too
comin up on the side its on
I feel they can't be with a dead buyer's trance
pump fell on my lap I'm liftin it up they getting my steel they started lett
in 'em off
I tried to ram 'em the telephone post on the sidewalk
I got a touch as the chrome smacked I laughed as them fools take a fall
not even tho my roster for the day but my back was against the wall

Ohh that's how it is in the ghetto
(I got my back against the wall wall.. wall)

When a gun is to your head there's nothing left to be said in the ghetto
you better watch your back cause you might get car jacked
(I got my back against the wall wall.. wall)
That's how it is in the ghetto

pop pop pop
..another trick sucka dropped

I'm that fool you don't know I'm that one you can't see
thatl' be scopin wit that gat infrared behind the trees you gon drop to your
knees
you gon yell brother please all the police on your force gon be scared to wi
tness me
when you see me in the traffic psychopathic killer addict
kid-nappin MPds choppin heads off wit the hatchet
throwin 'em in a rotted ditch while the night is filled with mist
mystic styles bout the killers from the six double six

In the alleys not a bum just a gang creepin low
fourty four is the two pluggin hoes in the fro'
break the law on the slow cop cause I'm down to blast
paul and infamous scrub wit the nine and they left plus the stash
crunchy black at the hideout smokin quarter pounds
(smothered by the weed bomb)
first contestants fallin down flag covered up over the casket
which we leavin a dead cop surrender no cousin a friend a son
sooner no matter your crews gon' drop

Ohh that's how it is in the ghetto
(I got my back against the wall wall.. wall)
Mothers crying cause their babies are dieing in the ghetto
one time some are straight some from the tek
Ohh in the ghetto yeah

Yeah best believe it three six mafia in the house for the nine five
with the all new gime some family bring it to your dope fool
till it just don't pay no mo'
We out