

Beat Down

Three 6 Mafia

Aah Lord Infamous the motherfucking Scarecrow
In the hizzouse, ya bitch
And you punk ass motherfuckers finna get beat the fuck down

Broken down to his very last compound!
(Sucka's try to block: The Haymaker's I swing)
(Right, left, right, left ya toothless!)
(Sucka's try to block: The Haymaker's I swing)
B-B-B-Broken down to his very last compound!
(Sucka's try to block: The Haymaker's I swing)
When some clown, jumps up to get beat down!
(Sucka's try to block: The Haymaker's I swing)
(Like we always do about this time...)
Ha, ha, ha!

I got some brass knuckles for the bitch who try to fuck with me
Got a steel toe for the nigga who try to duck me
Walls stained with brains from the bitch that owe me
Say she got some static, slip and get that tag on the toe see
Ain't the type of motherfucker that get real filled with that anna
I'm the type of motherfucker that'll fill you full of that ammo
These suckers be claimin they servin, they sprayin, them bitches I blow out
they candle
I handle the shit like that, Scarecrow ain't for no ho games
For the ones that didn't know, Scarecrow brain kinda strange
Aim my pistol strike you dead on the nostril
Bitch don't test the Scarecrow cause the Scarecrow kinda hostile
Sock yo ass with a buckshot in yo wind pipe
What the fuck is a fair fight, Scarecrow tryin to take yo life
Stomp you in yo face til there's no light and no sound
Look at you now, just another punk beat down

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I'm aiming for your face, so that's where the bullets will go
Niggas be talkin that shit on these tapes
But they don't do it in the streets
So I hang with my rap crew, named the Serial Killaz
And do, all my dirt with the Backyard my real n'izz'iggas
Cause when somethin goes down the whole crew gotta clown
Shoot one you gotta shoot 'em all
And still you gotta leave town
Cause the Killaz don't play, in the nina tre
Listen to the words I say
Bring it on nigga bring it on nigga this way
And watch that shit you be talkin on beat put to an entry

Bring yourself, your family, and your groupie friends that be
Talkin on yo tape and sayin you got some anamosity
But you can't tell cause in the streets you never say nothin to me
We thicker than concrete that's why we be runnin clowns
Different hoods come together that'll beat all of you down
And Backyard niggas love to clown on tricks like you
That's why you get beat down

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Cruisin' through the Downtown blocks, Red Bull in my lap
Paul staring, I'm loading the gats
I'm ready to spit some fuckin cap, now
I heard them bitch ass niggas been talkin all that shit again
Fuck all that mixtape dissin', fina put them bustas to their end
They don't know Scarecrow is on the real-zeal
Paul let's hit them faggot motherfuckers up I'm ready
Let's stop at the store, let me get some beer and papers
Let's get tore up on this crop before we give these niggas the favor
I pass the brew to the back, then Napoleon grabs it
Him and Lil Buck in the back, they loadin automatics
Thinkin about they summer mix, gettin pissed off what they said
Damn now I really wanna cut them bitches heads
They dead, I see them bitches y'all, yo let's get 'em Paul
Pull down your mask and make sure you get 'em all
This ain't no bullshit, take you motherfuckers down
Duck ya head, watch yo back bitch, or ka-pow

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(Listen up, nigga, you know Lucifer?
Nah!
Well, you about to meet him, motherfucker)

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See how it sounds, a little unrational
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