

# Destruction Terror

## Three 6 Mafia

Destruction terror and mayhem  
Pass me a  
Look in the eyes of this muthafuckin' wise guy  
I got the nine on my side  
But let me tell you why  
Inside the blackness of the skies  
Lie the fuckein' robbers  
Can I call it off you got the dope  
You got this coke right on ya  
How could you speed with the street sweeper to yo chest  
We had to spread  
Aw yeah but guess what happened next  
Me and my six niggas had to rip them temples in  
I didn't want to kill 'em  
But I filled 'em I ain't bullshittin'

Bitches when we see ya we gonna get'cha  
We cockin' 45's to yo temple  
Let the bullet hit'cha  
We ain't gonna stop  
Mark my word  
Ain't no shootin' in there ever  
Enemies ain't birds  
All this medicine done made me crazy  
I'm starting to lace it  
I should've stopped a long time ago  
But I was lazy  
You sissy son of a bitch  
You need to turn yo self in  
We want'cha bad in the south  
The quicker you pay  
The quicker the payment be

It's about 1'oclock AM in my hood  
In my set 4 deep in the steamer  
Gettin' high  
'Bout to we me a motherfucka up  
Aftermath when I blast  
Leave a motherfucka bucked  
Layin' down in the grass  
Niggas acting like they hard  
Pullin' cards  
But they fake  
Niggas claiming that they bad  
Looking mad for they trait  
Talk down on a playa  
But they smile in yo face  
We gonna ride on you fools  
Get away without no case

(Gangsta Boo)  
Hoes killing me softly  
Trying to put me to the test  
Give me a fuckin' reason just to snap yo neck  
I be the one with flow that's hurting all you hoes  
Late night  
Creeping bitch at your boyfriends door

Never be out to play a hate  
Strictly out for my riches  
I ain't got time for this shit  
Cause it's money over bitches  
Bustas be telling me to leave  
Niggas stay out of mine  
Who gives a damn what you think  
Bitch I'm prophet for life

Never take her for the reasons of a killa  
Six dimensions  
Let the ammunition take you through  
The darkness of the solar system  
Malice murderers of many men  
Multiply incisions  
They certain their vision  
Get them percision and death permission  
Best believe  
I keep them over seventeen  
Up in any magazine  
Cuaght the wicked packed  
That fool is jacked and catch a casualty  
Having the capacity  
To try to pull a strap on me  
But Infamous is coming with the motherfuckin' stack of the  
Teflon plated served peala'  
I do not recommend fucking with Scarcrow  
Nigga got you making tons of enemies  
Triple that much in artillery  
Showing no love for not anything  
Popping yo head to the butcher swing  
Polish the blade on the guillotine  
Put that bitch out his misery  
Fuck a hoe out the galaxy  
Infamous with a fatality  
There's no way you can imagine  
Bodies stacked up on the battle scene  
Living pyschopatheticly  
Scarecrow terror Tennessee