Jus Like Us

Three 6 Mafia

Yeah, run bitch. Run hoe! Ya nice motherfuckas!
Y'all jealous ass bitches!
You know what I'ma call y'all? Some Jello niggas.
Cuz y'all jealous of us, bitch.
Every motherfucker in our camp ridin clean, nigga.
Y'all know the motherfuckin score.
And this one right here is dedicated to you [censor beep].
It's dedicated to you, nigga.

They wanna dress like
Wanna sound like
Wanna be like
Ride like
Get high like
Make cheese like
The motherfuckin Three 6, bitch you got a problem wit em?
The motherfuckin Three 6, hoe you got a problem wit em?

I'm from the part of Tennessee called SPV, Spray Pesty Varments
Catch ya busta boy, I beat em; blow em up outta his dorments
Punk ass niggas be tryin ta stick a light up under me, like some ornaments
Don't make me grab the case that's fulla the weapons and hand ya ?the bombin g?
Bitch ya killin me, besta be eatin some porridge, you got some courage
Punk motherfucker don't make me go get that there uzi up under the storage
Bitches, bloody Satan waiting ?
Armageddon soldiers comin to ?

You trying to be like me, you can't be like me
It's hard ta be me, like them stunts on TV, g
You see me, hustlin, workin my muscle-in
Puttin my 2 cents where it can be trusted-n
You musta been a silly fool
Thinkin you could wear my shoes, damn fool
I walked a mile, I hauked em down
I understand now, why everybody don't wanna frown

1 thousand: Your kid kidnapped and fucked in the mouth
2 G's: Wife never seen again, but nothin to brag about
3 thousand: Car blown up, house burnt to the ground
4 G's: Run up in ya weak ass show, lettin off rounds
5 thousand: Best friend found naked and decapitated
6 G's: Yo broke ass barried alive cuz yo ass hated
7 G's: He ain't even workin, I kill a nigga myself, dead
Catch em in tha haven put somethin hot up in his head

I'm real from the junt (junt)
Never was a punk (punk)
North Memphis bound bitch, buck ass hell and crunk (crunk)
You might catch me deep (deep)
On your fuckin street (street)
Buckin wit the tech-9, sweep you off yo feet (feet)

Drankin on that liquour (liquor)
Chillin wit my niggas (niggas)
Hangin on the corner, wit a fuckin rusty pistol (pistol)
Step up to me hoe (hoe)
When you on that blow (blow)
I'ma (gunshots: pop pop pop, pop) till you hit tha flo (flo)

Ahhhhh!
Please don't test the wrist or steel this
Waitin for she tell, pop, every style mystic
Pimp shit, hits never miss those red
Settin you a miss, when I spray the AK
Plus I flex-a hella gay, will you catch a boy?
Ever since a boy, always had black toy
So we ain't goin out, no punk, I'm knockin out y'all
Dead body, froze, ?hard puss in my jaw?

Well all them hoes that used to be down with me
I signed a deal, made some money, now you bitches downin me?
Bitches tryin ta blast at me,
or am I dreamin the motherfuckers be after me?
Why you tryin ta be like me? You labelled as a wanna-be.
You ghetto hoes, you need to read up on this Gangsta Boo
Cuz you might find a tip, bitch, that can help you.
I'm a down chick
Niggas be wantin ta crown chick
Stay around chick
Whenever, however, it's goin down, bitch.

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