

Prophet Posse

Three 6 Mafia

Prophet posse, the posse bitch
It's mafia time
Lord infamous' mind
It just ain't stable
My actions are even more shocking and dockin'
Than murder between kane and abel
So stick 'em up
Everybody catch the ground
Cause i come from the city of memphis
It's a rowdy town

Well it's time for them prophets
Ain't no turning trick
Ah, you fucked up with the wrong kind
Ghetto boo bitch
Comin' at yo ass
Takin' over 97 this mrs. gangsta bitch
Married to this damn prophet shit

Watch how i pull these bitches
And you know the scareman's blastin' teflon's hit yo' feelin's
Nigga, i'll be damned if i'm gon' miss you
Gaurds of task, so you best react
Cause the prophets are sprayin' motherfuckin' gats when i blast
When i blast
Them niggas on they back

Excuse me sir
Can i get that card or that drivers' license
I need some two scoops
But not the raisin' of the wisest
Nicest, the feel of my body gets conset like tyson
Roll them dices
Killin' my brain cells
But fuck it
We sacrificin' blow that shit

It's that nigga that you love to hate
Deep in the north
Is where i stay, the one notorious juicy j
I fold ya dogs an chop you away
And get real high to this hear track
Buck wild as hell is how we act
The prophet posse is on the attack
So what you haters watch your back

There's no game that i'll play
With your bullshit niggas
Say what your ganna say
But a nigga will kill you
If you disrespect
Then nigga you'll feel me
And i dwell in hell
Catch a nigga like, feel me

Some of these niggas on that doe
Some of these niggas on that hay

What you say, what you say hoe
Negro indo crackin' them swishers daily
It's incredible, incredible, from the car
To the block in the motherfuckin' ghetto
Cheefin' in a meadow
When i'm kickin' a line, i rhyme, every god damn time

Niggas that come to me (??) attention
Brothers and prophet the posse
Cause the killa roc and never stoppin' roll in a viper
Niggas that like to be droppin' (droppin')
Juicy with the two nine, paul with the forty
Motherfuckers on a paperchas, yeah
Killa from three 6, k-roc don't play
Don't play with me baby

We makn' moves in this rap industry
Like a magician
A legion of neighborhood niggas on a mission
For paper, project, my lyrics tight
Like a virgin
My lips ignite the mic, cause they get hype
When i'm cussin'