

Three 6 Mafia, Grab The Gauge

Hook: (4x))

Grab my guage and then erase
Grab my guage and then erase
Ride up on the street
And put some niggas in the front page

(Verse 1: Gangsta Boo)

I'm smokin' out, I'm livin' large,
Naughty naughty motherf**kers get the feelin' ah this shit
This shit so funky comes way under nigga grounds are Triple 6
I keep you hatas out my face
Yo life is over motherf**ka, when I grab ahold that guage
My niggas from the Three 6 click they keep me hooked up on that game
I'm chargin' niggas daily maybe, lady, is out to get paid
You hoes can't f**k wit me
I'm flowin', showin', hoes I ain't no hata
Everybody wanna ride for he say she say they say next
Comin' strictly from the South-side gettin' greater later
You suckas need to grow up out that kiddy shit
Coming nine-six, to two G bitch
Quit fakin' just cause ah Three, Six, Mafia
Misses lady gangsta on that weed, chicken rib shit
Just to let you know my partner hoe come on the scenery
Scenery, filled wid red dots, infra red beams
Now where you gon' go?
You can't hide your life is over kid,
It's time for the killin'
Cause you have f**ked up wid the wrong ass bitch

(Hook 4x)

(DJ Paul)

(Verse 2: DJ Paul & Juicy J)

Man this nigga kill me
tellin' these people that he's about to go nationwide
When he gotta drop his tapes of his self
Plus he gotta call Kim, to get a ride

(Juicy J)

I saw the motherf**ka standin' out in front ah Best
The nigga talk about the hard shit on that tape,
talkin' about, bout my tape
Knowin' he sweet as cake

(DJ Paul)

The type ah nigga to tell these hoes
that's he about to blow the f**k up
The only blowin' up bitch you doin'
Is when I stick the grenade in your butt

(Juicy J)

He say he smokin' so many blunts
I can't tell, ooh, he's a liar
I saw you for real,
Hit that ill shit,
You female buyer

(DJ Paul)

These hoes be killin' me ever so softly,

Juice man I know what you sayin'
But little bit a bitch boy know
I be sellin' his first cassette or tape offa me

(Juicy J)
Don't forget about the dope,
You enraged, after you got that page,
From a doctor from the health department
Tellin' you you are gettin' fatal wid AIDS

This hoe boy holdin' card
(DJ Paul)
Was a mad bit than he bought for the two pon it
Then he got f**ked signed his contract
You bitch boy you's a f**kin' dummy

(Juicy J)

Young nigga you'll never sell more than the Three 6, bitch please
Lookin' tryna deal wid big time cars, thieves, put 'em on dem CDs
(Hook (4x))

(Verse 3: Lord Infamous & Koopsta)
Infamous is comin' strapped like an Italian Arabic
Maniac, comin' to rip your damn head of your neck
I reckon I wreckin' ya South American
Killa guerilla Colombian Muslim or some, loop
and straight to the head for the chief
put your heart in the back and I spit on yo ashes
and the blunt of the Indicut down in my stash,
I reside in the insane asylum the bodies I pound 'em
on Infamous Island where there is no smilin'
the niggas buckwild and the weapons are silenced
Military barbarian buck 'em and bury 'em f**k wid the
there's nothing combine us,
scarier, insanitarium, popper and carry 'em,
There's no merry love, only murder blood,
Till I take something worst out ah all ah these
flesh and bone through the back of your shirt
hollow points burst and disperse going through
you be burnt up and buried in dirt that'll work,
The Scarecrow be smokin' these niggas for shit
they can't get wid these bitches they'll never compare,
I'm comin' from the land of Triple 6 niggas still
sufferin' every day that I swear

(Koopsta Knicca)

I see them f**king pressin' on they brother man,
It happens everyday don't make me grab the guage,
Dangerously I play I best to kill wid guage
And put ya body in the back of that grey Chevrolet

(Hook ('til fade