

# Where Da Killaz Hang (feat. Project Pat)

## Three 6 Mafia

Chorus

I represent where them killaz hang(Lord Infamous)  
The ganja I'm chokin'  
The laws'll get broken  
The pussies are open  
The killas is scopin'  
The pistol is smokin'  
This blood it be soakin'  
The Scarecrow  
The sicker  
The Snizote I'm locin'  
We up in the attic  
My victim in panic  
They try to get franic  
Got blowed off the planet  
They don't understand it  
Soldiers can't stand it  
That's how I planned it  
Fuck you goddamnit  
My automatic  
Ready for static  
Blastery tragic  
Have you in plastic  
Way my mind be twisted  
Got me itchin' gotta have it  
Niggas want to approach Lord Infamous  
But I am loco I will blow  
Your head off your shoulders  
(Project Pat)  
Mister murderer robbers  
Niggas with some charges  
You fake mothafuckas  
We gonna finish what you started  
Yo heart is a nigga set  
Bitch you best ah have a gat  
Smoke a nigga  
With that trigga  
Memphis nigga Project Pat  
I'm down like the Kamakaze souldier on a killin' spree  
Once we get into it dog  
You gonna have to murder me  
Who I be

I'm hidin' in the bushes layin'  
Push us to the ground  
Ghetto clown  
Off your blood you shall drown  
Chorus(Koopsta Knicca)  
Too dim not today  
Now the koopstas off the streets  
Only real G's close to me  
He's my (?)  
People sayin' folks  
Tryin' to take me as a joke  
But this pimp shit bitch  
Can't go I ti-zook all of you hoes  
Loadin' up my mind  
Daily fuckin' wit my patience  
Runnin' from my visitations  
Just the coo fool can ya face me  
Claim to be my friend  
When ya takin' a second look  
I guess it's on then  
Big bizness bitch  
No money on my book  
Manne this shit is hectic  
So I'm callin' up to god  
Me and my charge partna booga  
He's a rapper down with bars  
Party sells 17's where I dwell  
Stale pastrys on my shelf  
I'm fellin' as if I'm in hell  
Yea soon I be bailed  
Pale well if it's swell  
Triple platinum with the (?)  
Deja Vu fuck when I left  
Oh me isn't this a binitch  
Please excuse me for my frenech  
But you writin' all these lyrics  
If ya hear me then ya feel meChorus(Crunchy Black)  
In the hood where I dwell  
And I dwell real well  
For you playa hatin' ass bitches  
Manne you might as well burn in hell  
When you smell the aroma  
>From them blunts when I hit corners  
Don't you duck  
Don't you dodge  
Cause it's only gonna be  
Murder murder on my mind  
Leavin' blank in the pass  
When you drop that fuckin' glass

Manne I bet'cha I kill yo ass  
Nigga pop with the glock  
In a pine fuckin' box  
Don't you try to call the fuckin' cop  
Cause a nigga ain't gonna stop(Project Pat)  
Shootin', cappin', jack and chill  
Lettin' you so called know the deal  
Hollow tips yo ass gonna feel  
Roll yo dice bitch and you real  
Fuckin' with the click, the crew, the clan  
You gon' recognize  
G's swangin' out they trees  
Have you stankin' with the flies  
Cries comin' up out yo mouth  
But they muffled by the tone  
When I pull the trigga back  
You enter the enternal zone  
Southside killas  
Always stayin' strapped with them thangs  
Project Pat  
Memphis, Tennessee  
Where them killaz hangChorus

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