

## Put Ya Signs

### Three 6 Mafia

Put ya sign in his face, gang sign in his face  
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Make them niggas fight, what make them hoes fight  
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(2x)

If you bitches ain't scared put a bitch right to the floor  
Tell her she belong below under shoes where roaches go  
Hoe I'm ready if you ready tell me what you wanna do  
To the lovely Gangsta Boo, buck as fuck I thought you knew  
Put my sign up in ya face  
Leave ya stape without a trace  
You ain't buck 'cause bitch I saw ya stankin' ass yesterday  
Talk ya hoe ya 'cause I'm comin' in the crowd boy  
With niggas and I'm out slammin' bitches to the ground

I see ya from the stage ya angry face is fighting in the corner  
Full of marijuana niggas in the middle in a trauma  
While they throwin 'bo's they snatchin' hoes that stuck in a coma  
Any thick lil' fine bitch come on through a nigga all up on her  
Some trick done got mad and ran to the wagon and grabbed a 12 gauge pump  
Probably full of that numby numb that coke and rum and getting dumb  
Cars are barrelin' through the nigga shootin' runnin to the Rover  
Niggas catchin the heat from slugs  
Negroes gettin trampled over

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Now I got you bitches hot  
Platinum out and on the spot  
Mad becuae they take your cell  
So they stop at slangin rocks  
Bring yo ass to North Memphis  
Killas hang and niggas pimpin  
Playas on them cards flippin  
Choppin dope up in the kitchen  
And I always keep it real  
Way before a record deal  
So my nigga don't hate on me 'cause Juicy J be gettin his bills  
Clean that mug from off ya face unless you want a casket case  
Nigga fuck what you end, who you clean, and fuck ya friend

Nigga you claimin set, throwin', showin' signs  
You ain't no one look inside your face is plain as day  
Another hoe is showin'  
Bitch I'm down with the same game you claim but I will fuck you up  
Hoe it ain't the same off in them flames I don't give a fuck  
Put some in your liver you so in the studio  
Nigga all but the liver watch you run like bitch was stealers that I let you know  
Packing automatics full of that static that you stressin' for  
Actin' like you want some but it seems you scared to go

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Hey don't call me for sweet songs  
Ain't no  
Ain't no funky smilin' faces  
Ain't no grins up on this man  
It's the that keeps me cool  
Social security breaking news  
Shit could fight up all night with mo henny wait that's how I (breath)  
Do you feel it? Is it rare?  
Smack that bitch up with that chair  
When you see me over there  
Raise your hands up in the air  
'Cause bitch this ain't no Rosewood  
Nigga take another round  
Slipped up, chopped up, fucked, lights out

Claim where I claim, hang where I hang  
Burn where I burn, nigga ain't no thing  
Do what I do, hanging with my crew  
(What, what, what, what) nigga I thought you knew  
Ain't no hood, throwin our sets  
Me fucking more nigga no disrespect  
Get out our way, gun will spray  
Easy come nigga anyday

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