

Triple Bitch Mafia

Playa Fly

Triple, triple, triple, triple
Triple bitch mafia, mafia, mafia
Flizy, Flizy, Flizy, Flizy, Flizy
Fli-Flizy comin gunnin three six runnin

Hangin low cheefin high, time to make you bitches cry
Triple bitches talkin shit, f**k you hoes are gonna die
Playaz comin harder won't bothered by yo pettiness
Break the law so super slaw, boy you can't compare to this
Playaz on the scene for you green, jealous funky hoes
Bet that tech will get respect, plus you hoes full of blow
Now the f**k you figga you'd be bigga cause you makin cheese
Half the shit you makin bitch, glorifyin Gangsta B.
Thinkin bout my nigga clout, Playa Fly's in the house
Fly so high funkytown, man you love to hear me shout
Nigga youse a bitch when I get'cha they gone miss you punk
Tie you to my nigga's bumper but busta you won't reach the trunk
Crunk from the funk and blunt now my bodies numb
Give me one I got me one now busta you gone give me some
Just cause you crave, dig yo grave time to stop ya
Proppin ya, droppin da triple bitch mafia

Triple bitch mafia, mafia, mafia, mafia, mafia, mafia, mafia, mafia
Flizy, Flizy comin gunnin
Three six runnin
(4x)

Man I wish you niggaz would, do the shit you clam you could
Stillin, robbin, killin, mobbin, never in my f**kin hood
Busta come on face the fact, rollin three blunts out a sack
I hear you mention funkytown but never touch the funky pack
In others words, Gangsta Blac makes ya f**kin heart stop
Drop to ya f**kin guts, leave you reachin for ya glocks
Ain't no time for reason and thrown pieces and the "L" sign
Call this matter life and death, man you walk a thin line
Crime on my mind yo its murder and I'm on them slopes
Any bitches clam in sixes ho you goin up in smoke
As I hear them country raps, comin from a Crunchy Blac
Man you soundin super wack and Fly know who behind that
Pranksta Boo, ho you through, ho I gotta get you too
Facial featchers favor hell ugly duckling of the crew
And to you, you handicap bitch ya I'm watchin ya
Flizy gone assassinate the triple bitch mafia

Roasten toasten triple duck, triple tradin set it up
Runnin felony or jack, f**k around and get it stuck
Buck feelin f**ked now what's up, put you on the spot
Triple sissies sayin shit, Marcus pass that plastic glock
Put the pistol in yo face, if you run f**k the chase
Hollow tips would stop the pop and lemon pillers win the race
Catch a case I never wrote, smoke to keep it on the low
Busta takin off the map, wonder do yo roadies know
Tricky Ricky Scarecrow, cooler than a fan though
Riden wit the triple bitch is but ana 'ho
Now you know, and to you, busta bitch call him Koop
Talk so weakly to that bitch, now that ho is runnin you
Juicy clam he smokin sqaures playa know you a lie

As we cheefed them mega blunts, I thought you was bout to die
Now I'm stayin super high ana bring that trigger itch
If you keep on talkin shit, I'll triple fix a triple bitch

[Talking until end of song]