

Body Parts

Three 6 Mafia

Crunchy Blac, Boogie Mane, Frayser Boy, Lil Wyte, Chrome,
Granddaddy Souf, Juicy J, Project Pat, DJ Paul the King of Memphis
Cock 'em up

Kill 'em and rob 'em and beat 'em and
dump all these body parts into my trunk

Hypnotized Minds! HCP! Hypnotized Camp Posse!
We finna do this for all you thievin ass wanna be us ass niggaz out there!
Stealin motherfucker! Take ya fake asses on nigga keep it real nigga
Make this money like we makin it nigga! Throw it down!

Ain't never been a motherfuckin bitch
Hypnotized here just to get that grip
Yall niggaz talk cuz ya talk like a bitch
Yall niggaz walk cuz ya walk like a bitch
Now aint that some shit ya hatin on this click
You gon make a nigga get up wit cha bitch
Split yo wig oh yes I did
I told you you don't want it with a Hard Hitta kid!

I done warned the glock spot to spot hit the locks
Hit a nigga for his stash spot
Took the rock nigga was got that was the plot
dodge the cops they labeled it another closing shop
Open it up for closin it up I don't give a fuck
On a daily basis I be postin it up
Smokin it up choppin it to match it wit dub
Give us a club Six mane tearin it up

These niggaz misleded I'mma throw the first blow
Leave a nigga shirt soaked playin get cha merked ho
Chop it yeah I hope folk money what I work fo
Paul & Juicy sent me gotta put cha in the dirt bro
Comin wit the pistols is easy we can get you guys
Frayser Boy Bizzle or Beezy its the Hypnotize
HCP them my folks weed got my eyes low
If you know what I know run that shit to my doe

We back motherfucker we smack motherfuckers
If you step in our way killaz attack motherfucker
But yall know yall done heard all that befo
Yall done seen the Fo-fos and folks kick in ya doe
You done seen the gauge pump bout to see a Chevy trunk
Lights out next to the Mississippi River plumped up
Tape hog tied wrong place wrong time
Hypnotized Minds trick knocked ya up off ya grind

All my muhfuckers you niggaz should already know
I'm the truth and out the booth never been a ho
Get yo ass flipped sideways cut ya through the doe
You ain't know I'm a young rich gangsta nigga
Never been one of them old type wanksta niggaz
I'm a smart muhfucker ask my mama who made me
A lotta niggaz mad cuz they know they can't fade me
I'm Chrome Carleone Paul & Juicy who pay me

Well its ya boy Grandaddy (Souf) call me Mr. Man
Fuckin all ya aunties ya nieces and ya mammies
See I could give a fuck about ya tossin all ya tough talkin
You don't like me nigga hit me in my mouth
Man don't talk about it be about it get cha point across then
Candy ass nigga boy you softer than cotton
Fight me or squash it cuz I ain't bout the spit boxin
Hootin and hollerin like a cheerleader squadron

You can't be like me slangin D cuz I'm hurtin ya
No competition with the Juice cuz its curtains
It ain't nothin shakin but some pimps in this bizitch
Thats why you muggin and yo face lookin pizzissed
Stay bflippin cars ballin out like to shizine
You stay askin questions how the hell them niggaz do that
We smoke the best of dro while she down wit some Jack-Jack
My eyes like the red carpet still on the blue side

They locked me up just like 2Pac and I went plat-ti-num
Laid it down for a calendar I'm right back at them
Took my game then weighed it up on a triple beam
Niggaz rob kill steal for the ghet-ty green
U.S.. Marshal at my folks house want to kill me dead
Wanna see me in a pine box bullet in my head
I'm was like "I ain't did shit why you hatin this?"
Ghetto thugs know my rap songs they relate to this

I been doin this too long to still be strugglin livin like this
Fuckin off with major labels slayed me like a bitch
And these got cheese and ride on Rolls it mean hoes
But still on the road doin free shows
Tryna get a few spins in a few spots
I grewed up back in the day I wouldn't use my glock
I hear a lotta corny shit on the radio
Thats because they record company wouldn't spend dough
Yeah my label got a hook up wit MTV
But they just keep forgettin to tell 'em bout me
They try to play like it's love and its family
But all my marketing dollars goin to {****}
Tear Da Club Up was the first Crunk fight song
I made that in 92 a lil not long
That it took 10 million sold and we still ain't on
That's why Three 6 is the MOst Known Unknowns...