

I Ain't Cha Friend

Three 6 Mafia

Yeah, ya'll thought that underground shit
Wouldn't gon' work in ya
Yeah
For the ouijas of sin is death
For the gift of god is eternal life
Through jesus christ our lord
Roman 6-23 nigga
Read it and weep, biatch

Hit a man bustin' up in my door
So i grab my 44
Now them bustas on the floor
Covered up by pillows
Oh no
I'm lookin' for them trizicks
Tryin' to put a group up in they clizick
I'm comin' up quick
I'm takin' no shots bustin' these caps off in these bitches
So why you wanna mess with this
So why you wanna take off this piece
Fool i'm bad to the bone, jone, chrome tech (??) fatality
You'll be fled
I'll be glad
When i make you hit that grass
I ain't showin' no mercy
God damn it i'm bustin' that ass
I'm havin' cisions of flesh (??) like that roozer tech
That mess in my head
If the constantly teachin' this evil shit
You hear some laughin' whose that in the window gaspin'
Now if you feel me tell me whose that creepin' for your head

This goes out to all of you suckas
Includin' you crossers
Includin' you bustas
This shit is so fucked up
I can't even trust ya
This lady is tried of you motherfuckers
I'm bumpin' so hard
It's like oh my god
Gangsta boo is rippin' the mic all apart
If your ass wasn't so full of that fart
Never would you have tasted me from the start
I'm trying to tell you hoe
Let me tell you bitch
You ain't my fuckin' friend
Prophet entertainment member known as boo
Had to tell your ass time and time again
Ride with my click
Bitch triple 6
Is all i need plus my weed and the n-i-n-e
To keep you frilly hoes off of me
Come into my face
With that pimpin' ass shit
Watch you see this gangsta bitch get scandalous
You friendly ass hoes i scratch off my list
I don't need you

Don't want you bitch

Friends like foes in these hoes
Keep on talkin' that shit
Actin' like they bad as fuck
But they ain' really talkin' bout' shit
Keep on dissin' this click
And we gon' hurt one of you tricks
Put your body in a ditch
Or dig a grave for that shit
Don't you ask who like it
Crunchy blac did it bitch
Keep on talkin' all that noise
And i'ma get big like big business

I have to tell these niggas time and time again
Bitch i ain't your fuckin' friend
I'll do your ass in

Smiles can be deceivin'
Even if it's your friends
And hoes that know we can't be even steven
Should not believe in
Too late one of them slip it's my foes
You already got my glock to the back of your head
Prayers already said
Done consider yourself dead
Your family and friends might be sayin' that i crossed you out
But nigga you was fake from the beginning
So i had to toss you out
Friend i'm no more
I kill all you foes
Step in my trunk
And i give it to a stroll back
The hammer release
And leave your chest with holes
All in the club
With that buck ass tube and pot
It's kind of hard
You can't beat us
And you can't join us
Cause we ain't gonna stop if you don't stop

Some of the superior astronomical bends
From that of my mystical dreams
Of the many scenes
Mighty, manipulative, mercilous, multiple murderers
Sit back in dangerous
Hittin' and strippin'
And critical injury
Misery, seriously witness to the tremory
Trajedy, agany, infamy, agany brutal mentality
Assassatain
My voodoo tribe
If you don't want to be fried
Put on a feary disguise
Lord infamous takn' no prisoners
Forget the begging, pleading, and the cries
Your reservation revalation
A satanic nation
Has be prophesized
I can look in your eyes and tell that there is fear
From the eternal burning of each of your lies

Flights of headlights
Black clothes and limos
Another negro startin' to decompose
From his casket the scarecrow shall place a bloody black rose
Who knows that hate
That goes behind closed doors
With corpses froze in six foot holes
Wicked throws
Evil flows and torturing of foes

Yeah, i ain't ya fuckin' friend
You do your ass in nigga
Three 6 mafia comin' at your ass for the 9-7 bitch
Yeah
Watch your back niggas
You know who you are motherfucker
That brown shit would