

Live by Yo Rep

Three 6 Mafia

-Man it's cold'n a muthafucka, I wish I had some ole funkdaified...
-This is Shalonda, Bone Magazine, here interviewing the Triple 6 Mafia from Memphis, who has a unique quality of rap style, what would you do if someone tried to duplicate your ideas?

Well, I shall take 1000 razor blades and press them in the flesh
Take my pitchfork out the fire, soak it in their chest
Through the ribs, spines, charcoal the muscle tissue
And send what's left back to yo mammy
Cause that bitch might miss you
But first, I want to slowly pull off all your skin
Get grease and boil it hot pour it on you and your dead friend
I probably outta be not be so horribly slaughtering the body
I am so naughty because I am moderately in to photography
Following through the autopsy
But man, fuck it, pour some acid on them, too
That's what I would do, Skinny Pimp what would you do?

Just look into the eyes of the mask
Slangin my AK to knock out my enemies
Fear of the razor, da blast, he done passed
Leavin no trace of the evidence
Bodies sit in box chopped up in pieces
His soul done rose, I placed them tubes up under my mattress
My conscience is black and it's strange
Cause I murdered a bitch, and the Devil just rushin my time
With this 9 in my hand causin death when you sleep
In the casket I make you no killas in mind
Pullin a jack, reach me that cheese, make a stupid move
Nigga ya bleed
Bustin 17, please don't scream, don't run
Either long range street sweep
Never ever run from the buckshots, bust em at ya back
When I'm full of yak, ain't no clue
In 2 deep, you sneak, we creep, Juiceman, what would you do?

First a nigga looked in the white pages for this bitch
Mafia-style nigga cause you don't know who ya fuckin it
Called him at his fuckin home, minimum breathin on the phone
Warnin sign to let you know I'm comin so you better be gone
Wether ya run I be stoppin ya, with the 2 9s I be poppin ya
Witness a nigga from North Memphis of the Triple 6 Mafia
2 killas at yo front door, 3 killas at yo back door
These hoes peeked through the curtains
And saw them gats pointed at the window
Nothin but destruction after we touched em
Man I thought you knew
That's what I would do, Gangsta Boo what would you do?

Think about a master plan on how to buck them bitches dead
Gangsta Boo the Devil's Daughter comin with the livin dead
Yes I'm so so crazy, so so scandalous, I will hurt you bitch
Torture your body with nothin but fire
Then I calmly shoot you bitch
Blast you in yo head make sure you dead
Cause I don't want you to live
My words of wisdom: The weaker the victim the bigger the thrill

The Triple 6 Mafia do not feel sorry for none of you dirty hoes
We full of that weed so we proceed to take your fuckin soul
It's not a problem when I buck you bitch, I do it smooth
That's what the Devil's Daughter do, now Fly what would you do?

Clizick with the real Triple 6 niggaz for yo death
Ain't no shame up in my game, as you take your last breath
Six niggaz trill, ready to kill, bustas, suckas jump
Pull a fucked up clickin on you niggas, Fly gon ball, you punk
To you fuckin imitators, watch yo ass fuckin click
Bite a Playa's style and slip, soon you will be stackin, bitch
Fly gon bring them body bags, Lord you touch the fuckin shovel
Dig it deep and bury that bitch
Lay em down there with the Devil
Busta numb, red rum, Mr. I-B-N, fool
Oh that's what the Fly would do, now Killaman what would you do?

First I hit up Crunchy, and I get full of that Holy Ghost
The Devil's already in me so I ain't gotta go too far to loc
You fucked up with the wrong click
So your murder's all on my mind
Plus Satan's inside, put hand to this plastic 9
Burrnin from the aim, my glock knows more
Every blink of the eye
But before it's all over, you'll have 2 ?Loogers?
In your weak thigh
Fall on to your kness, now it's time for you to 'fess
My fist full of fire, I punch a hole straight through yo chest
So any trick that wanna bite of this, everything, it's cool
You heard what I would do, and the Triple 6 whole fuckin crew

Nigga, live by yo rep cause we ain't takin shit
When I blast on yo ass, I'm gon empty this clip
(4x)

See we can't tolerate no nigga that is Layzie
Broke out the blender and I made some Krayzie gravy
It's Eazy, and when it was time to get Bizzy
Don't break, you can Wish, but You can't escape
Because we crave dead Flesh
Triple 6 bitch, easily you can be next

-Yeah, bitch, the Triple 6 Mafia, breakin muthafuckin bones like it
ain't shit, for the 9 nickel, beeyaaaaaatch!