

Body Parts

Three 6 Mafia

[Triple 6 Killas,
We kill 'em, and rob 'em, and beat 'em,
And dump all they body parts into my trunk,] Repeats occasionally,

[DJ Paul]
Yeah, for the '97, and we back up in this mothafucka atcho ass,
Prophet Posse,
Indo-G in this mothafucka,
Crunchy Blac, DJ Paul, who else in this hoe,

[Gangsta Boo]
Yo mane, miss lady Gangsta Boo in this mothafucka, 2000 strong bitch!

[Gangsta Blac]
Gangsta B up in this mothafucka, I'm representin' the flow street baby SPV daily,

[M Child]
M Child in this bitch, Orange Mound bound Bitch,

[MC Mack]
Yeah, yeah, yeah, MC Mack in this bitch, gettin' kamikaze bound on you clowns,

[Koopsta Knicca]
Don't forget about Koopsta Knicca,

[K-Rock]
K-Rock in this mothafucka, course we ??? bound hoe,

[Juicy J]
Yeah, yeah, Juicy man in this mothafucka,
I'm bringing all of Orange Mound on ya biatch,

[Lord Infamous]
Yo, whattup, it's the Scarecrow being mysterious nigga,

[Gangsta Boo]
They hatin' they hatin',

[K-Rock]
Hoe, I gotta my prophet posse,

Right behind me,
Throw a chump,
And run,
A man through da crowd, he goin' give me sumthin',
Brrap my niggas, and step 'em when K- Roc rockin', don't fuck with dis, see,

Say if u wit me x2,

Mon,

We buck 'em down... x2,

Only one,
Comin' out of that back door,
Slangin' my yayo,
Rollin' on them po-poes,
Droppin' that viper, smokin' that indo,
Makin' that bank roll,
Stupid ass bitches don't you know,
Killa Klan Kaze,
Playas makin' them God damn profits,
Hoe,

[MC Mack]

Chillin' down the lower level, waitin' for my time to come,
With this fool's a million styles, or maybe I just might make bond,
Release me on my own,
My patna's back on the streets with no employment,
Without no cheese up in my pocket tell me how can I have enjoyment,
Throughout my life, same ol' shit,
Knowin' MC Mack don't love no bitch,
Because if I loved them,
I can't trust 'em,
Breakin' this rock's gonna make me rich,
The kaze, my Klan, my click, must buck,
'Cuz there's no testin' us,
Pop 'em,
And drop 'em,
Lock 'em
And top 'em,
All up in my trunk,

[M-Child]

Dynamite I'm tossin',
Hatas crossin',
It's da end bitch,

U runnin' into bullet proof hoe, we still da Triple 6,
Prophet to da P, erasin' niggas that wanna skwirve,
With flows of horror, I'm droppin' like Steven Spielberg,
Deep into da mound ain't nuttin' but killas up in da dark,
"I'm creepin with the hatchet" with "slicin' body parts in da park",
Moon full of blood could it be another Jeffrey Dahmer,
I'm sneakin',
And creepin',
And blowin' up shit like da Una Bomber,
Bitch!

[Indo-G]
Rollin' wit da Devil,
On da level,
Dig yo ditch,
Bitch,
Hitch,
Wit da hi-ka,
On da mi-ka,
I'll make your ass wish,
Hicorky,
Dickory,
Dock,
As I pull out my glock,
And I'm ready to pop,
On da bitch... sissy muthafucka,
Bringin' da ruckus,
I'm brining my niggas 'cause we don't stop dis shit,
Yea... da Triple 6... brang it real,
Real... a mothafucka down to pack a steel,
Still,
... I fuck a fly, I pack a real,
Real on da mike like Evander Holyfield,

[Crunchy Blac]
There's no cries,
In my life,
There's no game that I would play,
Some people say that if you play a game,
Then mane,
You get 'em played,
Back on you,
I thought you knew,
You should have neva dissed this click,

The Three 6 Mafia, we poppin' slugs that got you bitches sick,

[Koopsta Knicca]

I neva be,
Botherin',
Koopsta... stands, out from the niggas who thinkin' they hard,
Do I flow up to the stars,
Bustin' in like your the boss,
... Kaze,
Got my back,
Now watch how quickly I react,
Wit that,
Boom boom boom, nigga, rat-a-tat-tat-tat,
Juicy, Paul, and Scarecrow,
Are rollin' in that bucket low,
And they causin' some static, so they reached and grabbed them 44s,
Fuckin' wit my nigga Blac,
He's stackin',
Plus his pimpin',
... Got real,
On da peel,
Hoes gonna feel,
Me,

[Lord Infamous]

Shut the fuck up bitch,
It's Infamous,
Your ass betta not scream,
Don't make me hafta wipe your muthafuckin' brains off my sheets,
I'm gonna burn you,
... Watch you burning,
Like my bad dreams,
Give you to da beast,
In the pit of Hades,
Thun-da roll... stormy black clouds,
I stole the 7th seal then the angel cried,
The Scarecrow, I love you... I wanna be with you forever,
But you too evil though... we gonna give you to the Devil,

[Gangsta Boo]

Wassup do you wanna come against me,
Do you wanna get yo ass erased off the m-a-p,
Devil's daughter comin' out,
Nigga betta watch out,
Because you got the queen of sins nigga, I'm gonna turn it out,

Comin' to you mean,
Cause it's in me,
To fuck you up,
Listen here dude, It's a ride so just buckle up,
Smokin' on them fuckin' blunts till my mind's about to blow,
Mothafuck the universe because we brought you da end, hoe,

[Juicy J]

First I want to grab a nigga by his neck,
Drag him to my fuckin' set,
Take the nigga blow, and his cheese, and them cigarettes,
Put my gun up to his nose,
Tie him up from head to toe,
Take the bitch to Evergreen... throw him in da bayou,
Call my niggas D and Blue,
Project Pat y'all know what to do,
Creep,
Through the streets,
With them thangs... blast on any fool,
Triple 6,
Killas in this motherfucka runnin' shit,
If you wanna playa hate the click,
Then you done with,

[Gangsta Blac]

Gotta keep my head up... no need for me to stop it, get stuck.
So ruck,
Wit luck,
As to rollin' cause Gansta Blac can't get fucked,
Look fool we creepin' on Ken but Martin Luther ain't wit me,
Ain't nuttin' but Prophet and thugs and SPVs all up wit me,
Rimie sippin',
While trippin',
While grippin',
Corners wit Juice,
Women rippin',
While dippin',
And ain't no stoppin this dude,
So if yo bank ain't on swole, ain't no stoppin' the Prophet,
That's who was straight,
For the eight,
And look who in it and out it,
Nigga.

[DJ Paul]

Look in da eyes of a mad man,
Shoot 'em in the head man,
Level on dat coco,
Playa stata calla,
Balla,
Killa man,
Fill the man,
With slugs,
When I'm full of drugs,
Trust I'm on ya fool,
Drug and a fuck 'em up can't stand in the first round fool,
Down and what you learned to do,
But you ain't got the right tools,
Clownin' on your new CD, now hoe, tell me what that proved,
I ain't seen shit new,
Check ya bunch of bodies out of film hoe,
The Prophet Posse let you live, we'll kill you next year,

[Hook] x4

Lyrics submitted by Edwin.

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