

# Live By Yo Rep (bone Dis)

## Three 6 Mafia

Well, Lord Infamous shall take 1000 razor blades  
And press them in they flesh  
Take my pitchfork up outta the fire, soak it down in their chest  
Through the ribs, spines, charcoal the muscle tissue  
And send what's left in back to yo, mamy  
Because that bitch might miss you  
But first, I want to slowly pull off all your skin  
Get grease and boil it hot pour on you and your dead friends  
I probably oughta 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? 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 stupid moves  
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 to deep, you sleep, we creep, Juiceman, what would you do?  
First a nigga looked in the white pages for this bitch  
Mafia style 'cause you don't know who ya fuckin' it  
Called him at his fuckin' home, nothin' but breathin' on the phone  
Warnin' sign to let you know, I'm comin' so you better be gone  
Werther ya run, I be stoppin' ya, with the 29s I be poppin' ya  
Witness a nigga from North Memphis of the Triple 6 Mafia  
Two killas at yo front door, three 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 stankin', 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 loce  
You fucked up with the wrong click, so your murder's all on my mind  
Plus Satan's inside, put my 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  
I have two Loogers in your weak thigh  
Fall on to your kness, now it's time for you to guess  
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  
Nigga, live by yo rep, 'cause we ain't takin' shit  
When I blast on yo ass, I'm gon' empty this clip  
Nigga, live by yo rep, 'cause we ain't takin' shit  
When I blast on yo ass, I'm gon' empty this clip  
Nigga, live by yo rep, 'cause we ain't takin' shit  
When I blast on yo ass, I'm gon' empty this clip  
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 [unverified]

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>