

# Body Parts 3

## Three 6 Mafia

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Crunchy Blac, Boogie Mane, Frayser Boy, Lil' Wyte, Chrome  
Granddaddy Souf, Juicy J, Project Pat, DJ Paul the king of Memphis  
Cock 'em upHypnotized 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 downAin't never been a motherfuckin' bitch  
Hypnotized here just to get that grip  
Y'all niggaz talk 'cuz ya talk like a bitch  
Y'all niggaz walk 'cuz ya walk like a bitchNow ain't that some shit ya hatin' on this click  
You gon' make a nigga get up with cha kid  
Split yo wig oh yes, I did  
I told you, you don't want it with a hard hitta kidI 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 shopOpen 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 upThese niggaz misleded I'mma throw the first blow  
Leave a nigga shirt soaked playin' getcha merked hoe  
Chop it yeah, I hope folk money what I work fo'  
Paul and Juicy sent me gotta put you in the dirt broComin' with the pistols is easy we can get you guys  
Frayser boy bizzle or beezy it's the hypnotize  
HCP them my folks weed got my eyes low  
If you know what I know run that shit to my doeWe back motherfucker we smack motherfuckers  
If you step in our way killaz attack motherfucker  
But ya'll know ya'll done heard all that befo'  
Y'all done seen the fo-fos and folks kick in ya doeYou done seen the gauge pump bout to see a Chevy trunk  
Lights out next to the Mississippi river plumped  
Duck tape hog tied wrong place wrong time  
Hypnotized minds trick knocked ya up off ya grindAll my muhfuckers you niggaz should already know  
I'm the truth and out the booth never been a hoe

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 muhfucka ask my mama who made me  
A lotta niggaz mad 'cuz they know they can't fade me  
I'm Chrome Carleone Paul and Juicy who pay me Well it's ya boy grandaddy call me Mr. Man  
Fuckin' 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 it's curtains  
It ain't nothin' shakin' but some pimps in this bizitch  
That's why you muggin' and yo face lookin' pizzissed Stay flippin' 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 with some jack-jack  
My eyes like the red carpet still on the blue side They locked me up just like 2Pac and I went platinum  
Laid it down for a calendar I'm right back at 'em  
Took my game then weighed it up on a triple beam  
Niggaz rob, kill, murder steal for that ghetty 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  
That's because they record company wouldn't spend dough Yeah, my label got a hook up with MTV  
But they just keep forgettin' to tell 'em 'bout me  
They try to play like its love and it's family  
But all my marketin' dollars goin' to, shh 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

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