

Gotta Touch 'Em, Pt. 2

Three 6 Mafia

Gotta touch 'em maine
Gotta touch 'em maine You gotta touch 'em
When you see DJ Mel
Making fresh beats
We ain't nothin'
But some killas you's A bitch and you actin'
Like a snitch so fuck wit us
So don't play wit us
Don't mess wit us
'Cuz we da real deal Ready to get us a platnim meal
I'm starvin' and hongry
Don't even try to be my homie
I will get my 30-30 rifle and
Let's go some demon shit bioootch Gotta touch 'em
Gotta touch 'em
Gotta touch 'em
Gotta touch 'em So I park up on Maplewood
And I took a drank
And I seen a skank
I said, Come here bitch
I want you to lick around my nuts She said, Cool dollar 25
I said, Bitch please you tipeen
So she got to lickin'
It was the best in the world
So I started trippin' Yea nigga we out we comin' back
But for now peace and I'm gon'
Touch you

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>