

Sippin On Some Syrup (feat. UGK & Project Pat)

Three 6 Mafia

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

You ol' pussy-ass, cake-ass, punk-ass, trick-ass, sucker-ass,
Fuck-ass, dick-in-the-booty-ass, K-Y Jelly-packing-ass nigga
You better get your bitch ass up off the street, nigga
You got five seconds to get your hating ass up outta here (Pouring up and showing up, bitch)
'Cause it's some trill-ass niggas in this motherfucker
Yeah, nigga, y'all know the motherfucking sco', y'all non-snorters, non-smokers, non-sippers,
Get the fuck up out of here, bitch
Nigga, it's some sipping-ass, pouring up-ass, smoking-ass, getting high-ass niggas in here,
Three 6, UGK, nigga, we putting it down in this motherfucker
And we ain't playing wit'chu, y'all know the motherfucking sco', homie
Now pour it up, niggaSippin' on some siz-erp, sip, sippin' on some, sip
Sippin' on some siz-erp, sip, sippin' on some, sip
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Sippin' on some siz-erp, sip, sippin' on some, sipFor a trill, working the wheel, a pimp not a simp
Keep the dope fiends higher than the Goodyear Blimp
We eat so many shrimp, I got iodine poisoning
Punk niggas make me sick with all the pidgeoning and bargaining
You say that you a boss, I ain't believing that shit
You got a funny Geneva evil watch, with the Ferrari kit
Take that monkey shit off, you embarrassing us
I got the web from mezzazine, thick orange and yellow cuffs
Hyper called on, on the hands-free phone
The '84 roam, on them blades, 20-inch chrome
If you got 16, you can get a biz-erp
I'm choking on that doja sweet and sipping on that siz-erpNiggas scared to flaunt it, some niggas they want it
want it
Some niggas they join it joint it, but I be fucked up up on it
Well we're the Mafia 6, and we ain't bout that bullshit
If we gon' get high we gon' get high, and we gon' haves a bitch

Two niggas all at the mouth, niggas all at the ass
And plus, that syrup have a nigga dick hard all night and she cool with that
She popped her a pill of X, and drank on some orange juice
And just when you thought she was freaking, she done got super loose
Niggas come in by threes and deuces, all in circles like duck-duck-goose
All that want it can bone it, she on that X and that tootie fruit
Forty dollars for just one ounce ounce, plus tussionex is how it's pronounced
Niggas sipping and dipping and tripping, man, I'm 'bout all outSippin' on some siz-erp, sip, sippin' on some, sip
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Sippin' on some siz-erp, sip, sippin' on some, sipPeople always asking me, is the Three 6 high on that?
Rolling on them X pills, stuttering, pup-pup powder packs
Woah, where the weed at, ain't like that we need that
NyQuil will slow me down, something that keep me easy
Nothing like that yella yella, that'll have you itching, man
Talking like, what's up, fool? Vocal chords sounding lame
In my days, all we did was chief out on a quarter pound
Gone on coke, eyes all bucked, this here shit'll knock you down
Knock you out, make you fall asleep when you're on them wheels
Ain't no doubt, hit me when I beep for this refill
Once again, on my wicked high, gotta have that drank
Yeah, my nig, y'ain't know, I feel like I'm gonna fucking faintNigga, tell me what you know 'bout Frank, Nito,
and Young Guido
Paul and Vito, we play a tune that's sweeter than Pedito
With my Three 6 niggas pouring up in my southern credo
Quick, fast, we'll put it on your ass like John Bido
'Cause you fronting rap sangers, be creamy like a Zanger
You ain't from the manger, boy, but you gets the middle finger
Humdanger, rum dranker, occasionally take
Your bitch to the telly and be a dick and cum slanger
When Big Bun come danger, nigga, ring your alarm
Sexy thang on my arm, cup of drank in my palm
And that crazy shit, I'm tripping on some skinny bitches
Something that's wholesome, Florida to Folsom
For the most, I'm steady sipping on some sizzurpSippin' on some siz-erp, sip, sippin' on some, sip
Sippin' on some siz-erp, sip, sippin' on some, sip
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