

Bodyparts 2

Three 6 Mafia

Yeah, we back up in this mothafucka Prophet motherfuckin' Posse hoe
Three 6 Mafia, M-Child a whole bunch of mothafuckas
And ready to do this shit you wanna fuck a hoe
Then wait until you're back when the war's gone bitch You better recognize you motherfuckin' suckas
Thinkin' that I'm for the 9-7 once again, it's on
Bout to pull yo' motherfuckin' ass in bitch
Woow, woow, woow, woow, woow, woow, woo Now when they comes to the hood, I be like black haven zone
And when it comes to parts of the body, I got more than Auto zone
In the middle of fashion I got to keep it like rockin'
Them people callin' it green that smoke how much I like it Again it's up to him I need to let some shots off
It's DJ Paul with Teflon so take that bulletproof off
When they jump, I pump to put some murderin' punks
And then I dump all his bodyparts into my trunk Play, I'm a terror from the end, I'll watch that body explode
If they retaliate I blast, I think about you won't find them bloody clothes
Kill 'em though don't you know, I want to get rid of those faked up hoes
It's the city of Memphis watch me witness how this nigga unload Rage make me regularly, force me blood
I feed ya' hot lead slugs and watch you drip like fudge
I'm nuts, you got no crisp, you got no heart
You niggas front from the start
I want to fill my fucking backyard with your bodyparts Wuss up mista trick do you wanna get with this?
Pimp type ass bitch down with the Triple 6
My Lexus trunk or Viper Prophet Posse nothin' nicer
In this fuckin' body parts through the air 'cause we come to get it crunk Several bodies in my trunk never denyin'
Always high, and fuck you playa hatin' punks
Always stayin' on the top look at the Billboard Charts
Prophet Posse takin' over nigga now we got you high I don't know you why the fuck you all in my grill
I'm stackin' buck on you niggas, sayin' you so so trill
You ain't no killa my lyrics leave you scared to go to sleep
Sleepin' with the lights on, hoe you cautious of me Me and about 80 mo' motherfuckas who comin'
4 and 5 vans deep while your bitch ass runnin'
We be the Prophet, devilish, and meanin' click so tight
M-Child, Orange Mound, smokin' out every night, bitch I met this dude last week who said he slangin' double
keys
Also had a hook up on some tall and some light green ink
What you think I was tryin' to plan a robbin' spree
So I drove a low key car tryin' to fool the streets Curve after curve I return tryin' not to swerve
Knowin' by the hour I'll be choppin' up my bag of herbs
Plus a pure herb, AK's, all kinds a guns
'Till the nigga pulled his car to the side and stopped the run Please don't test these murderers slugs I will pump

in to gut
Scan from the Killa Klan Kaze I will dump your bodyparts into my trunk
Let's go ride then play a game what's the game, the game of names
Now which, which one would you choose
Whichever you choose you lose, you lose First time on the maximum, don't be a trick
To see them hats talk shit but they don't know the deal
Dope sella BHZ's where I dwell-ah
They looked into the barrel of my jet black Barretta Ratta, tatta, is all you heard
To see you niggas comin' up in the [unverified]
But watch the game 'cause you don't got no friends
Droopy Drew Dog self made to the end Check this here nigga will, rob and steal, mob and kill
And it feel they don't feel what I feel, then I fill
Them up with bullet lead, two to the head
Then I lay them in graves that I dig just for them, yes it is Slammin' bones, throwin' licks, puttin' bitches in
there clicks
Kaze in this motherfuck down with Prophet click
Clack, boom, doom, for you hats and you realas
Mossberg slug to your grill you can feel this Trigger happy, nappy headed, set it don't you see me
Project Pat is down but ain't no fuckin' damn fool we
Ridin', drinkin', dankin', bodies stankin', I can smell it well
And if them police pull us over I'm the first to bail Jackin' and packin' and takin' those fakin' ass bitches
That thinkin' that all of us is red instead while I drop this track
I flack, I'm ready, I'm straight from very bone
To the motherfucka fall out on the floor see Triple 6, it's on Bitch every mud up in a source bone
I don't wanna kill a motherfucker, betta get a motherfucker
For talkin' that shit, uh, I don't wanna kill a motherfucker
Betta get a motherfucker for crossin' my click, bitch Boogety boogety bang bang, nigga blew your brains
On the motherfuckin' wood grain nigga
Pullin' the trigga like uh die nigga, uh die nigga Motherfucker I'm K Roc, I dump the bodyparts into my trunk
See me after Killa Klan, seein' that K Roc solo burn
Makin' up in my green, Prophet Posse my nigga
Gimme that forty glock and I'ma jump, pullin' the trigger I see traitors lookin' at playa hats fakin' while we
blast our gat
I don't know where you're at hey boy, I better witness a [unverified]
If a nigga don't believe me, tricks afraid in front of the car
To that ditch, I dumped all his bodyparts into my trunk

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