

Touched Wit It

Three 6 Mafia

Boy, I think this the second time
You done passed up this sign
You goin' the wrong way, man
Slow ya role, slow ya role, ya know what I'm saying?
Look, we about to go I 255
(Yeah)
straight up to Memphis
(Ya show)
See what I'm saying
Paul said he gone meet us by Wal-Greens
We 'bout to go head on and break this bread
Ya see what I'm saying? What you gone do?
Bitch, you can picture the pain, I rip you in vain
While the young soldiers whisper my name
I'm dealing the caine, sippin' on crown, smokin' that Jane
Open the brain, let that shit inject, you think that I'm playin'
Don't make me get at your kin fo' those that can't
Either you die slow, ride slow, 'cause Fiend about to show
How not only God knows, these niggas our hoes, my stock broke
So we ain't trippin' puttin' knives to throats
Buckin' the clip at the 5 and 0, allow smoke
Dosha go straight to my lungs I see
Whomp, whomp, whomp, whomp
In ya streets Chopper intro now peep this
Got wit' you F I E N D and THREE 6
Talk it like I bring I feel you need this deep shit
Sleep with them fishes, eat with them bitches, it's all on you
Like that lil' nigga B.G. CD volume 2
I throw hallows threw, what you use to swallow and chew
'Bout what ya gone do?
Infamous I'm leavin' brain dust
I'll in danger you lamers like strangers
I'm in this bitch, pimp stick, clothes hanger
I'm out the frame, on a lame, like a Banger
I either put you in a cross or I pull the Moss
I'm runnin' threw so logs, trying to blow ya leg off
I put some shit up in the line that'll blow ya mind
It's like some Colt 45, does it every time, nigga get my rhymes
If I pull my pistol I'm a bust with it

Never see me holdin' it and go fuss with it
You gone be a big pussy gettin' fucked with it
Forever tucked with it 'cause you done got touched with it
If I pull my pistol I'm a bust with it
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You gone be a big pussy gettin' fucked with it
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Act like you know me when I say I'm head thug on your block
Hold ya breath when I spray paint my name on yo spot
Tell your self you ain't scared when I run in your shit
I ain't 'bout no games Woody it's your life or yo bwoaditch
Apologize when I pass by bootin' my grill
3rd World I represent it Blood City fo' real
Forget yo' know me when I pistol whip you and yo click
No limit riders, Tre 6, y'all ain't runnin' like this
Now what's the fuck the use of holdin' a gun and playin' with you hoes
I'm 'bout to shut down yo' heart that's how the story goes
These boys think 'cause we some CEO's, we must be some hoes
Its consequences and reprecussions fuckin' with pros
These bitches hot 'cause it's hypnotized and no limit
We off the wham but only real niggas all up in it
I tell you what Serv kill the head of yo click
And I bet all them hoes quit talkin' shit
If I pull my pistol I'm a bust with it
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I never ran up yo a trunk, blastin' on a fuckin' punk
Toxicated, high, or drunk, try and grab the closest pump
Never flodged on how I lived, fight a nigga over a bitch
Playa I'm just callin' pimp, always keep a cigarette lit
Never walked up in the club, dissin' niggas with a mug
Always keep my own sack, never wanted to hit your bud
Independent on you hoes, makin' more than selling dope
If you wanna hate the click, nigga, I make your body froze
Close yo' eyes?
Mouth full, it's a south thang thugging like that
You say you know I'm in North Memphis pushin' that drill
Tearin' clubs up in South Memphis and Smokey City
Say your prayers when I lay that iron clean on yo chest
Don't play no games boy, I'm kinda wild with that tech

Pretend you death when I scream what city you clame
Fuck around with me I separate your body from your name
Lay down bitch, La Chat and I ain't playing no games
Bucking you hoes, my mado keep my distance from lames
My 45 be on my side and I be ready to ride
We catch you slippin' you be missin' have you buried alive
My niggas downtown we got that anna that you bitches don't won't
Step to me wrong Paul, Juicy, Pat, La Chat
Be strapped wit' them pumps
Now how you figure when you fuck up that we gone let you live
We kill your ass then set a randsome fo' your guts that we spill
If I pull my pistol I'm a bust with it
Never see me holdin' it and go fuss with it
You gone be a big pussy gettin' fucked with it
Forever tucked with it 'cause you done got touched with it

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