



Niggas sipping and dipping and tripping, man, I'm 'bout all out  
Sippin' on some siz-erp, sip, sippin' on some, sip  
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People 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 faint  
Nigga, 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 sizzurp  
Sippin' on some siz-erp, sip, sippin' on some, sip  
Sippin' on some siz-erp, sip, sippin' on some, sip  
Sippin' on some siz-erp, sip, sippin' on some, sip

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