

Live By Yo Rep (radio)

Three 6 Mafia

Well, Lord Infamous shall take 1000 razor blades
And press them in they flesh
Take my pitchfork up outta the fire, soak it down in their chest
Through the ribs, spines, charcoal the muscle tissue
And send what's left in back to yo, mammy
Because that bitch might miss you
But first, I want to slowly pull off all your skin
Get grease and boil it hot pour on you and your dead friends
I probably oughta be not be so horribly slaughtering the body
I am so naughty because, I am moderately in to photography
Following through the autopsy
But man, fuck it, pour some acid on them, too
That? What I would do, Skinny Pimp what would you do?
Just look into the eyes of the mask
Slangin' my AK to knock out my enemies
Fear of the razor, da blast, he done passed
Leavin' no trace of the evidence
Bodies sit in box chopped up in pieces
His soul done rose, I placed them tubes up under my mattress
My conscience is black and it's strange
'Cause I murdered a bitch and the devil just rushin' my time
With this 9 in my hand, causin' death when you sleep
In the casket I make you no killas in mind
Pullin' a jack, reach me that cheese, make stupid moves
Nigga ya bleed bustin' 17, please don't scream, don't run
Either long range street sweep
Never ever run from the buckshots, bust 'em at ya back
When I'm full of yak, ain't no clue
In to deep, you sleep, we creep, Juiceman, what would you do?
First a nigga looked in the white pages for this bitch
Mafia style 'cause you don't know who ya fuckin' it
Called him at his fuckin' home, nothin' but breathin' on the phone
Warnin' sign to let you know, I'm comin' so you better be gone
Werther ya run, I be stoppin' ya, with the 29s I be poppin' ya
Witness a nigga from North Memphis of the Triple 6 Mafia
Two killas at yo front door, three killas at yo back door
These hoes peeked through the curtains
And saw them gats pointed at the window
Nothin' but destruction after we touched 'em

Man I thought you knew
That's what I would do, Gangsta Boo what would you do?
Think about a master plan on how to buck them bitches dead
Gangsta Boo the devil's daughter comin' with the livin' dead
Yes I'm so so crazy, so so scandalous, I will hurt you bitch
Torture your body with nothin' but fire
Then I calmly shoot you bitch
Blast you in yo head make sure you dead
'Cause I don't want you to live
My words of wisdom, the weaker the victim the bigger the thrill
The Triple 6 Mafia do not feel sorry for none of you dirty hoes
We full of that weed, so we proceed to take your fuckin' soul
It's not a problem when I buck you bitch, I do it smooth
That's what the devil's daughter do, now Fly what would you do?
Clizick with the real Triple 6 niggaz for yo death
Ain't no shame up in my game, as you take your last breath
Six niggaz trill, ready to kill, bustas, suckas jump
Pull a fucked up clickin' on you niggas, Fly gon' ball, you punk
To you fuckin' imitators, watch yo ass fuckin' click
Bite a playa's style and slip, soon you will be stankin', bitch
Fly gon' bring them body bags, Lord you touch the fuckin' shovel
Dig it deep and bury that bitch, lay 'em down there with the devil
Busta numb, red rum, Mr. I B N, fool
Oh, that's what the Fly would do, now Killaman what would you do?
First I hit up Crunchy, and I get full of that Holy Ghost
The devil's already in me so I ain't gotta go too far to loce
You fucked up with the wrong click, so your murder's all on my mind
Plus Satan's inside, put my hand to this plastic 9
Burrnin' from the aim, my Glock knows more
Every blink of the eye but before it's all over, you
I have two Loogers in your weak thigh
Fall on to your kness, now it's time for you to guess
My fist full of fire, I punch a hole straight through yo chest
So any trick that wanna bite of this, everything, it's cool
You heard what I would do and the Triple 6 whole fuckin' crew
Nigga, live by yo rep, 'cause we ain't takin' shit
When I blast on yo ass, I'm gon' empty this clip
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Nigga, live by yo rep, 'cause we ain't takin' shit
When I blast on yo ass, I'm gon' empty this clip
See we can't tolerate no nigga that is Layzie
Broke out the blender and I made some Krayzie gravy

It's Eazy and when it was time to get Bizzy
Don't break, you can wish but you can't escape
Because we crave dead flesh
Triple 6 bitch, easily you can be next
Yeah, bitch, the Triple 6 Mafia, breakin' muthafuckin' bones like it
Ain't shit, for the 9 nickel [unverified]

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