

Rainbow Colors

Three 6 Mafia

I got them rainbow colors in my cup
Jollyranchers man that shit be good as fuck
That's that syrup motherfucker that's that syrup (Gettin Blowed)
That's that syrup motherfucker that's that syrup (I'm Blowed)Sippin on syrup cause I love to lean
I'm high as fuck cause I'm puffin green
And I got more enfedimines then Eckers and Walgreens
I get high, as I park my, park my drop on the curb
I'm smokin on that blueberry yeah I gots that good herb
And when you come to H-town just hit me on the phone (Hello)
And I'ma come and pick yall up and we gone smoke and zone (Where yall at)
Cause you know I got that good weed and I got that purple drank
Its one twenty for an eighth and two forty for a pint
I got money in the bank so I ball like that
Got 20's on my car, on my car like that
Hit them all like that we ball like that
I'll fuck yo hoe and wont call her back
That's how we do it baby
I gotta keep it real
Oops my bad I'm like bumby I gotta keep it trill
And I dont pop no pills
I drop, I drop my trunk
So you can see my neon light and hear them speakers bump (Boom-Boom)
They call me Lil' Flip (Lil' Flip) I'm leanin to the left
I'm like the yin-yang twin, sippin this sippin this syrup by myselfI got them rainbow colors in my cup
Jollyranchers man that shit be good as fuck
That's that syrup motherfucker that's that syrup (Gettin Blowed)
That's that syrup motherfucker that's that syrup (I'm Blowed)I'm zoned up and seein double
Plus everything that I seein is already double
So that's like four of you motherfuckers
I'm leanin like I'm standin in a muddle puddle
And berry, berry, got me wantin a hashbrown ounce this ounce this huddle
I let the seat back in my lac and take another sip
Then screw the top off of my bottle take this blunt and dip
Off in the syrup, my nigga ask me help me, help me for
I said you really wanna get high then this here will serve
What them girls really know about that yellow tuss, tuss
Or them rainbow colors all mixed in a cup
Thatll make your dick hard when you ready to fuck
I bet your momma told you bitch you better not fuck wit us

We some cool type niggaz, all we do is smoke
And we sip on syrup, sittin on the front porch
Till we get real dizzy fall down on the floor
And if I get myself dippin, dippin on somemore

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