

Sippin on Some Syrup

Three 6 Mafia

Sippin' on some siz-erp, sip, sippin' on some, sip (Repeat 8x) For a trill, working the wheel, a pimp not a fimp
Keep the dope fiends higher than the Goodyear Blimp
We eat so many shrimp, I got iodine poisoning
Punk niggas make me sick with all the pidgeoning and bargaining You say that you a boss, I ain't believing that
shit
You got a funny Geneva evil watch, with the Ferrari kit
Take that monkey shit off, you embarrassing us
I got the web from mezzazine, thick orange and yellow cuffs Hyper called on, on the hands-free phone
The '84 roam, on them blades, 20-inch chrome
If you got 16, you can get a biz-erp
I'm choking on that doja sweet and sipping on that sizz-erp DJ Paul-
Niggas scared to flaunt it, some niggas they want it want it
Some niggas they join it joint it, but I be fucked up up on it
Well we're the Mafia 6, and we ain't bout that bullshit
If we gon' get high we gon' get high, and we gon' have a bitch
Two niggas all at the mouth, niggas all at the ass
And plus there's some type of niggas that
Caught all night and she cool with that
She popped off a pill of X, and drank off some orange juice
And just when you thought she was freaky she done got super loose
Niggas come in by threes and twos, all in circles like duck-duck-goose
All it wanted, can flaunted, she on that X and the tootie fruit
40 dollars for just one ounce ounce plus
The next is how its no ounce niggas
Niggas sipping and dipping and tripping, man I'm bout all out Sippin' on some siz-erp, sip, sippin' on some, sip
(Repeat 4x) Juicy J-
People always asking me, "Me the Three 6 high on that"
Rolling on them X pills, scurry pup-pup powder packs
Woah-wuh where the weed at, ain't like that we need that
Night crillers slow me down, want something that keep me easy
Nothing like that yella yella better hey you're itching man
Talking like you "What's up, fool?" Vocal chords sounding lame
In my days all we did was G-fight on the quarter pound
Gone on coke, eyes are buck, he should have knocked you down
Now you're out, lay up all asleep when you're up on them wheels
Ain't no doubt, hit me when I peep for this wheat field
Once again, on my wicked high, gotta have that dank
Heard my name, Gino, I feel like I'm gonna fucking faint Bun be-
Let me continue what you know, I bring Nito and Young Guido

Hauling Vito, we play a tune sweeter than ?Bedito?
With my Three 6 niggas hoeing up in my southern credo
Quick fast, we'll put it on your ass like John Vito
Cause you fronting rap sanger, be creamy like a Zanger
You ain't from the major boy, but you gets the middle finger
Humdanger, rum dranker, occasionally take
Your bitch to the Tilly 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
Some the hoes, I'm Florida the foes

And for the most I'm steady sippin' on someSippin' on some siz-erp, sip, sippin' on some, sip (Repeat til fade)

Songwriters

BUTLER, CHAD L. / FREEMAN, BERNARD JAMES / BEAUREGARD, PAUL D. / HOUSTON,
JORDANPublished by

Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group, BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is
protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>