

# Half On A Sack

## Three 6 Mafia

Hey nigga, get yo weed, yo blow  
Get yo drank together 'cause we 'bout to get high  
Half on a sack or some blow  
Half on a, half-half on a sack or some blow  
Half on a, half-half on a sack or some blow  
Half on a, half-half on a sack or some  
Bring that dro and play the beat  
Half on a sack or some blow  
Half on a, half-half on a sack or some blow  
Half on a, half-half on a sack or some blow  
Half on a, half-half on a sack or some  
Bring that dro and play the beat  
Nose all runny, fine snow bunny  
Take her to the crib, make her drink cummy  
I'm from the hood, I ain't never did this  
But now I can say I done done it  
Cocaine Blain, that's my dog  
Called him up to house this slut  
We gon' fuck her in the back of the bus  
And fill her nose up full of that dust  
Three 6 Mafia, wild on tour  
Whooping these niggaz and fucking these hoes  
In the bathroom, 'bout two whole hours  
Gettin' real high, passed out on the floor  
Fuck that shit, niggaz out of the frame  
Take 'em one and one, back in the game  
Back on the street, back on the strip  
Looking for a freak to run a train  
What you boys doing with that weed?  
Where you boys going with that shit?  
Begging like a little kid  
Give the homie a little bit  
I ain't smoke, yeah I smoke  
Cheefin' on that endo dope  
Hypnotize better, we make cheddar  
All the haters hit the road, kill yo' self  
Half on a sack or some blow  
Half on a, half-half on a sack or some blow  
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Half on a, half-half on a sack or some  
Bring that dro and play the beat  
My nostrils so stopped up  
I can't even smell the weed smoke  
The green man, it got locked up  
So I better make the best out this dro  
I sniff, I choke, I really enjoy myself  
It might seem like I'm sick  
But that [unverified] done got me there  
I got a couple of chocolate thangs  
I got me a couple of white thangs  
I got me a couple of Chinese bitches  
That pussies really sideways  
I got a bag, zip lock  
Filled to the brim with a pound in it  
Me and scarecrow gon' fuck these hoes  
And make sure the click hit it  
DJ Paul, that's my dog  
We break down walls like King Kong  
Any nigga by my pad later on  
We smoke so much call us Cheech and Chong  
High as a bird, no like a plane  
Got me high, I'm feeling it man  
Ain't no shame in my game  
Give yo boy the co-cocaine  
Half on a sack or some blow  
Half on a, half-half on a sack or some blow  
Half on a, half-half on a sack or some blow  
Half on a, half-half on a sack or some  
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