

# Spill My Blood

## Three 6 Mafia

Have they come to spill my blood?  
Have they come to sentence me?  
Will I leave here with my life, my Lord  
If the law men capture me?  
Have they come to spill my blood?  
Have they come to sentence me?  
Will I leave here with my life, my Lord  
If the law men capture me?  
Lord Infamous, the futuristic, rowdy bounty-hunter  
Nigga, I come from the land down under  
Up the from the ground  
You don't want to rumble or cry round  
Toss and tumble  
My voodoo do, so my poetry  
Now chicken blood or poultry  
My victim been shook by a pack of coyote  
Soarin' through the night down to the trees  
Packed tight with two-some on shakes  
No rubber with a paratroop, in fields with parachutes  
Down to the blue  
No matter however, can't hold em' for forever  
Dead or alive, with your body, I sprinkle rotten flower pedals  
Yes, the consequences are your choice, my dred  
'Cause Lord Infamous will gain a healthy bounty for your head  
I'm wakin' up, tossin' and turnin'  
Like in a scuffle  
My words aren't clear, rarely I speak, speak  
My voice is muffled, muffled  
My hands over my face  
They done got me  
I'm startin' to feel woozy  
They done shot me  
The same fools I done creeped on  
In his own sleep, sleep  
One them hoes survived  
Now they creeped on me  
Fool, we got your ass now  
So, what's up?  
Isn't you quiet just because we got your ass muff?

Muffled-like, bag your mouth  
Shouldn't of ran your mouth  
Talkin' about you gonna creep  
While we was sleep, but it was just no doubt  
Now the tables have turned  
And in the mist of the morgue  
Your funky sould burn, nigga  
Have they come to spill my blood?  
Have they come to sentence me?  
Will I leave here with my life, my Lord  
If the law men capture me?  
Have they come to spill my blood?  
Have they come to sentence me?  
Will I leave here with my life, my Lord  
If the law men capture me?  
Ten times out of twelve, nine times out of ten  
Gansta Boo is in it to win  
Prophet rider till the end smokin' weed  
Gettin' twisted more and sippin', havin' thoughts  
Thoughts about a nigga  
I remember what that trick had bought  
Kept that visine in my purse  
Get a rental car from Hertz  
Call my niggas from the Three 6  
Tell 'em 'bout the plan first  
Ooh, wee  
Can it be, another song we done made  
Fakin' on no damn jacks  
A bitch gots to get paid  
Come on prophets, now it's on  
Nigga, it's like that home alone  
Like white boy fuckin' lets go get this bitch  
Man, nigga, gone, done deal stupid trick  
Now you know this lady bitch  
Swing go gets high  
Scott free with your shit  
For all the dirt that I did to my wife  
Forgive me, Lord, each and every night  
Croked cops, pull a gun, don't fight  
Blow you away, leave you out of sight  
Search a nigga from the shirt to pants  
Nothin' on me but a sack ass can  
[Unverified] with empty shots  
Bucket clean  
They find a couple of grams

Tons of dope that that nigga don't know  
The Juice man can't be cuttin' no bro  
Tried the cuffs but the nigga didn't go  
Broke his throat with a quick left blowv  
Now it's on and the chase begins  
Cuttin' the corner, shirt blowin' in the wind  
Dog on my trail and he pickin' up the scent  
[Unverified] cops kill a four legged friend  
Jump in the lex, voodoo like a hex  
Dog confused, in they mind complex  
Fuck the red light, ballin' on my set  
Cops on my trail 'cause I let you rest  
Hop in the car, ran two more blocks  
Put in reverse, then I heard the gun shots  
Doin' a hundred, so I couldn't get popped  
Officer friendly, on the trip nonstop  
Have they come to spill my blood?  
Have they come to sentence me?  
Will I leave here with my life, my Lord  
If the law men capture me?  
Have they come to spill my blood?  
Have they come to sentence me?  
Will I leave here with my life, my Lord  
If the law men capture me?

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>