

Sippin' on Some Syrup

Three 6 Mafia

Sippin' on some siz-erp, sip, sippin' sippin on some, sip
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Sippin' on some siz-erp, sip, sippin' sippin on some, sipI'm trill working the wheel, a pimp not a pimp
Keep the dope fiends higher than the Goodyear Blimp
We eat so many shrimp, I got iodine poisoning
Fuck niggas make me sick with all that pinchin' and bargainingYou say that you a boss, I ain't believing that shit
You got the funny Geneva watch, with the Ferrari kit
Take that monkey shit off, you embarrassing us
I got the wet promenthazine, thick orange and yellow tussHydrocor-zone, on the hands-free phone
The '84 zone, on them blades, 20-inch chrome
If you got 16, you can get a biz-zerd
I'm choking on that doja sweet and sipping on that sizz-erpNiggas scared to flaunt it, some niggas they want it,
want it
Some niggas they joan it joan it, but I be fucked up, up on it
We're with the Mafia 6 and we ain't 'bout that bullshit
If we gon' get high we gon' get high and we gon' house a bitchTwo niggas all at the mouth, two niggas all at
the ass
And plus there's some type of nigga
Dick hard all night and she cool with that
She popped her a pill of X and drank on some orange juiceAnd just when you thought she was freakin' she done
got super loose
Niggas come in by threes and deuces all in circles like duck-duck-goose
All that want it can bone it, she on that X and that tootie fruit40 dollars for just one ounce, ounce plus
Tuss and X is how it's pronounced
Niggas sipping and dipping and tripping, man I'm 'bout all outSippin' on some siz-erp, sip, sippin' on some, sip
Sippin' on some siz-erp, sip, sippin' on some, sip
Sippin' on some siz-erp, sip, sippin' on some, sip
Sippin' on some siz-erp, sip, sippin' on some, sipPeople always asking me, me the Three 6 high on that
Rolling on them X pills, stuttering pup-pup powder packs
Woah-wuh where the weed at, ain't like that we need that
Nyquil will slow me down, something that keep me easyNothing like that yella, yella that will have you itching
man
Talking like you, what's up, fool? Vocal chords sounding lame
In my days all we did was chief out on a quarter pound
Gone on coke, eyes are bucked, this here shit will knock you downKnock you out, make you fall asleep when

you're on them wheels
Ain't no doubt, hit me when I beep for this refill
Once again, on my wicked high, gotta have that drank
Heard my name, Gino, I feel like I'm gonna fucking faintNigga tell me what you know 'bout Frank, Nito and
Young Guido
Paul and Vito, we play a tune it sweeter than Pedito
With my Three 6 nigga pouring 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 manger boy but you get the middle finger
Come bang her, rum drinker, occasionally take
Your bitch to the Telly and be a dick and cum slanger
When Big Bun come danger, nigga ring your alarmSexy thang on my arm, cup of drank in my palm
And that crazy shit, I'm tripping on some skinny bitches
Something that's wholesome, Florida to Folsom
And for the most I'm steady sippin' on some sizzerpSippin' on some siz-erp, sip, sippin' on some, sip
Sippin' on some siz-erp, sip, sippin' on some, sip
Sippin' on some siz-erp, sip, sippin' on some, sip

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