

# Body Parts 2

## Three 6 Mafia

Yeah we back up in this mothafucka  
Prophet motherfuckin' Posse hoe  
Three 6 mafia M Child  
A whole bunch of mothafuckas  
And ready to do this shit  
You wanna fuck a hoe  
Then Wait until you're back  
When the war's gone bitch  
You better recognize you motherfuckin' suckas  
Thinkin' that I'm for the 9 7  
Once again it's on  
Bout to pull yo' motherfuckin' ass in bitch  
Woow woow woow woow woow woo

Now when they comes to the hood  
I be like black in my zone  
Now when it comes to parts of the body  
I got more (??)  
In the middle of fashion I got to keep it like rockin'  
And people callin' it green  
That smoke how much I like it  
Again it's up to him  
I need to let some shots off  
And DJ Paul with Teflon also take that bulletproof off  
But when they jump, I pump  
To put some murderin' punks  
And then I dump all his body parts into my trunk

Scarecrow  
Play  
I'ma terror from The End  
I'll watch that body explode  
If they retaliate I blast  
I think about you won't find them bloody clothes  
Kill 'em though  
Don't you know  
I want to get rid of those faked up hoes  
It's the city of Memphis  
Watch me witness how this nigga unload

Rage make me regularly, force me blood  
I feed ya' hot lead slugs and watch you drip like fudge  
I'm nuts  
You got no crips  
You got no heart  
you niggas from the start  
I want to fill my fucking backyard with your bodyparts

Wussup mista trick  
Do you wanna get with this  
Pimp type ass bitch down with the Triple 6  
My Lexus trunk or Viper  
Prophet Posse nothin' nicer  
In this fuckin' body parts through the air  
'Cause we come to get it crunk  
Several bodies in my trunk  
Never denyin', always highin'  
Fuck you playa hatin punks  
Always stayin' on the top  
Look at the Billboard Charts  
Prophet Posse takin' over  
Nigga now we got you high

I don't know you  
Why the fuck you all in my grill  
I'm stackin' buck on you niggas, stay so so trill  
You ain't no killa  
My niggas leave a schedule  
Go to sleep  
Sleepin' with the lights on, hoe you cautious of me  
Me and about 80 mo' motherfuckas who comin'  
Throwin' 5 billion (??)  
While your bitch ass runnin'  
We be the Prophet definition meanin' click so tight  
M-Child, Orange Mound, smokin' out every night, bitch!

I met this fool last week  
Who said he slangin' double keys  
Also had a group of bustin' all tall and some like, green ink  
What you think  
I was tryin' to plan a robbin' spree  
So I drove a low key car  
Tryin' to fool the streets  
Curve after curve  
I return tryin' not to swerve

Knowin' by the hour I be chippin' up my bag of herbs  
(??) herb AK's all kinds a guns  
'Til the nigga pulled his car to the side and stopped the run

Please don't test these murderers  
Slugs I will pump at your gut  
Scan from the Killa Klan Kaze  
I will dump your body parts into my trunk  
Let's go ride then play a game  
What's the game  
The game of names  
Now which, which one would you choose  
Which ever you choose you lose, you lose

First Time on the maximum, don't be a trick  
To see them thats talk shit but they don't know the deal  
Dope sella  
BHZ's where I dwell-ah  
They looked into the barrel of my chin black Barretta  
Ratta Tatta is all you heard  
To see you niggas comin' up  
In the (???)  
But watch the game  
'Cause you don't got no friends  
Droopy Drew Dog self made to the end

Check this here  
Niggas will, rob and steal, mob and kill  
And it feel  
They don't feel  
What I feel, then I fill  
Them buck will  
Bullet lead two to the head  
Then I lay them in graves  
That I dig  
Just for them  
Yes it is

Slammin' bones, throwin' leaks  
Puttin' bitches in there clicks  
Kaze in this motherfuck  
Down we Prophet click  
Clack boom doom for you hatas and you realas  
Mossberg slug to your grill  
You can feel this

Trigger happy, nappy headed, set it don't you see me  
Project Pat is down  
But ain't no fuckin' damn fool  
We ridin' drinkin' dankin' bodies stankin' I can smell them well  
And if the police pull us over  
I'm the first to bail

Jackin' and packin' and takin' those fakin' ass bitches  
That thinkin' that all of us is red instead  
While I drop this track  
I flack (??) I'm straight from very bone  
To the motherfucka filin' out  
I'm the first  
See Triple 6, It's on  
Bitch every mud up in a source bone  
I don't wanna kill a motha, betta get a motherfucker for talkin' that  
Shit  
Huh, I don't wanna kill a motherfucker, betta get a motherfucker for  
Crossin' my click bitch  
Boogety boogety bang bang nigga blew your brains  
On the motherfuckin' wood grain nigga  
Pullin' the trigga like uhh die nigga uhh die nigga

Motherfucker  
K Roc I dump but what I see in my trunk  
See me after Killa Klan  
Seein' that K Roc solo burn  
Makin' up in my green  
Prophet Posse my niggas  
Gimme that forty glock  
In my (??) pullin' that trigga  
I see traitors lookin' at playa hatas  
Fakin' while we blast our gat  
I don't know where you're at  
But hata I better witness a (??)  
If a nigga don't believe me, tricks afraid in front of the car  
To that ditch  
I dumped all his bodyparts into my trunk

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written by T. TOOLS, M. CHILD, DARNELL CARLTON, RICKY DUNIGAN, PAUL BEAUREGARD,  
JORDAN HOUSTON, PATRICK HOUSTON, M. HENDERSON  
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