

I Ain't Cha Friend

Three 6 Mafia

Yeah, ya'll thought that underground shit wouldn't gon' work in ya

Yeah, for the Ouijas of sin is death

For the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord

Roman 6-23 nigga, read it and weep, bitch Hit a man bustin' up in my door, so I grab my 44

Now them bustas on the floor, covered up by pillows, oh no

I'm lookin' for them trizicks tryin' to put a group up in they clizick

I'm comin' up quick

I'm takin' no shots bustin' these caps off in these bitches

So why you wanna mess with this?

So why you wanna take off this piece? Fool, I'm bad to the bone, jone, chrome tech [unverified] fatality

You'll be fled, I'll be glad when I make you hit that grass

I ain't showin' no mercy, goddamn it, I'm bustin' that ass

I'm havin' cisions of flesh [unverified] like that roozer tech

That mess in my head, if the constantly teachin' this evil shit

You hear some laughin', who's that in the window gaspin'

Now if you feel me tell me whose that creepin' for your head This goes out to all of you suckas

Includin' you crossers, includin' you bustas

This shit is so fucked up, I can't even trust ya

This lady is tried of you motherfuckers

I'm bumpin' so hard, it's like, oh my God

Gangsta Boo is rippin' the mic all apart

If your ass wasn't so full of that fart

Never would you have tasted me from the start

I'm trying to tell you hoe, let me tell you bitch

You ain't my fuckin' friend Prophet Entertainment member known as Boo

Had to tell your ass time and time again

Ride with my click, bitch Triple 6

Is all I need, plus my weed and the N I N E

To keep you frilly hoes off of me

Come into my face with that pimpin' ass shit

Watch you see this gangsta bitch get scandalous

You friendly ass hoes I scratch off my list

I don't need you, don't want you bitch Friends like foes in these hoes, keep on talkin' that shit

Actin' like they bad as fuck but they ain' really talkin' 'bout shit

Keep on dissin' this click and we gon' hurt one of you tricks

Put your body in a ditch or dig a grave for that shit

Don't you ask who like it, Crunchy Blac did it bitch

Keep on talkin' all that noise and I'ma get big like big business I have to tell these niggas time and time again

Bitch, I ain't your fuckin' friend

I'll do your ass in I have to tell these niggas time and time again

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Bitch, I ain't your fuckin' friend

I'll do your ass in Smiles can be deceivin' even if it's your friends

And hoes that know we can't be even Steven

Should not believe in, too late one of them slip, it's my foes

You already got my glock to the back of your head

Prayers already said, done consider yourself dead

Your family and friends might be sayin' that I crossed you out But nigga you was fake from the beginning

So I had to toss you out, friend I'm no more, I kill all you foes

Step in my trunk and I give it to a stroll back

The hammer release and leave your chest with holes

All in the club with that buck ass tube and pot

It's kind of hard, you can't beat us

And you can't join us 'cuz we ain't gonna stop if you don't stop Some of the superior astronomical bends

From that of my mystical dreams of the many scenes

Mighty, manipulative, mercilous, multiple murderers

Sit back in dangerous, hittin' and strippin' and critical injury

Misery, seriously witness to the tremory

Tragedy, agony, infamy, agony brutal mentality

Assassatain my voodoo tribe

If you don't want to be fried, put on a feary disguise Lord Infamous takn' no prisoners

Forget the begging, pleading, and the cries

Your reservation revaluation a satanic nation

Has be prophesied

I can look in your eyes and tell that there is fear

From the eternal burning of each of your lies Flights of headlights, black clothes and limos

Another negro startin' to decompose

From his casket the Scarecrow shall place a bloody black rose

Who knows that hate that goes behind closed doors

With corpses froze in six foot holes

Wicked throws, evil flows and torturing of foes I have to tell these niggas time and time again

Bitch, I ain't your fuckin' friend

I'll do your ass in I have to tell these niggas time and time again

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I'll do your ass in I have to tell these niggas time and time again

Bitch, I ain't your fuckin' friend

I'll do your ass in Yeah, I ain't ya fuckin' friend

You do your ass in nigga

Three 6 Mafia comin' at your ass for the 9-7 bitch

Yeah, watch your back niggas
You know who you are motherfucker
That brown shit would [unverified]

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