

Three 6 Mafia, Half On A Sack

(Juicy J talking)

Hey nigga get yo weed, yo blow
Get yo drank together
Cause we bout to get hiiiiigh

(Chorus 2x (Juicy J))

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

(Juicy J)

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 gone 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

(Crunchy Black)

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!)

(Chorus 2x (Juicy J))

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

(DJ Paul)

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 (?) 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 gone fuck these hoes
And make sure the click hit it

(Crunchy Black)

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

(Chorus 2x)