

# Three 6 Mafia, I Ain't Cha Friend

[laughter]

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, biatch

[koopsta knicca]

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 (??) fatality

You'll be fled

I'll be glad

When i make you hit that grass

I ain't showin' no mercy

God damn it i'm bustin' that ass

I'm havin' cisions of flesh (??) like that roozer tech

That mess in my head

If the constantly teachin' this evil shit

You hear some laughin' whose that in the window gaspin'

Now if you feel me tell me whose that creepin' for your head

[gangsta boo]

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

[crunchy blac]

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  
[Chorus x4]  
I have to tell these niggas time and time again  
Bitch i ain't your fuckin' friend  
I'll do your ass in  
[dj paul]  
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  
Cause we ain't gonna stop if you don't stop  
[scarecrow]  
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  
Trajedy, agany, infamy, agany 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 revalation  
A satanic nation  
Has be prophesized  
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  
[Chorus x4]  
Yeah, i ain't ya fuckin' friend  
You do your ass in nigga  
[laughter]  
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 (??)  
[laughter]