

# Three 6 Mafia, Bodyparts

(K RoC )

Hoe, I gotta my Prophet Posse right behind me  
Throw a chump  
and run a man through da crowd  
He gonna give me sumthin  
Brap Rap my niggas  
And step em when K- Rocin  
Dont f\*\*k with dis, see  
See if u wit me  
if u wit me  
mon  
We buck em down  
We buck em down  
Only one  
Comin out of that back door  
slangin my yae-o  
rollin on them po-poes  
dropin that viper  
smokin that indo  
makin that bank roll  
Stupid ass bithes  
dont you know  
Killa Klan Kaze playas makin them profits  
Hoe

(MC Mac)

chillin down on the lower level  
waitin for my time to come  
with this fool  
a million styles  
maybe i just might make bond  
release me on my own  
???? bak on the streets  
with no employment  
no doubt  
without no cheese up in my pocket  
tell me how can I have enjoyment  
throughout my life  
say no shit  
knowin MC Mac dont love no bitch  
because if I loved them  
I cant trust em  
breakin this rocks gonna make me rich  
the Kaze  
my Klan  
my click  
must buck  
'cause theres no testin us  
pop em and drop em  
lock em and top em  
all up in my trunk

(M Child)

dynamite I'm tossin  
hata crossin  
its da end bitch  
u runnin into bullet proof  
hoe, we still da Triple 6  
Prophet to da P  
earsin niggas that wanna skrive  
with flows of horror  
I'm droppin like Steven Spielberg  
deep into da mound  
aint nuttin but killas up in da dark

I'm creepin with the hatchet  
with slicin bodyparts in da park  
moon full of blood  
could it be another Jeffrey Dahmer  
I'm sneakin  
and creepin  
and blowin up shit like da Una Bomber  
BITCH

(Indo G)  
rollin wit da devil on da level  
dig yo ditch  
Bitch  
hitch  
wit da hi-ka  
on da mi-ka  
I'll make youre ass wish  
hicorky  
dickory  
dock  
ass i pull out my glock  
and i'm ready to pop  
on de bitch  
sissy muthaf\*\*ka  
brinin da ruckus  
i'm brining my niggas because we dont stop dis shit  
yea do Triple 6  
brang it real  
real  
mutafuka down to pack a steal  
still i fuk a fly  
I pac a real  
real on da mic  
like Evander Holyfeild

(Crunchy Black)  
theres no cries in my life  
theres no game that i would play  
some people say that if u play a game  
then man you get em played  
back on you  
I thought u knew  
you shouldn't have neva dissed this click  
the 3 6 Mafia  
we popin  
slugs  
that got u bitches sick

(Koopsta Knicca)  
I've neva be brothin  
Koopsta stands out from the niggas  
who thinkin they hard  
I flow up to star  
bust in like you da boss  
Kaze got my back  
now watch how quickly I react wit that  
boom boom boom  
nigga  
rat-tat-tat-tat  
Juicy,Paul,and Scarecrow

are rollin in that bucket low  
and they causin some static  
so they reached and grabbed them 44s

f\*\*kin wit my nigga Black  
hes stackin  
plus his pimpin  
got real on da peal  
hoes gonna feel me

(Lord Infamous)  
shut the f\*\*k up bitch  
its Infamous  
youre ass betta not scream  
dont make me hafta wipe  
urer muthaf\*\*kin brains off my sheets  
I'm gonna burn u  
watch u burning  
like my bad dreams  
give you to da beast in the pit of hades  
thunder rolls  
stormy black clouds  
I stole the 7th seal  
then the angel cried  
thats Scarecrow  
i love u  
I wanna bang with u forever  
but u too evil though  
we gonna give u to the devil

(Gangsta Boo)  
whats up do u wanna come against me  
do u wanna get ure ass earsed off the m-a-p  
devils daughter comin out  
nigga betta watch out  
because you got the queen of sins  
nigga I'm gonna turn it out  
comin to u mean  
because its in me to f\*\*k u up  
listen here dude  
its a ride  
so just buckle up  
smokin on a f\*\*kin blunts  
till my minds about to blow  
motherf\*\*k the universe  
because we brought u da end, hoe

(Juicy J)  
first I want to grab a nigga by his neck  
drag em to my f\*\*kin set  
take the nigga blow  
and his cheese  
and them cigarettes  
put my gun up to his nose  
tie em up form head to toe  
take the bitch to EverGreen  
throw em in da bayou  
call my niggas  
D and Blue  
Project Pat yall know what to do  
creep through the streets  
with them thangs  
blast on any fool  
Triple 6 killas  
in this motherf\*\*ker runnin shit  
if u wanna playa hate the click  
then you done with

(Gangsta Blac)

gotta keep my head up  
no need for me to stop it  
get stuck  
so ruck wit luck  
as to rollin  
because Gansta Blac cant get f\*\*ked  
look fool we creepin on Ken  
from Martin Luther and we wit me  
aint nuttin but Prophet and thugs  
and S-P-Vs all up in me  
rimie sippin  
while trippin  
while rippin coners wit Juice  
women rippin  
while dippin  
and aint no stoppin this dude  
so if yo bank aint on swoll  
aint no stoppin the Prophet  
thats who was straight for the eight  
and look who in it and out it  
nigga

(DJ Paul)  
look in da eyes of a mad man  
shoot em in the head man  
level on dat coco  
Playa stata calla  
da balla  
Killa Man  
fill the man with slugs  
when I'm full of drugs  
trust I'm on ya fool  
drug and a f\*\*k em up  
cant stand  
in the first round fool  
down and what u learned to do  
but you aint got the right tools  
clowin on ure new C.D.  
now hoe tell me what that proved  
I aint seen shit new  
check ya bunch of bodies out of film  
hoe  
the Prophet Posse let ya live  
we'll kill ya next year

Chorusx4

kill em  
and robb em  
and beat em  
and dump all they bodyparts into my trunk  
WHOOP  
WHOOP

all the niggas that was in da shit  
just diss niggas and give shouts out to they hoods