

Three 6 Mafia, Bodyparts 2 (Corrected)

(DJ Paul)

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

(DJ Paul)

Now when they comes to the hood
I be like black haven zone
And when it comes to parts of the body
I got more than Autozone
In the middle of fashion I got to keep it like rockin'
Them people callin' it green
That smoke how much I like it
Again it's up to him
I need to let some shots off
It's DJ Paul with Teflon so take that bulletproof off
When they jump, I pump
To put some murderin' punks
And then I dump all his bodyparts 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 front
From the start
I want to fill my f**king backyard with your bodyparts

(Gangsta Boo)

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 f**kin' body parts through the air
Cause we come to get it crunk
Several bodies in my trunk
Never denyin', always high, and f**k you playa hatin' punks
Always stayin' on the top
Look at the Billboard Charts
Prophet Posse takin' over
Nigga now we got you high

(M-Child)

I don't know you
Why the f**k you all in my grill
I'm stackin' buck on you niggas, sayin' you so so trill
You ain't no killa
My lyrics leave you scared to go to sleep
Sleepin' with the lights on, hoe you cautious of me
Me and about 80 mo' motherf**kas who comin'
4 and 5 vans deep
While your bitch ass runnin'
We be the Prophet, devilish, and meanin' click so tight
M-Child, Orange Mound, smokin' out every night, bitch!

(Juicy J)

I met this dude last week
Who said he slangin' double keys
Also had a hook up on some tall, and some light 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'll be choppin' up my bag of herbs
Plus a pure herb, AK's, all kinds a guns
'Till the nigga pulled his car to the side and stopped the run

(Scanman)

Please don't test these murderers
Slugs I will pump in to gut
Scan from the Killa Klan Kaze
I will dump your bodyparts 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
Whichever you choose you lose, you lose

(Droopy Drew Dog)

First time on the maximum, don't be a trick
To see them hatas talk shit but they don't know the deal
Dope sella
BHZ's where I dwell-ah
They looked into the barrel of my jet 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

(Crunchy Blac)

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

(Project Pat)

Slammin' bones, throwin' licks
Puttin' bitches in there clicks
Kaze in this motherf**k
Down with 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 f**kin' damn fool we
Ridin', drinkin', dankin', bodies stankin', I can smell it well
And if them police pull us over I'm the first to bail

(Indo G)

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 ready, I'm straight from very bone
To the motherf**ka fall out on the floor
See Triple 6, It's on
Bitch every mud up in a source bone
I don't wanna kill a motherf**ker, betta get a motherf**ker for talkin' that shit
Huh, I don't wanna kill a motherf**ker, betta get a motherf**ker for
crossin' my click, bitch
Boogety boogety bang bang, nigga blew your brains
On the motherf**kin' wood grain nigga
Pullin' the trigga like uhh die nigga, uhh die nigga

(K Roc)

Motherf**ker I'm K Roc
I dump the bodyparts into my trunk
See me after Killa Klan, seein' that K Roc solo burn
Makin' up in my green
Prophet Posse my nigga
Gimme that forty glock
And I'ma jump, pullin' the trigger
I see traitors lookin' at playa hatas
Fakin' while we blast our gat
I don't know where you're at
Hey boy, 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