

# Three 6 Mafia, Gotta Touch 'Em, Part 2

**\*\*DJ Paul and Crunchy Black Talking\*\***

(Chorus)

Psycho in da (3x)

Cut with the mask and the pistol grip

I gotta' touch'em (4x)

(Lord Infamous)

This shit is begining to come into focus

But no one can figure out Infamous murderous of psychosis

Trippin' I'm runnin' the darkness

I'm loadin' barettas I'm jackin' yo' hoe shit

A posse of satanic mothers we comin' to smuggle

And leave them in puddles of plasma

I'm comin' for stashes for cash

The blast until everyone in here passed out

My fellow man you cannot comprehend strength of the devil military killers

Execution to death you will send us no harmony

Now enter your head through the pillow

The Tre-six niggah comin' to injure you at nightfall

Give it up or this desert eagle shall make them fall up on you all

(Come on mayn, you finna give me them ?? niggah)

Naw bitch...

(Aww dog ???)

Naw bitch...

(A couple of hundred mayn just a couple of hundred mayn a couple hundred)

Check it out my nig

I'm gonna kill you anyway you won't need none of that shit

Ran through the backyard jumped the gate to the corner of the back street

Hopped into the steamer tossed the fuckin' stash behind the seat

I'm comin' to rusm'em son, crush'em son, buck my gun

I'm gonna reach out and touch someone.

(Chorus)

(Crunchy Black)

I got a problem, money dividends, gotta' solve them

The only thing going through my head is murder and rob them

I heard they got cash, i gotta touch they ass

Quick fast in a hurry get away with a fuckin' dash

Every night I sit and think on why these hoes keep playin' wit' me

They gonna make me click them clicka click

and they don't wanna see my bad side

? they gonna make me transform to another man

And make they mother fuckin' ass do the devil dance

Crunchy Black bitch, comin' at you hoes easy come easy go

Easily we kickin' doors, I gotta' touch'em

(Koopsta Knicca)

In my fuckin' head I vision blood be red

As I chopped off his fuckin' head

Left him dead for them bitches

A psycho at large

Some bitch gone step to this bomber squad

I'm harder niggah when I click you will feel like a prey that was predator

???? for them paramedics

See wait for the Koopsta scare'em

Sk-skinny ?????? in the pimpin'

Now waitin' for that armegeddon

Bitch

(Chorus)

(Juicy J)

I hooked up with a freak down  
Niggah's from the M-town  
Then we started robbin' outta town makin' them lay it down  
Touchin' crackers wit a 12 gauge to they fuckin' back  
Stickin' them liquour stores, robbin' banks, plenty car-jacks  
Snatchin' old ladies purse knockin' niggah's to the dirt  
My 9 gone make yo body hurt  
I'm go put your body in hearst  
Call me a playa hater traitor, what you want bitch  
Strapped wit them thangs on your ass hear them guns clicks  
Inside job strictly robbin' so you better beware  
Other niggah wit a gat a mask raise'em in the air

(DJ Paul)

Now raise'em up an down for the killah man as a youngster  
Stickin' these tricks up daily you trippin' I'm still a hustler  
Cuttin' class don't make my snooze behind the barrel  
Shootin' crowds I hit it up in a honey comb  
An smoke a fuckin' pamper house  
Hollerin' at my brother Phil D. I gotta' get straight  
No thang mayn he got me straight that thang fool be boomin' weight  
Hoppin' on my skooter with my ski mask an my deuce duece  
All blue joggin' suit tube socks and ???  
But now I'm gettin' old and comin' clean is what I'm hopin'  
And now that I got boulder dope girls are what I'm Scopin' bitch  
This is the touch....