

Three 6 Mafia, Half On A Sack Or Blow

Chorus: Half on a sack or some blow. Bring them tones and plenty P.

Mack E: It's the pimp ass nigga that told you once before, but now I'm tellin' ya twice. Never try to test me when I'm high and full of that god damn white. Caught when I'm pullin' that dope, I'm about ready and prepared to start the fuckin click, and if you think you got guts enough to come try me bring it on lil bitch. Bustas out there tradin' all like they heavyweights and all that, but they don't know what the mack e scopin' they stash and ready to take they cash. Leavin' em dead broke with they pockets full of nuthin' but lint, wonderin' how and the fuck they got they just got they mutha fuckin' wig split. Den they sittin' there thinkin' on how they gonna try and find that E, mayne that E gonna be somewhere low-key and fulla that god damn P. Yeah i said that fuckin' P, just in case yall didn't know, don't be surprised to hear that this young nigga gettin' fulla that coke. Always game to take some from and rob a lil ol punk ass bitch, robbin' em blind and stompin' that bitch and droppin em in the god damn ditch. So you bitches better back up when mack e come limpin through the door. Catch up with your kind, like I said get the fuck away from me ho.