

# Three 6 Mafia, Live By Yo Rep (B.O.N.E. Dis)

(Talking)

Man it's cold'n a muthaf\*\*ka I wish I had some ole funkdafied...  
This is ??? Shalonda Bone Magazine here interviewing the Triple 6  
Mafia from Memphis who has a unique quality of rap style what would  
you do if someone tried to duplicate your ideas?

(Lord Infamous)

Well I shall take 1000 razor blades and press them in the flesh  
Take my pitchfork out the fire soak it in their chest  
Through the ribs, spines, charcoal the muscle tissue  
And send what's left back to yo mammy  
Cause that bitch might miss you  
But first, I want to slowly pull off all your skin  
Get grease and boil it hot pour it on you and your dead friend  
I probably outta be not be so horribly slaughtering the body  
I am so naughty because I am moderately in to photography  
Following through the autopsy  
But man, f\*\*k it, pour some acid on them, too  
That's what I would do, Skinny Pimp what would you do?

(Skinny Pimp)

Just look into the eyes of the mask  
Slangin my AK to knock out my enemies  
Fear of the razor, da blast, he done passed  
Leavin no trace of the evidence  
Bodies sit in box chopped up in pieces  
His soul done rose, I placed them tubes up under my mattress  
My conscience is black and it's strange  
Cause I murdered a bitch, and the Devil just rushin my time  
With this 9 in my hand causin death when you sleep  
In the casket I make you no killas in mind  
Pullin a jack, reach me that cheese, make a stupid move  
Nigga ya bleed  
Bustin 17, please don't scream, don't run  
Either long range street sweep  
Never ever run from the buckshots, bust em at ya back  
When I'm full of yak, ain't no clue  
In 2 deep, you sneak, we creep, Juiceman, what would you do?

(Juicy J)

First a nigga looked in the white pages for this bitch  
Mafia-style nigga cause you don't know who ya f\*\*kin it  
Called him at his f\*\*kin home, minimum breathin on the phone  
Warnin sign to let you know I'm comin so you better be gone  
Wether ya run I be stoppin ya, with the 2 9s I be poppin ya  
Witness a nigga from North Memphis of the Triple 6 Mafia  
2 killas at yo front door, 3 killas at yo back door  
These hoes peeked through the curtains  
And saw them gats pointed at the window  
Nothin but destruction after we touched em  
Man I thought you knew  
That's what I would do, Gangsta Boo what would you do?

(Gangsta Boo)

Think about a master plan on how to buck them bitches dead  
Gangsta Boo the Devil's Daughter comin with the livin dead

Yes I'm so so crazy, so so scandalous, I will hurt you bitch  
Torture your body with nothin but fire  
Then I calmly shoot you bitch  
Blast you in yo head make sure you dead  
Cause I don't want you to live  
My words of wisdom: The weaker the victim the bigger the thrill

The Triple 6 Mafia do not feel sorry for none of you dirty hoes  
We full of that weed so we proceed to take your f\*\*kin soul  
It's not a problem when I buck you bitch, I do it smooth  
That's what the Devil's Daughter do, now Fly what would you do?

(Playa Fly)

Clizick with the real Triple 6 niggaz for yo death  
Ain't no shame up in my game, as you take your last breath  
Six niggaz trill, ready to kill, bustas, suckas jump  
Pull a f\*\*ked up clickin on you niggas, Fly gon ball, you punk  
To you f\*\*kin imitators, watch yo ass f\*\*kin click  
Bite a Playa's style and slip, soon you will be stackin, bitch  
Fly gon bring them body bags, Lord you touch the f\*\*kin shovel  
Dig it deep and bury that bitch  
Lay em down there with the Devil  
Busta numb, red rum, Mr. I-B-N, fool  
Oh that's what the Fly would do, now Killaman what would you do?

(D.J. Paul)

First I hit up Crunchy, and I get full of that Holy Ghost  
The Devil's already in me so I ain't gotta go too far to loc  
You f\*\*ked up with the wrong click  
So your murder's all on my mind  
Plus Satan's inside, put my hand to this plastic 9  
Burrnin from the aim, my glock knows more  
Every blink of the eye  
But before it's all over, you'll have 2 ?Loogers?  
In your weak thigh  
Fall on to your kness, now it's time for you to 'fess  
My fist full of fire, I punch a hole straight through yo chest  
So any trick that wanna bite of this, everything, it's cool  
You heard what I would do, and the Triple 6 whole f\*\*kin crew

Chorus (4x): Nigga, live by yo rep cause we ain't takin shit  
When I blast on yo ass, I'm gon empty this clip

(Lord Infamous)

See we can't tolerate no nigga that is Layzie  
Broke out the blender and I made some Krayzie gravy  
It's Eazy, and when it was time to get Bizzy  
Don't break, you can Wish, but You can't escape  
Because we crave dead Flesh  
Triple 6 bitch, easily you can be next

-Yeah, bitch, the Triple 6 Mafia, breakin muthaf\*\*kin bones like it  
ain't shit, for the 9 nickel, beeyaaaaaatch!

-(Talking)