

# Three 6 Mafia, Now I'm Hi, Part 3

Chorus

Triple 6

Triple triple 6 smoked out

Now im high

Feelin' high

Mained on my doggy style

(Playa Fly)

Fly so high in funkytown

Mega blunts I gotta smoke

snowin', sneezin', coughin', chiefin'

Blowin' heavy holy dope

Playa fuckin' rest

By that funk

Crunk by onion weed

Don't you think you higher than Lil Fly

Till you snote that P

P-funk got me goin'

Hoe blowin' on montana pack

Blunt just put me under

But that snizote put me back on track

Bustas blinded by my smoke

How you like my smokin' screen

Playa got that evil grin and tonin' got me lookin' mean

Fly got swishers full of blink

Time to snort a white hoe bitch

Next she tell me Fly dont need it but Fly say

Mane fuck that shit

Suckers fill my atmosphere

Hoe you should know open your ear

Groupie bitches hypnotized by devil shit you hate to hear

Standin in the shower full of powder coca fuckin' cain

Hour by the hour ain't no coward cause I'm blowin' man

If you say I'm sprung

Body numb

Triple 6 and Fly

Funkytown Fly bound and now I know you know im really high

Chorus

(Gangsta Boo)

Smoked out loced out killas

Aint takin' nothin' from you niggas

So back the fuck up before the devil daughter click a

On you lemons just like a muthafuckin' trigger hoe

Hoe its on this shit is on its on now hit the fuckin' floor

Oh my god I hear some voices tellin' me to kill

Is it them Triple 6 niggas mane is that shit for real

Tha Jason mask

On your ass

When I'm gonna blast

Your soul I'll take

The ground will shake as I begin to laugh

I light the candle sticks a crucifix about to take place

The Devils Daughter

Gangsta Boo is out to catch a case

Niggas be talkin' about the gangsta hoe

I must be on your mind

Stupid bitch

I have to thank you with a loaded glizzock nine

You know Im comin'

Don't you go runnin' to your fuckin' nigga

A trigger happy bitch the mind of a fuckin' killa

You think I'm shakin' hell naw bitch

You wanna test  
My fuckin' pimpin' if you want to filla  
Some hollow points up in your chest

#### Chorus

(Lord Infamous)  
Spooky midnight has fallen and now the moon is like lit up  
Like much of the herb  
The indos creating illusion my thoughts of confusion  
My vision is blurred  
The aroma of the marijuana  
The black of the smoke changing into black clouds  
Deep down in the dungeons  
My darkness of demonic secrets finally aroused  
Your soul is horrified  
IoT's falling from the sky  
The Three 6 anti-christ  
Bloody seven seas  
The blackness in my eyes  
I hear an angel crie  
Now I lay down to die  
Come and burn with me  
In Scarecrows passed life  
I feel kinks an I ruled by the spilling of blood fleshing guts  
Now I'm back and im more murderous  
And I'm known as that mad nigga named Lord Infamous  
The Scarecrow could never come deeper  
The flow if I wasn't so full of that dope you know  
Triple 6 blownin' that weed and we keepin'  
The scene and the sterile all in us  
And the lights of the dim and we grab the  
We pappin' the bone and  
We take all that smoke to our lungs  
A nigga got love for the bud  
And I'm smokin it up until ?  
When I'm getting crushed by the shotgun and smokin'  
Like it until da break of dawn  
Seriously circulating while the devil was takin'  
The souls of my sinister wand