

# Three 6 Mafia, Rainbow Colors

(Chorus)

I got them rainbow colors in my cup  
Jollyranchers man that shit be good as fuck  
That's that syrup motherfucker that's that syrup (Gettin Blowed)  
That's that syrup motherfucker that's that syrup (I'm Blowed)

(Verse One: Lil' Flip)

Sippin on syrup cause I love to lean  
I'm high as fuck cause I'm puffin green  
And I got more enfedimines then Eckers and Walgreens  
I get high, as I park my, park my drop on the curb  
I'm smokin on that blueberry yeah I gots that good herb  
And when you come to H-town just hit me on the phone (Hello)  
And I'ma come and pick yall up and we gone smoke and zone (Where yall at)  
Cause you know I got that good weed and I got that purple drank  
Its one twenty for an eighth and two forty for a pint  
I got money in the bank so I ball like that  
Got 20's on my car, on my car like that  
Hit them all like that we ball like that  
I'll fuck yo hoe and wont call her back  
That's how we do it baby  
I gotta keep it real  
Oops my bad I'm like bumby I gotta keep it trill  
And I dont pop no pills  
I drop, I drop my trunk  
So you can see my neon light and hear them speakers bump (Boom-Boom)  
They call me Lil' Flip (Lil' Flip) I'm leanin to the left  
I'm like the yin-yang twin, sippin this sippin this syrup by myself

(Chorus)

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(Verse Two: DJ Paul)

I'm zoned up and seein double  
Plus everything that I seein is already double  
So that's like four of you motherfuckers  
I'm leanin like I'm standin in a muddle puddle  
And berry, berry, got me wantin a hashbrown ounce this ounce this huddle  
I let the seat back in my lac and take another sip  
Then screw the top off of my bottle take this blunt and dip  
Off in the syrup, my nigga ask me help me, help me for  
I said you really wanna get high then this here will serve  
What them girls really know about that yellow tuss, tuss  
Or them rainbow colors all mixed in a cup  
Thatll make your dick hard when you ready to fuck  
I bet your mamma told you bitch you better not fuck wit us  
We some cool type niggaz, all we do is smoke  
And we sip on syrup, sittin on the front porch  
Till we get real dizzy fall down on the floor  
And if I get myself dippin, dippin on somemore

(Chorus)

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