

Three 6 Mafia, Slippin'

Chorus x3

Evertime I see you slippin'
I go and reach for my mac 10
Victims of my devils playground

(Koopsta Knicca)

Damn I'm about to bust a cap up in these tricks
Chris
I'm thinkin' deadly and I'm scopin' with that infarred
Kickin' it with the hardest click
Leavin' bodies rottin' up in them ditches
Man what's done if my tongue hits like a ton of brizicks
Koops not concerned
I let you burn and burn and burn
Everything in the prophecy has been demonically read
So I learned
Deep in the morgue
Lie corps in the quateras
They wanna face in a line of order
Can you place this shit
When you crawled up on the red man
You bounce set up in this bitch
Sittin' man and thinkin'
Though my dreams I hear little kids screamin
Poor preachers I waited for hangin'
Which got me like bored in the psycho ward like daily
The 6-6-6 mystery man
Is takin' me straight to insanity
Could it be a dimension of witches that bring out voices
That issue more tragedies
The seas of cries
Will soon be turning
Your fuckin' life over
Left the priest and island bleeding of four leaf clover
Then I crinkle enough of these slugs
?? I'd rather be mugged to drink up a pint of his blood

Chorus x1