

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