Three 6 Mafia, Touched Wit It

(feat. Mr. Serv-On, Fiend, & amp; La Chat)

(Serv-on)

Boy,I think this the second time you done passed up this sign you goin'the wrong way main.

(Fiend)

Slow ya role, slow ya role, ya know what im saying? Look, we about to go I 255, (yeah) straight up to Memphis. (ya show) See what im saying, Paul said he gone meet us by Wal-Greens, we 'bout to go head on and break this bread, ya see what I'm saying? What you gone do?

(Fiend)

Bitch, you can picture the pain, I rip you in vain While the young soldiers whisper my name I'm dealing the caine, sippin' on crown, smokin' that Jane Open the brain, let that shit inject, you think that I'm playin' Don't make me get at your kin fo those that can't Either you die slow, ride slow, cause Fiend about to show How not only God knows, these niggas our hoes, my stock broke So we ain't trippin' puttin' knives to throats Buckin the clip at the 5and 0, allow smoke Dosha go straight to my lungs I see WHOMP WHOMP WHOMP WHOMP In ya streets Chopper intro now peep this Got wit you F-I-E-N-D and THREE-6 Talk it like I bring I feel you need this, deep shit Sleep wit them fishes, eat wit them bitches, it's all on you Like that lil nigga B.G. cd volume 2 I throw hallows threw ,what you use to swallow and chew, 'bout what ya gone do?

(Lord Infamous) Infamous I'm leavin brain dust I'll indanger you lamers like strangers I'm in this bitch, pimp stick, clothes hanger I'm out the frame, on a lame, like a Banger I either put you in a cross,or I pull the Moss I'm runnin threw so logs, tring to blow ya leg off I put some shit up in the line that'll blow ya mind It's like some Colt 45, does it every time,nigga get my rhymes

Chorus: Fiend

If I pull my pistol I'm a bust wit it Never see me holdin it and go fuss wit it You gone be a big pussy gettin fucked wit it Foever tucked wit it, cause you done got touched wit it (2x')s

(Serv-on)

Act like you know me when I say Im head thug on your block Hold ya breath when I spray paint my name on yo spot Tell your self you ain't scared when I run in your shit I ain't bout no games woady its your life or yo bitch Apollogize when I pass by bootin my grill 3rd World I represent it Blood City fo real Foreget yo know me when I pistol whip you and yo click No limit riders, Tre 6, yall aint runnin like this

(DJ Paul)

Now whats the fuck the use of holdin a gun and playin wit you hoes I'm bout to shut down yo heart thats how the story goes These boys think cause we some CEO's, we must be some hoes Its consequences and reprecusions fuckin wit pros Thiese bitches hot cause its hypnotized and no limit We off the wham but only real niggas all up in it I tell you what Serv kill the head of yo click And I bet all them hoes quit talkin shit

(Chorus 2x's)

(Juicy J) I never ran up yo a trunk Blastin on a fuckin punk Toxicated, high, or drunk Try and grab the closest pump Never flodged on how I lived Fight a nigga over a bitch Playa Im just callin pimp Always keep a cigarette lit Never walked up in the club Dissin niggas wit a mug Always keep my owm sack Never wanted to hit your bud Independant on you hoes Makin more than selling dope If you wanna hate the click Nigga I make your body froze

(Serv-on)

Close yo eyes ?

Mouth full its a south thang thuging like that You say you know Im in North Memphis pushin that drill Tearin clubs up in South Memphis and Smokey City Say your prayers when I lay that iron clean on yo chest Dont play no games boy, Im kinda wild wit that tech Pretend you death when I scream what city you clame Fuck around wit me I seperate your body from your name

(La Chat)

Lay down bitch ,La Chat and I ain't playing no games bucking you hoes,my mado keep my distance from lames My 45 be on my side and I be ready to ride We catch you slipin you be missin have you barried alive My niggas downdown we got that anna that you bitches dont won't Step to me wrong Paul,Juicy,Pat,La Chat be strapped wit them pumps Now how you figure when you fuck up that we gone let you live We kill your ass then set a randsome fo your guts that we spill!!!!!

(Chorus)