

# Funky Town

Three 6 Mafia

(Like thiiiis)

We packin' them Glock 19's with the beams when we on the scene  
Billion got 'em buggin' blowin' clean off that triple beam with BHZ  
Niggas hope with third world, niggas hope with the tribes  
The shit that these fools burn is no tellin' though  
Queens Mound in this bitch, stay down with the click  
Never turned the backs or backstabbed, always super thick  
Tulane, never lame, always been my fuckin' thugs  
Ever since the school days, we never had nothin' but love  
Smokin' sacks with my real, givin' packs to my trill  
Paul Masson to my lung, for the ones that didn't live  
Get as high as ya can dawg but don't let them drugs change ya  
Get buck as you can fool but try to control the anger  
Niggas gettin' on that white, things ain't the same no mo'e  
Used to kill for ya now it's like I gotta kill ya hoe  
Triple 6 got the shit, mane I make you niggas choke  
Gangsta B Where you be? Blow out a cloud of smoke

To my niggas on that white: Funky Town!  
To my niggas on that yellow: Funky Town!  
To my niggas on that green: Funky Town!  
To my niggas on that ooh: Funky Town!

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I wanna send a shout-out to my niggas who be on that dope  
Chillin' on a corner, shootin' that dice between the Indo smoke  
Squad and Big Dully, Lil M, Black, Cam and Curt  
Lil Blue, T-Young too, all my niggas from my turf  
What's up to my niggas from the grove? I ain't forgot cha fool  
Lil Glock and S.O.G, Harry T and Heavy C  
Nigga Creep, back in the Frayser days on Cherry Lane  
Everybody kicked it like real playas with no type of gangs  
Shootin' them thangs, now it's '96, I gotta stay strapped  
With my Smith & Wesson, eighteen shots cocked in my lap  
Bulletproof vest on my chest, when it's time to ride  
Let's take a trip to the North Memphis gangsta side  
You can't hide, neither can you run when a gun blast  
Just another playa hater smoked in the aftermath  
Bustas think we're all rap, Three 6 Mafia plus a gat  
It was plenty dead motherfuckers lyin' on they back

To my niggas on that blow: Funky Town!  
To my niggas on that syrup: Funky Town!  
To my niggas on that ink: Funky Town!  
To my niggas on that fruity: Funky Town!

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Choppin' these slugs at your lung but just leave 'em all drippin' within my

artillery drench  
From the bombs that are bustin' and baby these bitches they probably end up  
bleedin' to death in the rain  
As there's no one who wishes to take on my Prophets of Doom, end up whipped  
by my nuclear boom  
The devilish shit in my brain made me visualize demons surrounding my room  
Cause I'm rowdy, them folks come to rumble, we full of the thunder, go strai  
ght to the dome  
Do not disturb my patience when fillin' myself with the incense of top marij  
uan'  
Lemme burn the B-U-Ds, stir that Jerk up and then freeze  
Triple 6 Mafia and robbers with thieves, Memphis has put down a load of that  
P  
Scarecrow inhalin' the forty, I mystically never get tired of inhalin' that  
smoke out  
Satanic sound, Funky Town, come now, buck all hoes down  
Bitches get stomped with a buck jump  
My niggas too crunk over that funk  
Paul Masson got me dead drunk  
Now let the Devil Shyt bump  
As I awake from the daze I was put in from the night before  
Don't want to snap outta trance, I only want to smoke some more  
Throw on the attire, crank the Chevy, then me race up out South  
Memphis, go and visit me, Three 6 is at the smoking house  
  
Chillin' at the hideout, smokin' out, not worried 'bout a thang  
Let's get in the gangsta line and throw the Funky Town sign  
  
Ballin' through Black Haven deep as hell in the suburban mane