

Gotta Touch 'Em (Pt.2)

Three 6 Mafia

Psycho in da Cut with the mask and the pistol grip
I gotta' touch'em
This shit is begining to come into focus
But no one can figure out Infamous murderous of psychosis
Trippin' I'm runnin' the darkness
I'm loadin' barettas I'm jackin' yo' hoe shit
A posse of satanic mothers we comin' to smuggle
And leave them in puddles of plasma
I'm comin' for stashes for cash
The blast until everyone in here passed out
My fellow man you cannot comprehend strength of the devil military killers
Execution to death you will send us no harmony
Now enter your head through the pillow
The Tre-six niggah comin' to injure you at nightfall
Give it up or this desert eagle shall make them fall up on you all
(Come on mayn, you finna give me them niggah)
Naw bitch...
(Aww dog [?])
Naw bitch...
(A couple of hundred mayn just a couple of hundred mayn a couple hundred)
Check it out my nig
I'm gonna kill you anyway you won't need none of that shit
Ran through the backyard jumped the gate to the corner of the back street
Hopped into the steamer tossed the fuckin' stash behind the seat
I'm comin' to rusm'em son, crush'em son, buck my gun
I'm gonna reach out and touch someone.

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I got a problem, money dividends, gotta' solve them
The only thing going through my head is murder and rob them
I heard they got cash, i gotta touch they ass
Quick fast in a hurry get away with a fuckin' dash
Every night I sit and think on why these hoes keep playin' wit' me
They gonna make me click them clicka click
and they don't wanna see my bad side
they gonna make me transform to another man
And make they mother fuckin' ass do the devil dance
Crunchy Black bitch, comin' at you hoes easy come easy go
Easily we kickin' doors, I gotta' touch'em

In my fuckin' head I vision blood be red
As I chopped off his fuckin' head
Left him dead for them bitches
A psycho at large
Some bitch gone step to this bomber squad
I'm harder niggah when I click you will feel like a prey that was predator
for them paramedics
See wait for the Koopsta scare'em
Sk-skinny in the pimpin'
Now waitin' for that armegeddon
Bitch

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I gotta' touch'em
I hooked up with a freak down
Niggah's from the M-town

Then we started robbin' outta town makin' them lay it down
Touchin' crackers wit a 12 gauge to they fuckin' back
Stickin' them liquour stores, robbin' banks, plenty car-jacks
Snatchin' old ladies purse knockin' niggah's to the dirt
My 9 gone make yo body hurt
I'm go put your body in hearst
Call me a playa hater traitor, what you want bitch
Strapped wit them thangs on your ass hear them guns clicks
Inside job strictly robbin' so you better beware
Other niggah wit a gat a mask raise'em in the air

Now raise'em up an down for the killah man as a youngster
Stickin' these tricks up daily you trippin' I'm still a hustler
Cuttin' class don't make my snooze behind the barrel
Shootin' crowds I hit it up in a honey comb
An smoke a fuckin' pamper house
Hollerin' at my brother Phil D. I gotta' get straight
No thang mayn he got me straight that thang fool be boomin' weight
Hoppin' on my skooter with my ski mask an my deuce duece
All blue joggin' suit tube socks and But now I'm gettin' old and comin' clean is what I'm hopin'
And now that I got boulder dope girls are what I'm Scopin' bitch
This is the touch....