

## Live By Yo Rep (Screwed)

Three 6 Mafia

-This is [?] Shalonda, Bone Magazine, here interviewing  
-Three 6 Mafia  
-From Memphis, who has a unique quality of rap style, what would you do, if someone tried to duplicate your ideas?

Lord infamous takin 1000 of razor blades  
And I be pressin them into the flesh  
Takin my pitchfork up out of the fire  
And soakin it down in their chest  
Through the ribs, spines, charcoalin the muscle tissue  
And sendin what's left in the mail to mammy  
Cause I think she just might miss you  
But first, I want to slowly pull off all your skin  
Get grease and boil it hot pour it on you and your dead friends  
I probably outta be not be so horribly slaughtering the body  
I am so naughty because I am moderately in to photography  
Following through the autopsy  
No love for them bustas so just pour some acid all over them, too  
That's what I would do, skinny pimp what would you do?

Just look into the eyes of the mask  
Slangin the ak to knock out my enemies  
Fear of the razor, da blast, he done passed  
I'm leavin no trace of the evidence  
Bodies sit in box chopped up in pieces  
His soul done rose, I placed them tubes up under my mattress  
My conscience is black and it's strange  
Cause I murdered a victim, the devil just rushin my time  
With this 9 in my hand causin death when you sleep  
In the casket I leave you no killas in mind  
Pullin a jack, reach me that cheese, make a stupid move  
Then ya bleed  
Bustin 17, please don't scream, don't run  
Either long range street sweep  
Never ever run from the buckshots, bust em at ya back  
When I'm full of yak, ain't no clue  
In 2 deep, you sneak, we creep, juiceman, what would you do?

First the juice look in the white pages for this trick  
Mafia-style fool cause you don't know who ya messin with  
Caught him slippin in his home, minimum breathin on the phone  
Warnin sign to let you know I'm comin so you better be gone  
Wether ya run I be stoppin ya, with the 2 9s I be poppin ya  
Witness a killa from north memphis of the three 6 mafia  
2 killas at yo front door, 3 killas at yo back door  
His broad peeked through the curtains  
And saw them gats pointed at the window  
Nothin but destruction after we touched em  
Man I thought you knew  
That's what I would do, gangsta boo what would you do?

Think about a master plan on how to buck them bustas dead  
Gangsta boo this pimin playa comin with the livin dead  
Yes I'm so so crazy  
So so wild I be like puttin blood on you trick  
Torture your body with nothin but fire  
Then I calmly shoot you quick

Blast you in yo head make sure you dead  
Cause I don't want you to live  
My words of wisdom:  
The weaker the victim the bigger the thrill is  
The three 6 mafia do not feel sorry and that's how the story goes  
We full of them leaves so we proceed to take all of your soul  
It's not a problem when I be buckin them suckas  
I do it smooth  
That's what this lady boo would do, now Paul what would you do?

First I hit up crunchy, and I get full of that holy smoke  
The devil's already up in a killa  
So I feel I have not to go too far to loc  
This time you crossed the wrong click  
Beware your murder's all on my mind  
Plus satan's inside  
Movin my hand a little closer to this plastic 9  
Burnin from the angle, my Glock knows more  
Every blink of the eye  
But before it's all gone, bone, quickly I'm stickin them [?loogers?]  
To watch you die  
Dropped ya to your knees, now it's time for you to bless  
Man, I be DJ Paul, da killaman, with a fist full of fire  
Punch a hole straight through yo chest  
So bustas hear me close, you stole some styles and dis that's cool  
But steppin up to the bloody Glock 9 millimeter  
Three 6 dang fools, ain't fools the best, what would you do?

Bone, live by yo rep cause we know you bound to slip  
When we blast with that mask we gon empty that clip  
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Layzie Bone, Crayzie Bone