

## Sippin' on Some Syrup

Three 6 Mafia

Sippin' on some siz-erp, sip, sippin' on some, sip

I'm trill working the wheel, a pimp not a simp  
Keep the dope fiends higher than the Goodyear Blimp  
We eat so many shrimp, I got iodine poisoning  
Fuck niggas make me sick with all that pinchin' and bargaining  
You say that you a boss, I ain't believing that shit  
You got the funny Geneva watch, with the Ferrari kit  
Take that monkey shit off, you embarrassing us  
I got the wet promenthazine, thick orange and yellow tuss  
Hydrocor-zone, on the hands-free phone  
The '84 zone, on them blades, 20-inch chrome  
If you got 16, you can get a biz-zerd  
I'm choking on that doja sweet and sipping on that sizz-erp

Niggas scared to flaunt it, some niggas they want it want it  
Some niggas they joan it joan it, but I be fucked up up on it  
We're with the Mafia 6, and we ain't bout that bullshit  
If we gon' get high we gon' get high, and we gon' house a bitch  
Two niggas all at the mouth, two niggas all at the ass  
And plus there's some type of nigga  
Dick hard all night and she cool with that  
She popped her a pill of X, and drank on some orange juice  
And just when you thought she was freakin' she done got super loose  
Niggas come in by threes and deuces all in circles like duck-duck-goose  
All that want it can bone it, she on that X and that tootie fruit  
40 dollars for just one ounce ounce plus  
Tuss and X is how its pronounced  
Niggas sipping and dipping and tripping, man I'm bout all out

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People always asking me, "Me the Three 6 high on that"  
Rolling on them X pills, stuttering pup-pup powder packs  
Woah-wuh where the weed at, ain't like that we need that  
Nyquil will slow me down, something that keep me easy  
Nothing like that yella yella that will have you itching man  
Talking like you "What's up, fool?" Vocal chords sounding lame  
In my days all we did was chief out on a quarter pound  
Gone on coke, eyes are bucked, this here shit will knock you down  
Knock you out, make you fall asleep when you're on them wheels  
Ain't no doubt, hit me when I beep for this refill  
Once again, on my wicked high, gotta have that drank  
Heard my name, Gino, I feel like I'm gonna fucking faint

Nigga tell me what you know bout Frank, Nito and Young Guido  
Paul and Vito, we play a tune it sweeter than Pedito  
With my Three 6 nigga pouring up in my southern credo  
Quick fast, we'll put it on your ass like John Vito  
Cause you fronting rap sanger, be creamy like a Zanger  
You ain't from the manger boy, but you gets the middle finger  
Come bang her, rum dranker, occasionally take  
Your bitch to the Telly and be a dick and cum slanger  
When Big Bun come danger, nigga ring your alarm  
Sexy thang on my arm, cup of drank in my palm  
And that crazy shit, I'm tripping on some skinny bitches  
Something that's wholesome, Florida to Folsom

And for the most I'm steady sippin' on some sizzerp

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