

Touched Wit' It

Three 6 Mafia

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

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