

36 Mafia

"Mystic Stylez"

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Ah yea
We finna get ready to bump that smoked out loced out
part two
Mystic stylez 3 6 mafia in da hoe
We finna do that dat sheeeeeit...

Bustaz get so dazed and amazed
There's Lil' Fly's chance
Memories of smoked out loced out puffed out as them
demons dance

Play lookin' wild
Stole our style
Devils in me so
Fly can get so violent
Bustas silent when I'm on that blow
Enhance my skills to make me treal
Treal enough to kill at will
Will I kill you
Fly will peel you off da map that's all so real
Don't you mothasuckas often wonder what to call this
shit
Ummmm, call it mystic stylez cause fly sytles so mystic
bitch

The pimpin' mack is kickin' with the click that's known
as
Triple 6
Don't bar no lemon busta niggas we don't love 'em
In a trunk is where I stuff 'em
Suckas run they liquor I deliver nigga hollow thangs
Ain't got no feelings when I'm killin' cluckers busta
duck for
Cover
I come with a chrome y'all can makin' hoes pay the cost
Infared to ya head full of lead yawkin' lames
You can betcha by the dollar that I'm spittin' game
Niggas underestimate my pimpin' but mackin' but
trippin'
Sprayin'
Layin' skanky bitches to the canvas and bustas can I
man

Mystic Styles of the ancient mutilations
Torture chambers filled with corpses in my basement
Feel the rath of the fuckin' deviltion
Three 6 Mafia creation decending

With my styles I slit
Yo body bitch
That I will chop to pieces
No fuckin' clue to da 5.0 click
No fuckin' witnesses an...
They only saw da mask of Jason that I had on my face
The scandalous bitch is so-so slick that why I got away
safe
I blaze da bunt up in da air just to relax and get high
Da moon is full and all I see is 6-6-6 in da sky
The Three 6 Mafia
Tha devils daughter bitch is so wild
Whateva you bitches are doin' you cannot compare to
my mystic
Style

I'm creepin' up on these hoes with the muthafuckin'
shotgun
A nigga wit tha 9's showin' these bitches they can't get
none
Woopin' and dumpin' and stompin' and doggin' these
bitches wit
Anamosity
Pimpin' and breakin' and cakin' these niggas
Cause these hoes can't fuck wit me
LaChat got tha gat
Creepin' up from tha back
Chrome tone now it's on
Neva love a nigga joan
Cause I'm a crazy bitch cuttin' off niggas dicks
Man hoe takin' these niggas gotta keep it rich
Bitches be runnin' they mouth about this female they
don't know
About
Suckas be talkin' that shit I'm puttin' these funky niggas
on da house

Mystic Styles in my head as I smoke on a blunt
Yo Crunchy Black da deamons child has a mean ass
stun
I had to buck you off runnin' yo mouth with tha weak
ass shit
You need to keep it closed
Trick before you get yo wig split
A candle light the demon night is what it have to be

Another problem for tha folks on Unsolved Mysteries
Ya thought I was dead
Naw instead I just faked on yo ass
And now I'm back wit that mask and I'm ready to blast

Now tell me somthing has emerged
Legions of demons
[cas a nigga finna]
Rip 'em in plenty trick
[for a date with my smith & wesson]
Bitch you living
Now you cowards waitin' to bite our fuckin' style
Rip his legs
Cut him down
Bitch with mass up in his town
Niggas bout to break ya somethin' off up in that house
of
Torture
Steppin' to that Koopsta bitch
[da wicked witch or horror]
Horror da chambers that tame us
They came up
To feed off your soul fool be livin' ya anger
Now ya lifes in danger

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