

The Crystal Method

"Flizy Comin'"

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Triple, triple, triple, triple
Triple bitch mafia, mafia, mafia
Flizy, Flizy, Flizy, Flizy, Flizy
Fli-Flizy comin gunnin three six runnin

Hangin low cheefin high, time to make you bitches cry
Triple bitches talkin shit, fuck you hoes are gonna die
Playaz comin harder won't bothered by yo pettiness
Break the law so super slaw, boy you can't compare to
this
Playaz on the scene for you green, jealous funky hoes
A fifth of tech will get respect, plus you hoes full of
blow
Now the fuck you figga you'd be bigga cause you
makin cheese
Half the shit you makin bitch, glorifyin Gangsta B.
Thinkin bout my nigga clout, Playa Fly's in the house
Fly so high funkytown, man you love to hear me shout
Nigga its official when I get'cha they gone miss you
punk
Tie you to niggaz bump but busta you won't reach the
trunk
Crunk from my bumb and blunt now my bodies numb
Give me one I got me one now busta you gone give me
some
Just cause you crave, me so great times a stoppin ya
Proppin ya, droppin da triple bitch mafia

Chorus:
Triple bitch mafia, mafia, mafia, mafia, mafia, mafia,
mafia
Flizy, Flizy comin gunnin
Three six runnin
(Repeat 4x)

Man I wish you playaz would, do the shit you clam you
could
Stillin, robbin, killin, mobbin, never in my fuckin hood
Busta come on face the fact, rollin three blunts and a
sack
I hear you mention funkytown but never touch the funky

pack
In others words, Gangsta Blac makes ya fuckin heart
stop
Drop to ya fuckin guns, leave you reachin for ya glocks
Ain't no time for reason and thrown pieces in the air
side
Call this matter life and death, man you walk a thin line
Crime on my mind yo its murder and I'm on them
slopes
Any bitches clamin sixes ho you goin up in smoke
As I hear them country raps, comin from a Crunchy
Blac
Man you soundin super wack and Fly know who behind
that
Pranksta Boo, ho you through, ho I gotta get you too
Facial featchers favor hell ugly duckling of the crew
And to you, you handicap bitch ya I'm watchin ya
Flizy gone assassinate the triple bitch mafia

[Chorus] (Repeat 4x)

Roasten toasten triple duck, triple tradin set it up
Runnin felony or jack, fuck around and get it stuck
Fuck feelin fucked now what's up, put you on the spot
Triple six is sayin shit, marks would pass them plastic
glocks
Put the pistol in yo face, if you run fuck the chase
Hollow tips would stop the pop and lemon pillers win
the race
Catch a case I never wrote, smoke to keep it on the low
Busta talkin off the map, wonder do yo rollas know
Tricky Ricky Scarecrow, cooler then his clan though
Riden wit the triple bitch is but ana 'ho
Now you know, and to you, busta bitch call up Koop
Talk so weakly to that bitch, now that ho is runnin you
Juicy clam he smokin sqaures playa know you a lie
As we cheefed them mega blunts, I thought you was
bout to die
Now I'm stayin super high and raisin trigger itch
If you keep on talkin shit, I'll triple fix a triple bitch

[Chorus] (Repeat 6x)

[Talking until end of song]

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