

## The Crystal Method

### "Triple Bitch Mafia"

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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

[Verse 1]

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  
Bet that 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 niggga clout, Playa Fly's in the house  
Fly so high funkytown, man you love to hear me shout  
Nigga youse a bitch when I get'cha they gone miss you  
punk  
Tie you to my nigga's bumper but busta you won't  
reach the trunk  
Crunk from the funk and blunt now my bodies numb  
Give me one I got me one now busta you gone give me  
some  
Just cause you crave, dig yo grave time to stop 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)

[Verse 2]

Man I wish you niggaz 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 out 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 guts, leave you reachin for ya glocks  
Ain't no time for reason and thrown pieces and the "L"  
sign  
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)

[Verse 3]

Roasten toasten triple duck, triple tradin set it up  
Runnin felony or jack, fuck around and get it stuck  
Buck feelin fucked now what's up, put you on the spot  
Triple sissies sayin shit, Marcus pass that plastic glock  
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 takin off the map, wonder do yo roadies know  
Tricky Ricky Scarecrow, cooler than a fan though  
Riden wit the triple bitch is but ana 'ho  
Now you know, and to you, busta bitch call him 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 ana bring that 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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