

## **Three 6 Mafia "Barrin You B\*\*hes"**

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I'm staying crunk, I'm plenty drunk  
I can't be barrin' you bitches  
I'm staying crunk, I'm plenty drunk  
I can't be barrin' you bitches

These boys ain't wild, I'll fuck them cowards  
Stick them bitches for riches

My nigga silent night, deadly night  
That's when I start, when I start creepin' like a hitman  
Scope my man then I toss the dynamite  
Bitches y'all ain't got the guns, bitches y'all ain't got the funds

Fuckin' around with Three to Six  
I'll make you niggas duck and run  
Hoes this ain't no game I'm playin'  
I'm sayin', I'm fed up with you boys

Crunchy catch that trick back on that  
Ways he still remember them punks  
Straight hoe nigga, flat broke nigga  
Make his eyes close  
I drop you niggas like I drop my hoes

I say we marchin' and steppin'  
Plenty weapons we packin'  
Why you haters be lackin'?  
Always dissin' with rappin'

How you bumpin' our shit  
Then you turn around an you diss?  
You wouldn't want to step  
We been in this shit you rookie bitch

Let me see who it be, shh psych boy  
I ain't sayin' your name, you know who you are Lil' Boy  
In my time I saw faces, people of shades and races  
People nail me to crosses like I'm Jesus, you Satan

I'm staying crunk, I'm plenty drunk  
I can't be barrin' you bitches

I'm staying crunk, I'm plenty fucked  
I can't be barrin' you bitches

I'm staying crunk, I'm plenty drunk  
I can't be barrin' you bitches  
These boys ain't wild, I'll fuck them cowards  
Stick them bitches for riches

Now I ain't fucked up 'bout these niggas dissin'  
'Cause a nigga givin' these blessings  
See you like a dog you fetching  
Starin' at a fuckin' weapon

Know your momma taught you better  
Never try to diss a player  
Maybe I can kill you now  
Or stall around and kill you later

Probably I should call the boys  
Tell them to bring them toys  
We gonna bust them bitches  
And fold them up like aluminium foil

And keep loadin' them guns  
Takin' 'em one by one  
Throwin' up sets and snappin' necks  
Until the job is done

Take em' on a lyrical holocaust  
Infamous is just our mafia boss  
Nigga walk around with his head blown off  
Call me the wicked ass lord of farce

Nigga one look and get his ass ripped apart  
Infamous coke has got no heart  
Coming through the hoe, ain't no motherfuckin' boss  
Fall to the earth [unverified]

Hoes be froze in a permanent dose  
These bitches blow me outta their clothes  
Call me the nigga with the dirty nose  
That will unload a 44 up to the foes

Ain't no playin' with you motherfuckin' hoes  
Let's throw that rope but you hoes don't know  
But the Infamous know you  
So and so and toe and toe, I take the flow

I'm staying crunk, I'm plenty drunk  
I can't be barrin' you bitches  
I'm staying crunk, I'm plenty fucked

I can't be barrin' you bitches

I'm staying crunk, I'm plenty drunk  
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Ah, [unverified] dress up on my head see  
Heard dat? Ask motherfuckin' scared nigga  
Hell yeah, jumped up out the bed  
'Cause no sofa bed bitch ya heard?

[Unverified] 4 clickas  
Ain't going out like no bitch  
Ain't no [unverified] out this place  
Like that fog up in my face

Ain't no rollin' like no sissy, ain't no busta bitch, okay?  
Grab that gat cocked and handle  
Like they think that I'm crazed  
So hit in their the face like a third grader on acid

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I'm staying crunk, I'm plenty fucked  
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