

Three 6 Mafia "Barrin' You Bitches"

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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

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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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