

Three 6 Mafia "Live By Yo Rep Radio And Raw"

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Man it's cold'n a muthaf**ka I wish I had some ole
funkdafied...

This is Lakeisha Lymon with Bone Magazine here
interviewing the
(Three 6 Mafia)
from Memphis who has a unique quality of rap style
"What would you do if someone tried to duplicate your
ideas?"

[Lord Infamous]

Well Infamous takin the 1000 of razor blades and I be
pressin em up in their flesh
Takin my pitchfork up out of the fire soakin it down in
their chest
Through the ribs, spines, charcoal and the muscle
tissue
And sendin what's left of it back to yo mammy
Because that bitch (I think) she just might miss you
But first, I want to slowly pull off all your skin
Get grease and boil it hot pour it on you and your dead
friend
I probably outta be not be so horribly slaughtering the
body
I am so naughty because I am moderately into
photography
Following through the autopsy
But man, f**k it, (enough of them bustas so just) pour
some acid all over them, too
That's what I would do, Skinny Pimp what would you
do?

[Skinny Pimp]

Just look into the eyes of the mask
Slangin the AK to knock out my enemies
Fear of the razor, da blast, he done passed
I'm leavin no trace of the evidence
Bodies be in box chopped up in pieces
His soul done rose, I placed them tubes up under my
mattress
My conscience is black and it's strange
Cause I murdered a (edit) bitch, and the Devil just
rushin my time

With this 9 in my hand causin death when you sleep
In the casket I leave you no killas in mind
Pullin a jack, reach me that cheese, make a stupid
move
Nigga ya bleed
Bustin 17, please don't scream,
don't run neither long range street sweep
Never never run from the buckshots, bust em at ya
back
When I'm full of yak, ain't no clue
In too deep, you sneak, we creep, Juiceman, what
would you do?

[Juicy J]

First a nigga (the Juice) look in the white pages for this
bitch (trick)
Mafia-style nigga (fool) cause you don't know who ya
f**kin with (messin with)
Called him at his f**kin (called him slippin at his)
home, minimum breathin on the phone
Warnin sign to let you know I'm comin so you better be
gone
Wether ya run I be stoppin ya, with the two 9s I be
poppin ya
Witness a (killa) nigga from North Memphis of the
Triple 6 Mafia
Two killas at yo front door, Three killas at yo back door
These hoes (edit) peeked through the curtains
And saw them gats pointed at the window
Nothin but destruction after we touched em
Man I thought you knew
That's what I would do, Gangsta Boo what would you
do?

[Gangsta Boo]

Think hard of a master plan on how to buck them
bitches (bustas) dead
Gangsta Boo the Devil's Daughter (this pimpin playa)
comin with the livin dead
Yes I'm so so crazy, so so scandalous(wild), (edit) I will
hurt you bitch
Torture your body with nothin but fire
Then I calmly shoot you bitch (quick)
Blast you in yo head make sure you dead

Cause I don't want you to live
My words of wisdom: The weaker the victim the bigger
the thrill is
The Three 6 Mafia do not feel sorry for none of you
dirty hoes (and that's how the story goes)
We full of that weed (them leaves) so we proceed to

take your f**kin soul (all of your souls)
It's not a problem when I buck you bitch,(I be buckin
them suckas) I do it smooth
That's what the Devil's Daughter do, (this lady boo
would do) now (Paul) Fly what would you do?

Note: (Fly's flo is not in the radio edit.)

[Playa Fly]

Clizick with the real Triple 6 niggaz for yo death
Ain't no shame up in my game, as you take your last
breath
Six niggaz trill, ready to kill, bustas, suckas jump
Pull a f**ked up clickin on you niggas, Fly gon ball, you
punk
To you f**kin imitators, watch yo ass f**kin click
Bite a Playa's style and slip, soon you will be stackin,
bitch
Fly gon bring them body bags, Lord you touch the
f**kin shovel
Dig it deep and bury that bitch
Lay em down there with the Devil
Busta numb, red rum, Mr. I-B-N, fool
Oh that's what the Fly would do, now Killaman what
would you do?

[D.J. Paul]

First I hit up Crunchy, and I get full of that Holy Smoke
The Devil's already up in me killa so I (i feel a high notta
go) ain't gotta go too far to loc
You f**ked (edit) up with the wrong click (This time
you've crossed your ? beware)
So your murder's all on my mind
Plus Satan is inside, put my hand (Move my hand real
close) to this plastic 9
Burnin from the aim, and my glock knows more
Every blink of the eye
But before it's all (gone Bone quickin then stickin them
lugers to watch you die), you'll have 2 ?
In your weak thigh-(not in the radio edit)
(Dropped you to your knees) Fall on to your kness, now
it's time for you to (bless what be?)'fess
(DJ Paul to kill a man with a fist full of fire)My fist full of
fire, punch a hole straight through yo chest
So any trick that wanna bite of this, everything, it's cool
You heard what I would do, The Triple 6 whole f**kin
crew
(So bustas hear me cause you stole some styles and
dissed that's cool
but steppin up to them bloody black 9mm Three 6 ain't
fools ain't fools don't mess with this crew)

Chorus (4x): Nigga, live by yo rep cause we ain't takin
shit
When I blast on yo ass, I'm gon empty this clip
(Round live by you rep cause you know you better slip
when we blast on that ass(?edit) we gonna empty that
clip)

Note: (This is where the radio edit ends.)

[Lord Infamous]
See we can't tolerate no nigga that is Layzie
Broke out the blender and I made some Krayzie gravy
It's Eazy, and when it was time to get Bizzy
Don't break, you can Wish, but You can't escape
Because we crave dead Flesh
Triple 6 bitch, easily you can be next

-Yeah, bitch, the Triple 6 Mafia, breakin muthaf**kin
bones like it
ain't shit, for the 9 nickel, beeyaaaaatch!
-(Talking)

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