

Three 6 Mafia "Rainbow Colors"

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I got them rainbow colors in my cup
Jolly ranchers man that shit be good as fuck
That's that syrup motherfucker, that's that syrup
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Sippin' on syrup 'cause I love to lean
I'm high as fuck 'cause I'm puffin' green
And I got more enfedimines then eckers and
walgreens
I get high, as I park my, park my drop on the curb

I'm smokin' on that blueberry yeah I got that good herb
And when you come to H-town just hit me on the phone
And I'ma come and pick y'all up and we gone smoke
and zone
'Cause you know I got that good weed and I got that
purple drank

It's one twenty for an eighth and two forty for a pint
I got money in the bank so I ball like that
Got 20's on my car, on my car like that
Hit them all like that, we ball like that

I'll fuck yo hoe and won't call her back
That's how we do it baby, I gotta keep it real
Oops my bad I'm like bumby, I gotta keep it trill
And I don't pop no pills, I drop my, I drop my trunk

So you can see my neon light
And hear them speakers bump
They call me Lil' Flip, I'm leanin' to the left
I'm like the Yin-Yang twin, sippin', this sippin' this syrup
by myself

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I'm zoned up and seein' double
Plus everything that I seein' is already double
So that's like four you motherfuckers
I'm leanin' like I'm standin' in a muddle puddle

And berry, berry, got me wantin' a hashbrown
Ounce this ounce this huddle
I let the seat back in my lac and take another sip
Then screw the top off of my bottle take this blunt and
dip

Off in the syrup, my nigga help them, them for
I said, "You really wanna get high then this here will
serve"
What them girls really know about that yellow tuss
Or them rainbow colors all mixed in a cup

That'll make your dick hard when you ready to fuck
I bet your Momma told you bitch you better not fuck wit
us
We some cool type niggaz, all we do is smoke
And we sip on syrup, sittin' on the front porch
Till we get real dizzy fall down on the floor
And if I get myself dippin', dippin' on some more

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