

Three 6 Mafia "Spill My Blood"

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Have they come to spill my blood?
Have they come to sentence me?
Will I leave here with my life, my Lord
If the law men capture me?

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Lord Infamous, the futuristic, rowdy bounty-hunter
Nigga, I come from the land down under
Up the from the ground
You don't want to rumble or cry round

Toss and tumble
My voodoo do, so my poetry
Now chicken blood or poultry
My victim been shook by a pack of coyote

Soarin' through the night down to the trees
Packed tight with two-some on shakes
No rubber with a paratroop, in fields with parachutes
Down to the blue

No matter however, can't hold em' for forever
Dead or alive, with your body, I sprinkle rotten flower
pedals
Yes, the consequences are your choice, my dred
'Cause Lord Infamous will gain a healthy bounty for
your head

I'm wakin' up, tossin' and turnin'
Like in a scuffle
My words aren't clear, rarely I speak, speak
My voice is muffled, muffled

My hands over my face
They done got me
I'm startin' to feel woozy
They done shot me

The same fools I done creeped on
In his own sleep, sleep
One them hoes survived
Now they creeped on me

Fool, we got your ass now
So, what's up?
Isn't you quiet just because we got your ass muff?

Muffled-like, bag your mouth
Shouldn't of ran your mouth
Talkin' about you gonna creep
While we was sleep, but it was just no doubt

Now the tables have turned
And in the mist of the morgue
Your funky sould burn, nigga

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Ten times out of twelve, nine times out of ten
Gansta Boo is in it to win
Prophet rider till the end smokin' weed

Gettin' twisted more and sippin', havin' thoughts
Thoughts about a nigga
I remember what that trick had bought

Kept that visine in my purse
Get a rental car from Hertz
Call my niggas from the Three 6
Tell 'em 'bout the plan first

Ooh, wee
Can it be, another song we done made
Fakin' on no damn jacks
A bitch gots to get paid

Come on prophets, now it's on
Nigga, it's like that home alone
Like white boy fuckin' lets go get this bitch

Man, nigga, gone, done deal stupid trick

Now you know this lady bitch
Swing go gets high
Scott free with your shit

For all the dirt that I did to my wife
Forgive me, Lord, each and every night
Croked cops, pull a gun, don't fight
Blow you away, leave you out of sight

Search a nigga from the shirt to pants
Nothin' on me but a sack ass can
[Unverified] with empty shots
Bucket clean

They find a couple of grams
Tons of dope that that nigga don't know
The Juice man can't be cuttin' no bro
Tried the cuffs but the nigga didn't go

Broke his throat with a quick left blowv
Now it's on and the chase begins
Cuttin' the corner, shirt blowin' in the wind
Dog on my trail and he pickin' up the scent

[Unverified] cops kill a four legged friend
Jump in the lex, voodoo like a hex
Dog confused, in they mind complex
Fuck the red light, ballin' on my set

Cops on my trail 'cause I let you rest
Hop in the car, ran two more blocks
Put in reverse, then I heard the gun shots
Doin' a hundred, so I couldn't get popped
Officer friendly, on the trip nonstop

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