

## Triple 6 Mafia "Barrin' You Bitches"

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

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bitches

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

[DJ Paul]

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 yall ain't got the guns

Bitches yall 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  
remeber them punks

Straight hoe nigga, flat broke nigga

Make his eyes close I drop you niggas like I drop my  
hoes

[Gangsta Boo]

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 pysch 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  
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[Juicy J]

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

[Lord Infamous]

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 ?  
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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[Koopsta Knicca]

Ahh... ? 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?  
? 4 clickas ain't going out like no bitch  
Ain't no ? out this place like that fog up in my face  
Ain't no rollin' like no sissy  
Ain't no busta bitch, OK?  
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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