

## Playa Fly

### "Triple Bitch Mafia"

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Triple triple triple triple

Triple bitch mafia mafia mafia

Flizy Flizy Flizy Flizy Flizy

Fli Flizy comin gunnin three six runnin

Verse 1:

Hangin low cheefin high time to make you bitches cry

Triple bitches talkin shit fuck you hoes are gonna die

Playaz comin harder won't bothered by yo pettiness

Break the law so super slaw boy you can't compare to this

Playaz on the scene for you green, jealous funky hoes

A fifth of tech will get respect, plus you hoes full of blow

Now the fuck you figga you'd be bigga cause you makin cheese

Half the shit you makin bitch, glorifyin Gangsta B.

Thinkin bout my nigga clout, Playa Fly's in the house

Fly so high funkytown, man you love to hear me shout

Nigga its official when I get'cha they gone miss you punk

Tie you to niggaz bump but busta you won't reach the trunk

Crunk from my bumb and blunt now my bodies numb

Give me one I got me one now busta you gone give me  
some

Just cause you crave, me so great times a stoppin ya

Proppin ya, droppin da triple bitch mafia

Chorus:

Triple bitch mafia, mafia, mafia, mafia, mafia, mafia,  
mafia

Flizy, Flizy comin gunnin

Three six runnin

(Repeat 4x)

Verse 2:

Man I wish you niggaz would, do the shit you clam you  
could

Stillin, robbin, killin, mobbin, never in my fuckin hood

Busta come on face the fact, rollin three blunts and a  
sack

I hear you mention funkytown but never touch the funky  
pack

In others words, Gangsta Blac makes ya fuckin heart  
stop

Drop to ya fuckin guns, leave you reachin for ya glocks

Ain't no time for reason and thrown pieces in the air  
side

Call this matter life and death, man you walk a thin line

Crime on my mind yo its murder and I'm on them  
slopes

Any bitches clamin sixes ho you goin up in smoke

As I hear them country raps, comin from a Crunchy  
Blac

Man you soundin super wack and Fly know who behind  
that

Pranksta Boo, ho you through, ho I gotta get you too  
Facial featchers favor hell ugly duckling of the crew  
And to you, you handicap bitch ya I'm watchin ya  
Flizy gone assassinate the triple bitch mafia

[Chorus] (Repeat 4x)

Verse 3:

Roasten toasten triple duck, triple tradin set it up  
Runnin felony or jack, fuck around and get it stuck  
Fuck feelin fucked now what's up, put you on the spot  
Triple six is sayin shit, marks would pass them plastic  
glocks  
Put the pistol in yo face, if you run fuck the chase  
Hollow tips would stop the pop and lemon pillers win  
the race  
Catch a case I never wrote, smoke to keep it on the low  
Busta talkin off the map, wonder do yo rollas know  
Tricky Ricky Scarecrow, cooler then his clan though  
Riden wit the triple bitch is but ana 'ho  
Now you know, and to you, busta bitch call up Koop  
Talk so weakly to that bitch, now that ho is runnin you  
Juicy clam he smokin sqaures playa know you a lie  
As we cheefed them mega blunts, I thought you was  
bout to die  
Now I'm stayin super high and raisin trigger itch  
If you keep on talkin shit, I'll triple fix a triple bitch  
[Chorus] (Repeat 6x)

[Talking until end of song]

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