

Three Six Mafia "Barrin' You Bitches"

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Album: When The Smoke Clears (2000)

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

I'm staying crunk I'm plenty drunk I can't be barrin' you
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 ???, I'm sad, 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 with ?? and his 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 ??? 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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