

## **Three Six Mafia**

### **"Touched Wit It"**

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Album: When The Smoke Clears (2000)

(Feat. Fiend, Mr. Serv-On & La Chat)

[Serv-on]

Boy,I think this the second time you done passed up  
this sign  
you goin'the wrong way main.

[Fiend]

Slow ya role, slow ya role,ya know what im saying?  
Look,we about to go I 255,[yeah]straight up to  
Memphis.[ya show]  
See what im saying, Paul said he gone meet us by Wal-  
Greens,  
we 'bout to go head on and break this bread, ya see  
what I'm saying?  
What you gone do?

[Fiend]

Bitch,you can picture the pain,I rip you in vain  
While the young soldiers whisper my name  
I'm dealing the caine,sippin' on crown, smokin' that  
Jane  
Open the brain,let that shit inject, you think that I'm  
playin'  
Don't make me get at your kin fo those that can't  
Either you die slow,ride slow, cause Fiend about to  
show  
How not only God knows, these niggas our hoes,my  
stock broke  
So we ain't trippin' puttin' knives to throats  
Buckin the clip at the 5and 0 ,allow smoke  
Dosha go straight to my lungs I see WHOMP WHOMP  
WHOMP WHOMP  
In ya streets Chopper intro now peep this  
Got wit you F-I-E-N-D and THREE-6  
Talk it like I bring I feel you need this,deep shit  
Sleep wit them fishes, eat wit them bitches,it's all on  
you  
Like that lil nigga B.G. cd volume 2

I throw hallows threw ,what you use to swallow and  
chew,  
'bout what ya gone do?

[Lord Infamous]

Infamous I'm leavin brain dust  
I'll indanger you lamers like strangers  
I'm in this bitch, pimp stick, clothes hanger  
I'm out the frame, on a lame, like a Banger  
I either put you in a cross,or I pull the Moss  
I'm runnin threw so logs, tring to blow ya leg off  
I put some shit up in the line that'll blow ya mind  
It's like some Colt 45, does it every time,nigga get my  
rhymes

[Chorus:]

(Fiend)

If I pull my pistol I'm a bust wit it  
Never see me holdin it and go fuss wit it  
You gone be a big pussy gettin fucked wit it  
Foever tucked wit it, cause you done got touched wit it

[Serv-on]

Act like you know me when I say Im head thug on your  
block  
Hold ya breath when I spray paint my name on yo spot  
Tell your self you ain't scared when I run in your shit  
I ain't bout no games woady its your life or yo bitch  
Apollogize when I pass by bootin my grill  
3rd World I represent it Blood City fo real  
Foreget yo know me when I pistol whip you and yo click  
No limit riders, Tre 6, yall aint runnin like this

[DJ Paul]

Now whats the fuck the use of holdin a gun and playin  
wit you hoes  
I'm bout to shut down yo heart thats how the story goes  
These boys think cause we some CEO's, we must be  
some hoes  
Its consequences and reprecusions fuckin wit pros  
Thiese bitches hot cause its hypnotized and no limit  
We off the wham but only real niggas all up in it  
I tell you what Serv kill the head of yo click  
And I bet all them hoes quit talkin shit

[Chorus x2]

[Juicy J]

I never ran up yo a trunk  
Blastin on a fuckin punk  
Toxicated, high, or drunk

Try and grab the closest pump  
Never flodged on how I lived  
Fight a nigga over a bitch  
Playa Im just callin pimp  
Always keep a cigarette lit  
Never walked up in the club  
Dissin niggas wit a mug  
Always keep my owm sack  
Never wanted to hit your bud  
Independant on you hoes  
Makin more than selling dope  
If you wanna hate the click  
Nigga I make your body froze

[Serv-on]

Close yo eyes ?  
Mouth full its a south thang thuging like that  
You say you know Im in North Memphis pushin that drill  
Tearin clubs up in South Memphis and Smokey City  
Say your prayers when I lay that iron clean on yo chest  
Dont play no games boy, Im kinda wild wit that tech  
Pretend you death when I scream what city you clame  
Fuck around wit me I seperate your body from your  
name

[La Chat]

Lay down bitch ,La Chat and I ain't playing no games  
bucking you hoes,my mado keep my distance from  
lames  
My 45 be on my side and I be ready to ride  
We catch you slipin you be missin have you barred  
alive  
My niggas downdown we got that anna that you bitches  
dont won't  
Step to me wrong Paul,Juicy,Pat,La Chat be strapped wit  
them pumps  
Now how you figure when you fuck up that we gone let  
you live We kill your ass then set a randsome fo your  
guts that we spill!!!!!! [Chorus]

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