

Three 6 Mafia, Spill My Blood

[Chorus 1 x1]

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 man capture me

[Chorus 2 x1]

Have they come to spill my blood
Have they come to sentence me
Will i live to see the morning sun
If the law man capture me.

[scarecrow]

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 poulty
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

[dj paul]

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

[crunchy blac]

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

[scarecrow]

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

[Chorus 1 x1]

[Chorus 2 x2]

[gangsta boo]

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' about the plan first
Ooh weeee
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
[juicy j]
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
Cannon i, 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
Tryed the cuffs
But the nigga didn't go
Broke his throat
With a quick left blow
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
K-0 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
[Chorus1&2...till fade]