

# Spill My Blood

## Three 6 Mafia

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 petals  
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(Scanman)  
Now the tables have turned  
And in the mist of the morgue  
Your funky sould burn niggaChorus 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 in my life  
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-9 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  
Chorus 1&2...till fade  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>