

## Gotta Touch 'Em (Pt.2)

Three 6 Mafia

Psycho in da Cut with the mask and the pistol grip  
I gotta' touch'em  
This shit is begining to come into focus  
But no one can figure out Infamous murderous of psychosis  
Trippin' I'm runnin' the darkness  
I'm loadin' barettas I'm jackin' yo' hoe shit  
A posse of satanic mothers we comin' to smuggle  
And leave them in puddles of plasma  
I'm comin' for stashes for cash  
The blast until everyone in here passed out  
My fellow man you cannot comprehend strength of the devil military killers  
Execution to death you will send us no harmony  
Now enter your head through the pillow  
The Tre-six niggah comin' to injure you at nightfall  
Give it up or this desert eagle shall make them fall up on you all  
(Come on mayn, you finna give me them niggah)  
Naw bitch...  
(Aww dog [?])  
Naw bitch...  
(A couple of hundred mayn just a couple of hundred mayn a couple hundred)  
Check it out my nig  
I'm gonna kill you anyway you won't need none of that shit  
Ran through the backyard jumped the gate to the corner of the back street  
Hopped into the steamer tossed the fuckin' stash behind the seat  
I'm comin' to rusm'em son, crush'em son, buck my gun  
I'm gonna reach out and touch someone.

Psycho in da Cut with the mask and the pistol grip  
I gotta' touch'em  
I got a problem, money dividends, gotta' solve them  
The only thing going through my head is murder and rob them  
I heard they got cash, i gotta touch they ass  
Quick fast in a hurry get away with a fuckin' dash  
Every night I sit and think on why these hoes keep playin' wit' me  
They gonna make me click them clicka click  
and they don't wanna see my bad side  
they gonna make me transform to another man  
And make they mother fuckin' ass do the devil dance  
Crunchy Black bitch, comin' at you hoes easy come easy go  
Easily we kickin' doors, I gotta' touch'em

In my fuckin' head I vision blood be red  
As I chopped off his fuckin' head  
Left him dead for them bitches  
A psycho at large  
Some bitch gone step to this bomber squad  
I'm harder niggah when I click you will feel like a prey that was predator  
for them paramedics  
See wait for the Koopsta scare'em  
Sk-skinny in the pimpin'  
Now waitin' for that armegeddon  
Bitch

Psycho in da Cut with the mask and the pistol grip  
I gotta' touch'em  
I hooked up with a freak down  
Niggah's from the M-town

Then we started robbin' outta town makin' them lay it down  
Touchin' crackers wit a 12 gauge to they fuckin' back  
Stickin' them liquour stores, robbin' banks, plenty car-jacks  
Snatchin' old ladies purse knockin' niggah's to the dirt  
My 9 gone make yo body hurt  
I'm go put your body in hearst  
Call me a playa hater traitor, what you want bitch  
Strapped wit them thangs on your ass hear them guns clicks  
Inside job strictly robbin' so you better beware  
Other niggah wit a gat a mask raise'em in the air

Now raise'em up an down for the killah man as a youngster  
Stickin' these tricks up daily you trippin' I'm still a hustler  
Cuttin' class don't make my snooze behind the barrel  
Shootin' crowds I hit it up in a honey comb  
An smoke a fuckin' pamper house  
Hollerin' at my brother Phil D. I gotta' get straight  
No thang mayn he got me straight that thang fool be boomin' weight  
Hoppin' on my skooter with my ski mask an my deuce duece  
All blue joggin' suit tube socks and But now I'm gettin' old and comin' clean is what I'm hopin'  
And now that I got boulder dope girls are what I'm Scopin' bitch  
This is the touch....