

# Sippin On Some Syrup (feat. UGK & Project Pat)

## Three 6 Mafia

Sippin' on some siz-erp, sip, sippin' sippin on some, sip  
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Sippin' on some siz-erp, sip, sippin' sippin on some, sipI'm trill working the wheel, a pimp not a  
pimp  
Keep the dope fiends higher than the Goodyear Blimp  
We eat so many shrimp, I got iodine poisoning  
Fuck niggas make me sick with all that pinchin' and bargainingYou say that you a boss, I ain't  
believing that shit  
You got the funny Geneva watch, with the Ferrari kit  
Take that monkey shit off, you embarrassing us  
I got the wet promenthazine, thick orange and yellow tuss  
Hydrocor-zone, on the hands-free phone  
The '84 zone, on them blades, 20-inch chrome  
If you got 16, you can get a biz-zerd  
I'm choking on that doja sweet and sipping on that sizz-erpNiggas scared to flaunt it, some  
niggas they want it, want it  
Some niggas they joan it joan it, but I be fucked up, up on it  
We're with the Mafia 6 and we ain't 'bout that bullshit  
If we gon' get high we gon' get high and we gon' house a bitchTwo niggas all at the mouth, two  
niggas all at the ass  
And plus there's some type of nigga  
Dick hard all night and she cool with that  
She popped her a pill of X and drank on some orange juiceAnd just when you thought she was  
freakin' she done got super loose  
Niggas come in by threes and deuces all in circles like duck-duck-goose  
All that want it can bone it, she on that X and that tootie fruit40 dollars for just one ounce,  
ounce plus  
Tuss and X is how it's pronounced  
Niggas sipping and dipping and tripping, man I'm 'bout all out  
Sippin' on some siz-erp, sip, sippin' on some, sip  
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Sippin' on some siz-erp, sip, sippin' on some, sipPeople always asking me, me the Three 6 high  
on that  
Rolling on them X pills, stuttering pup-pup powder packs

Woah-wuh where the weed at, ain't like that we need that  
Nyquil will slow me down, something that keep me easy  
Nothing like that yella, yella that will  
have you itching man  
Talking like you, what's up, fool? Vocal chords sounding lame  
In my days all we did was chief out on a quarter pound  
Gone on coke, eyes are bucked, this here shit will knock you down  
Knock you out, make you  
fall asleep when you're on them wheels  
Ain't no doubt, hit me when I beep for this refill  
Once again, on my wicked high, gotta have that drank  
Heard my name, Gino, I feel like I'm gonna fucking faint  
Nigga tell me what you know 'bout  
Frank, Nito and Young Guido  
Paul and Vito, we play a tune it sweeter than Pedito  
With my Three 6 nigga pouring up in my southern credo  
Quick fast, we'll put it on your ass like John Vito  
'Cause you fronting rap sanger, be creamy like  
a Zanger  
You ain't from the manger boy but you get the middle finger  
Come bang her, rum dranker, occasionally take  
Your bitch to the Telly and be a dick and cum slanger  
When Big Bun come danger, nigga ring your alarm  
Sexy thang on my arm, cup of drank in my  
palm  
And that crazy shit, I'm tripping on some skinny bitches  
Something that's wholesome, Florida to Folsom  
And for the most I'm steady sippin' on some sizzerp  
Sippin' on some siz-erp, sip, sippin' on  
some, sip  
Sippin' on some siz-erp, sip, sippin' on some, sip  
Sippin' on some siz-erp, sip, sippin' on some, sip  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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