

## **Sarah Brightman % Sir John Gielgud**

### **"Hit a Muthafucker"**

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(Chorus)x2

I bet you won't

Hit a motherfucker, hit a motherfucker (Bitch)

Hit a motherfucker, hit a motherfucker

I bet you won't

Push a motherfucker, push a motherfucker (Hoe)

Push a motherfucker, push a motherfucker

I bet you won't

This ain't no game, we bring the pain

So don't you niggas trip

Fallin the club with all them thugs

And five extra clips

Deep always deep is how we come cause we ain't no  
joke

So when you hoes talk all this shit

We gonna cut ya throat

And let you chuck right out the door, the Three 6 Mafia  
game

Now I was pullin a fucking gun

We out so throw them thangs

Don't hit that white

Any why the fuck act like you crazy man

We know you niggas just some hoes

You let our nuts hang

(??)

And let me crack you mind up

Want to get you hypnotized cause you this scarecrow

Keep a mystic type of business than we run

You may not cap to the s's

Cause we young, my time, my flex

It's a futuristic and autistic mega plisto plex

I rack up many shots cuase on my run colegri pop

I make sure they get so wild, they bustin caps right on  
the spot

All around the planet rock, the ghetto clocks don't stop

My nigga gotta take a deep breathe

A keep blowin till they drop

(Chorus)x2

(??)

We ain't going to stop until some down people die up in  
the audience

Word up, push them to the floor

Put your foot in his guts so aple watch them fully  
trample

Shoot a pistol in the air, make it so kit kiddy can't  
handle

The crowd, the gotta ru rush before a few gonna get  
crushed

Crush crush, we got it buck buck (The Three 6)

And when the shows over I want to see (??) nothing but  
bodies

On the floor and they got no Three 6 (Surprise)

(??)

I heard the streets that a nigga has said, something  
about that nigga

I think his name was Cruchy Blac

But I walk up to his house, I knocked upon his door

When he came to the door, I hit him in the mouth

And I knocked him on the floor

Then I hit him and hit him somemore

Then I told that fucking boy

Shouldn't of ran his mouth about of the motherfucking  
prophet boys

Cause the prophet boys be hypnotizing all of ya'll

Ganna tear around your throat and drag you like you  
want

(Chorus)x2

(Gangsta Boo)

Why to styling at my face

Why you talks behind my back

Hitting you hitting you down when I (??) to attack

Never can't be fade

Cause this lady roll with right click

Now I'm talking shit

Call me misses mobb bitch

Smoking automos all you hoes boutin' my damn self

Never hanging with you skanks

Cause I'm bad for your health

Playa haters out you stars pullin' cars bout' yourself

We be stanking like some fart under sheets, hold your  
breathe

(??)

(...??...)

See I call up then niggas operator tellin me they

was stressed with you up on that house that I'm hell  
Looking out there  
See you telling always tell who freezy's always shells  
(...??...)  
How she really cares bout' her hair  
Here he thinks he stabbs around a hoe round'

(Chorus)x2

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