

## Three 6 Mafia f/ Frayser Boy "Don't Violate"

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[Intro] ({How many, how many talk that shit} repeated throughout the intro)

Three 6 Mafia

Frayser Boy

Yeah, yeah it's going down

You know what I'm sayin'?

A lot of times we use the word bitch

That goes for niggaz and hoes

Whoever violate, gettin' faced wit' that bullshit

Here's what you do

[Hook: DJ Paul + (Juicy J)]

Put your foot up they ass(what)

Foot up they ass (what)

If these bitches actin' bad

Put your foot up they ass(yep) [2x]

And tell that hoe (Don't violate me hoe, don't violate)

[4x]

[DJ Paul]

Now niggaz man they try to copy the Three 6 but they too sloppy

You boys is fakers, nothin' but carbon copies

When we step up in the club, niggaz they play dead

'Cause of raps and all that bullshit that they said

It ain't nothin behind your mugs but some

motherfuckin' hugs

Y'all niggaz nicer than grandmas and fuckin' ladybugs

Y'all haters shakin' like booties up in a strip club

I'll cut your head off like Al Queda in this bitch WHAT!

[Juicy J]

I aint playin' wit' you niggaz

I'll put my hands on you niggaz

My foot will stand on you niggaz

I thought you knew we pull triggers

So why you testin' me bitches

You must be tryin' to get stitches

All on your forehead, you're cold dead

For fuckin' wit' pimpin'

I'll take the back of a gun

Hit you, you startin' to run  
Split you wit' two fuckin' halves  
You mad runnin' your tongue  
I ain't no hoe that be likin'  
Bustin' and fightin' and bitin'  
I'm like a Tennessee Titan  
Tacklin' and bringin' the lightnin' bitch!

[Hook]

[Crunchy Black]  
See I'm quick wit' the pistols  
Shootin', ain't missin'  
If I catch you slippin' then I'm going to get you mister  
I ain't gon' miss ya  
I'ma go and split ya  
No evidence, witnesses, no pictures  
Talk that shit bro  
Told you I'ma get ya  
Hit you in the head wit' the tip of the pistol  
Yea' I do it big, shit I'm playin' wit' your sister  
Like eskimos, leave you froze in a blizzard

[Frayser Boy]  
Pick his ass up, drop him off on his last breath  
Fuckin' wit' the hypnotize, you gon' have a fast death  
Real niggaz, yeah we is, you can come and find out  
Frizzle's on that bay, I can show you what my mind  
'bout  
Three 6 got me on now I got to keep a tone  
'Cause they haters now my haters, if we have to beef  
it's on  
Most of y'all been hoes, Frayser Boy's ten toed  
Leave his ass in the past nigga like Nintendo, whoa

[Hook]

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