

## Three 6 Mafia "Hard Hittaz"

Visit "[Hard Hittaz](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

*[Intro DJ Paul talking (With Echos)]*

Yea! (Yea)

Three Six (Six)

Boogie Mane (Mane)

Hypnotize Mindz (Tize Mindz)

You know.. (You know)

Niggaz get scared when they see these hard hittas  
(Hard Hittas)

Walk up in the motherfuckin' club we comin to  
repossess and shit (Possess and shit)

They start talking like girls and shit (And shit)

*[Woman]*

You cant touch me

Stand back

No!!! [2x]

*[DJ Paul]*

Yeah

*[Hook 2x]*

They got scared when these hard hittas came in

They got chains but they all tucked in

We got them thangs and we brought 'em all in

These niggaz play dead when they hear we came in  
(Came in)

*[Crunchy Blac]*

See I'm a hard hitta yes I am

And I dont really nigga give a damn

About you and how you fuckin rock shit

I put a 45 that make you bitches stop dead

You wanna cock it go ahead and cock it

Dont make a nigga like me make you drop it

I'm ten toes I'm from tha M-fuckin-Town

We gangster walkin

You hear the fuckin gangster sound

Its ashes to ashes dust to dust

The gats we trust

Y'all dont really wanna bust

I see you and your crew nigga in da club

You tuck in yo chainz you must be some sissy club

Do you wanna go to war nigga & spit some blood  
You talkin that shit like a fuckin slut  
You talk shit then you might as well bring shit  
I shut this muthafuckin club down for you bitch!

*[Hook 2x]*

*[DJ Paul]*

(Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!)  
Now if you wonder why so many diss Hypnotize  
Its cause them haters ain't eatin  
they on some muthafuckin diets  
A lot them is really sick I think they got amnesia

Cause on Sunday they diss ya  
But come Monday they need ya  
Quit tellin lies to the public  
If you could rewind your life back  
You probably be wit me on this track  
But I ain't come here my nigga for no sorrow no  
wounds  
But im'a stay bumpin till I bump by head on my tool  
Fo' real!

*[Juicy J]*

Niggaz wanna blame us cause they ain't famous  
They wanna ride a new whip instead of catchin the  
matter bus  
So why I gotta take the blame for lame ass niggaz not  
havin things  
Maybe you need to boost some clothes get yourself  
some pocket change  
I know you like them fairy tales say you make the three  
six sell  
So while my pockets still on swoll you reachin in the  
garbage pale  
Player I'm not your friend wit' it name a price and J'll  
spend it  
Get yourself a nine to five and try your luck on a lottery  
ticket

*[Boogiemane]*

What's up nigga  
Wanna be bad as the next nigga  
True facts you ain't gettin shit but fuck nigga  
Buck nigga catchin the cut when I rush nigga  
Jump nigga thinkin you cool you chump nigga  
Fuck that im'a get nine to get mine  
If you hood dog off in the club I'm on shine  
Pine in my mouth fuck up your cloud and get paid  
Wit' the same place to call our own and get away

Whats the deal dog I be bout buckin and getting crunk  
And really dog I could care less about stunts  
In my trunk though where you gon' ride after the show  
Ain't no punk goes so I suppose you'll get throwed by  
some elbows  
Fuck it I'll fill his ass wit' holes on that funk blow throwin  
high low  
Like I'm a pro get crunk dog get buck dog  
But actin like a fuckin' fool gon' get you jumped dog

Visit [Three 6 Mafia](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.