

## Three 6 Mafia

### "Hit A Motherfucker"

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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

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

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'

