

Three 6 Mafia "Hit A Muthafucka"

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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
Not always pullin a fucking gun
We out so throw them thangs
Don't hit that white
And wanna fight act like you crazy man
We know you niggas just some hoes
You let our nuts hang

[Lord Infamous]
I wanna grab your mind up
Want to get you hypnotized cause you this scarecrow
Keep a mystic type of blitz in every rhyme
You may not capture the essence
Cause beyond my time, my flex
It's a futuristic and artistic mega bless complex
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 blocks 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 damn fools die up in
the audience
Word up, push them to the floor
Put your foot in his guts so sample watch them fools
get trampled
Shoot a pistol in the air, make it so security 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'

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