

Three 6 Mafia "Knock Tha Black Off Yo Ass"

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It ain't no bitch in my blood
Nigga, it's nuttin' but thug
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I'll knock the black off yo ass
I'll knock the black off yo ass
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The main nigga on the block
Where it's hot fuckin' shit
I'll be the main muthathafucka
So ya dead in a hitch

Bullet led to his throat
Let two off in his head
Wuz he scared? Dead 'cuz of me
'Cuz of wut he said
Copasted I keep copastedic

Means I'm too the hood
Coper led in my automatic
When I'm in yo hood
Wish you would try to flex boss

Pistol in my dwars
Hollywood North Memphis boss
Muthafucka lossed
If he real he could talk street

Still because of me
I keep real bustin' wit dat heat
Off of da one beat on yo toes
Bleeding out yo noes

Got the posse home

Dat's a roll you in hospital
Pull off on yo hoes

Check 'em in wit a shitty bitch
You get out and spread
You gonna mend me some dam ends
Make yo self look bad, do it bad

But don't hop along
My nigga is home when I shoot
Through yo fuckin' chrome
Bullets gone be home

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10 G's get yo ass blowed off
And yo mama heww hewn
And yo daddy and yo ma-in-law
20 G's will get yo ass chopped up

Like some rondavu, BBQ tips
Like we don't give a fuck
30 G's will get you thrown in a river

Split it wit yo niggas

They probably would rid wit us
50 G's would get yo gold takin' out
Till they mentioned yo name
They say, man, don't know wut you talkin' 'bout

You could get yo ass pistoled whip
Wit a 9 or a 45 or a Heni Fith
We play dirty till we die
Nigga, get yo throat slit
We could stomp you to the ground
Then fold off a clip

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You could talk about this
You could talk about that
But if I catch you talkin'
I'ma beat you wit da bat

Do you sumthin' wrong
Nigga, how you like dat
I thought I saw a putty cat
I thought I saw a cat

These are my goods
Tryin' to see my stash
But if I catch you peepin'
Nigga, dat's yo ass

You the type of nigga
That'll keep on comin' back
So I'ma gone kill ya
Leave you dead where you at

I think they better call Bush
'Cuz it's a national disasta
When I unleash my pistol
Grip push masta wit me alone

I got dubs and drums
100 round spita, you can't hide
You can't run, I'ma snipa
Riddn' in a blue Chevy

A trunk full of guns, man
You hoes ain't ready
Kill a bitch like Freddy
And a Betty Edward Jones
In the middle of the night
Wake 'em up wit wit red saint

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