

Three 6 Mafia "One Hitta Quitta"

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Yeah, motherfuckers
Pussy niggaz, get the fuck out right now
Real niggaz, put your fist in your mother fucking hand
Like this it's going down

This is for my GD's and my C R I P's
My vice lord's and B L double O D's
This is for my GD's and my C R I P's
My vice lord's and B-L double O D's

I got that one hitta quitta, that one hitta quitta quitta
One hitta quitta, that one hitta quitta
Nigga find out and get your fucking teeth knocked out
Find out and get your fucking teeth knocked out

I got that one hitta quitta, that one hitta quitta quitta
One hitta quitta, that one hitta quitta
Nigga find out and get your fucking teeth knocked out
Find out and get your fucking teeth knocked out

A nigga knocked out as soon as I stepped thought the
door
I guess they thought we playing but I guess they didn't
know
We started kicking ass drunk off ass kicking
'Cause we left him there even in slow motion

I'm gone break a nigga jaw break the fucking law
Break him down raw break nigga all y'all
If a nigga violate you in the club
It ain't shit to talk about clock his ass out

I never try to move fast, I just stick to the script
If a nigga talking shit, hit that bitch in the lip
You got something to say about me
You niggas wanna doubt me

You mad, 'cause I get the cash then a nigga out
You won half of the bar nigga fuckin' payment
Kinda hectic when I disrespectite now a playa dead
But it's cool you got to realize something these niggas
fake

It's kinda like everything I love another nigga hate

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Fuck these bitches, I'ma pull this glock on
Nigga come wrong he gon' half to get popped on
Fool acting hard he been listening to da pac song
Don't let this rap music, get your door knocked on

Maybe knocked in with some friends holding bright
chrome
Think we playing witcha, boy, nigga bring it on
(Y'all)
Studio gangsta probly gonna hit you with the
microphone
Coward ass bitch gon' be sleeping with the lights on

I'm not a gangsta but this shit is for the Crips and the
bloods
GD's vice lords and white boys come claiming to be
thugs
I got a one hitta quitta and ain't gon safety ain't on
On these boney knuckles and all

The things you'll soon be regretting
I have a closed captioned Marijuana treated brain
Meaning when you hit the ground
I'll spill it out across the screen

Round one and Wyte ain't got no choice
To beat the compition
Let that mother fucker swing
And show that bitch what he been missing

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I got a one hitta quitta for any nigga talking shit
You talk shit, they find your body in the ditch
Ain't nothing going on but that triple six
And hypnotize fucking minds, can you handle it?

You in the club trying to show off in front of a bitch
I beat you down and throw the fuckin' six
And go outside and get the extra clip
We make an example out of you, nigga, don't be next
bitch

You get chest of eagle beat till your cranium leak
Scarecrow the sandman Double R fucking sleep
When I pull this unit it's intensive care unit
And I steal your blood type so they can't transfuse it

War, war, vet hear the blay, hit the deck
Kaiser Soze, usual suspect
With a one hitta quitta and some shit to disfigure
In your hospital room to finish you off nigga

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