

## Three 6 Mafia "They Don't Fuck Wit U"

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I grab my swatter, I swat this bug, he laid to rest  
Fuckin' wit' T R I P L E S I X  
Niggaz be talkin' but in the end I like fuck 'em up  
In the beginnin' they could've survived but they had no  
nuts

Bitch, where you graduated from, I said a school of  
hoe-in  
'Cuz in yo face, off in the streets ain't nothin' but hoe is  
showin'  
Too fuckin' light, too fuckin' light to try to fight  
Stick you with knives, shoot you with nines and take yo  
life

Yea, we know you niggaz are fuckin' scared 'cuz we  
don't play around  
Never wanna step 'cuz Three 6 Mafia put you in the  
ground  
People say you buck but we all know that's just that  
liquor bro  
Niggaz swear you hype but all that hyper is from hittin'  
that snow

If a member call me then I'm gonna pack my yawks and  
roll  
Ride down on yo block and close up shop and leave yo  
body cold  
Foo, this ain't no game so tuck ya chain and coward  
hide yo grill  
High cappin' and dissin' in yo rappin' just might get ya

killed

They don't fuck wit u like ya fucked with them  
Yo pockets tore down from limb to limb  
You got no ends, now you got no friends  
Now it's time to get the strap and go and do they ass in

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Whachu doin' 'round her', my nigga I gotta get ya  
Fresh outta jail-ie, my mind on bailin', so I split ya  
Head to the meet-ie, give to the needy so fuck the rest  
No understandin', projects the greedy, ya could be  
next

I'm robbin' victims with of the face of a [unverified]  
No hesitatin', I come out buckin', so watch the nine  
Off in east Memphis transactin' bizness, I know you  
straight  
I'm buckin' you fakers who ain't got cheese, the ones I  
hate

Could it be me, could it be somethin' in the fuckin' air?  
I'm seein' niggaz, them niggaz bodies flyin'  
everywhere  
You wanna know if the Lord is mackin' or a fuckin'  
player  
I'm keepin' all of you muthafuckas in my fuckin' prayers

Everywhere that I go I'm gettin' all these evil stares  
I'm sick of all of these hatin' muthafuckas in my hair  
All in my bizness, God is my witness, I don't even care  
'Cuz all you bitches you get the, died hell, yeah

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Deep, deep in them trenches of Memphis where I'm  
seriously pimpin'  
Da Koopsta da Knicca breakin' mo bitches than London  
got bridges

Send this to you niggas so you besta listen well  
Touch me and you'll die, see you can burn wit' me in  
hell

This hi-zo gi-zo-zy iz-i for you niggas that've lost it  
Spl-izat yi-zo iz-ass, will [unverified] off it  
Call Chris mane, shit dump 'em in a ditch  
Witness this wicked bit whipped up outta the six riders

My nigga CB he be back out here on these bricks again  
He kickin' in doors, he lookin' for him some dividends  
He kidnappin' hoes so he can make him some money  
mane  
And fuckin' wit' him is like fuckin' wit' somethin'  
different

Ya gotta be tough, nigga ya gotta be rough  
Like ash to ash, nigga, and dust to dust  
In gats we trust nigga, it really ain't much nigga  
'Cuz talkin' to us nigga, we blowin' ya up

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I'm smoked out, snorted out, drunken and I'm blown  
I'm smoked out, snorted out, drunken and I'm blown  
I'm smoked out, snorted out, drunken and I'm blown  
...

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