

## Three 6 Mafia "Weak Ass Bitch"

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When I say weak azz, you say bitch  
Weak azz, bitch, weak azz bitch  
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How you feel with this nine mili mill to your grill  
Haters talkin' lots of shit but they scared of the steel  
If you want me come get me 'cause I'm real with this  
here  
I ain't scared of none of you hoes, I ain't never stead a  
tear

In yo hood bumpin' ridin' with a twelve case of beer  
Ain't no nigga make no moves, get you scared, shook  
your fear  
Y2K hit the clock so you know the ending's near  
One call to them killas and you just might dissappear

Now nigga all in my face hollin' real but real soft  
Bitch I'm holdin' up this glock 'bout to knock your block  
off  
You a weak azz bitch and your CD cover show  
With your fake ass face I been knowin' ya so I know a  
sissy hoe

Yeah, I know this a triple six city  
All that MTV and BET got you feelin' shitty  
Just to think you used to be my dog, used to be my  
nigga now you fake  
But I stomp on you trick in the grass, you little snake  
bitch

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In the mood a fucking crowd, make the speakers  
pound  
If you niggas wild, knock these bitches out  
Rumblin' the ground, tramplin' niggas down  
From the dirty south where the niggas like it loud

We should hypnotize, instagater fight  
Fire in my eyes sosate lucky Frank White  
Ready for the gunfight, if you wanna get high  
Ain't no sympathize make you sleep 'til it's judgment  
night

Talk is cheap, I hear you talking but you ain't 'bout your  
biz  
La Chat a mack ain't got no time, to play, no games  
with a bitch  
My motherfuckin' plastic gat we gonna rumblin' shit  
Then they gon' hit'cha smit'cha get'cha, so don't fuck  
with this shit

I know you feelin' when I'm speakin' and I'm speakin' to  
you  
Well hoe it's true, who got the proof bitch, what you  
gon' do  
I keep my mug 'cuz I'm a thug, I left the twink on my  
grill  
You got some manner, need to show it, shit you claim  
that your real

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