

Three 6 Mafia "Weak Azz Bitch"

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When I say weak ass, you say 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 you hoes, I ain't never shed 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 disappear

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 ass 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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Uh, we came to move the 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, instigate a fight
Fire in my eyes so sate lucky Frank White
Ready for the gunfight, if you wanna get high
Ain't no sympathize, make you sleep till 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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