

## Three Six Mafia

### "Don't Make Me Kill"

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Album: Hypnotize Camp Posse (2000)

(Feat. Killa Klan & Lord Infamous)

What you boys gon' do (x6)  
Wha Wha What you

[Lord Infamous]

I keep seeing images man it's like I'm locked in a simulator  
Apocalypse slayer, I'm the street nigga terminator  
Is it in my nature to be another life taker?  
Then I ask 'em why home invader?  
Strapped with the auto and razor  
These days madness, raising havoc  
Witness savage, blazing automatics  
Ending this a highway traffic  
Very graphic  
I rob and kick a burglary kidnapping  
They think it's just 'bout rapping  
But sometimes we get to capping  
Niggas snapping  
You motherfucking bitches make me bored  
Let's go on  
If you think the world is really fucking yours  
If we must fill the morgue  
Then we will fill the morgue  
If we must kill these boys  
Then we will kill these boys  
Let's destroy  
All who cross the path  
A hypnotize blood bath  
Try to reach and grab  
You will feel the aftermath  
I'm the trial, I'm the DA, I'm the lawyer and the judge  
If you wanna feel the slugs  
Then I let you feel the slugs

[Chorus:]

Don't make me kill, don't make me kill somebody (x4)  
What you boys gon' do (x8)

[Scan Man]  
Aw shit nigga you done pissed me off  
Now nigga now it's time for a killing  
Buck buck shots blasting  
Who I be Scan fucking Man  
From the Killa Klan  
Got my thugs from the south  
Heavily armed and caused out  
Better bring it  
When you bring it  
Cause if you don't that means you fucked  
Cause those killers from the world  
Won't hesitate to pop those slugs  
Have yo mammies and yo pappys  
And yo motherfucking grammies  
Fuck yo poppa was because  
You too damn greedy with that money  
Now I told you don't test  
And you did something, pity  
You wasn't shit  
Blaze something about your motherfucking prints  
The patience of this game  
You best to learn  
Trying to have it all  
You gon' fall  
We gon' make sure of that  
Hoe we gon' make sure of that  
Decipher or stress that  
Me blasting with my tech  
You test  
I'll flex  
I'll bring the sawed  
Three buck shots in your vest  
I'm making motherfuckers feel what I feel  
This shit is real  
Motherfuckers who miss  
Consider them graves Don't make me murder you bitch  
[Chorus] [MC Mack] Get your

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