

# Three 6 Mafia, Beatem To Da Floor

DJ Paul)

So this is what I'm a do man, you know what I'm sayin'  
I'm a get each of you niggaz, you know what I'm sayin'  
From the bay by the b-ball piece, when you see this nigga  
You know what I'm sayin', I want y'all to whoop his bitch ass  
Man you know what I'm sayin, beat his motha fuckin ass  
To the ground like a motherfucker man fuck this bitch ass

(Juicy J)

See this how ass kickin' get down, your boys get

(Beat down!)

Your bitches get

(Beat down!)

Your brothers get

(Beat down!)

Your mothers get

(Beat down!)

Your cousins get

(Beat down!)

And any nigga that try to clown we leavin' em on the ground

'Cuz we stomp a hole, until his ass throw up, and after that

Them signs is gettin' thrown up, them hats is to tha right them hats is to tha left , we snatchin' your

Your pockets 'till nothin' left

(Crunchy Black)

I'm a crunk this nigga though, treat 'em like a hoe

Ask these lil' bitches what the fuck they hittin' for

Crunchy ain't a hoe, and Crunchy can't go, and

Crunchy ain't a nigga that you wanna fuck with low

If you didn't know, then nigga you can know, then meet me

Down foo in the middle of the floor, I'ma break it down slow

And fill you up with dro, and smoke your lud ass till I

Can't smoke no more

I'm gon' whoop this nigga

I'm gon' whoop this nigga

I'm gon' take it outside click click (Boom!) with the trigger

I'm gon' rob this boy, I'm gon' mob this boy

I'm gon' call the fuckin killers do a job on this boy

(Chorus)

We gon' beat em to the floor, we gon' beat em to the floor

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(Lord Infamous)

You don't know what just happened

You suffering from a fracture

You rebel let me catch you, I'll beat you belly bastard

You have a bad concussion, from tripple six bone rushin'

You all beat up and busted, you shouldn't of pressed that button

You all bloody and bummy, you yellin' for you mommy

And people think its funny, quit tryin' to out run me

Your eyes are blue and black and, your clothes are ripped and tackin'

You thought that you could hack it, you shouldn't have wore that jacket

'Cuz I wreck it, smith and west and my weapon, we steppin'

To let the still meet your chest and, don't play with these killers

They come from those parts, the north where niggaz be pullin'

The whole cart, so mista big playa mista big time playa

You got the shit on lock why you on my dick

Like a bitch walkin' around like you stone high

Hollow tip bullets don't die, nigga they multiply

I'm gon' whoop this nigga  
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I'm gon' take it outside click click (Boom!) with the trigger  
I'm gon' rob this boy, I'm gon' mob this boy  
I'm gon' call the fuckin killers do a job on this boy

(Chorus)