

Three 6 Mafia, Don't Make Me Kill

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 dogs off me, pimping
It ain't no slipping
I'm running 'em on ya
MC Mack from the Killa Klan click
Got haters sick
Like they had pneumonia
Free me from this three way junction
Before I proceeding to take his life
And though I had them tear da any thugs from the southside
Ready to blast on site
Weapons blasting nice and fasting
Got you dashing
Spray this boy
Calling up my band of Hollywood niggas
Whatever they ready for war
Let's let's make a stain
A stain on the lane
Youngin done hipped me to the game
Bitches choosing out the frame
Is it the fame or is the the cheese?
Hoes be trying to smoke on my weed
And know that Mac done broke the laws
Or pay the dues for the things you see
Bitch please break your knees
Get off my chrome and get your own
Carla hit me on my horn
And said your momma aint at home
It's a hypnotize, kamikaze
Prophet Posse, like the nazis
You aint with the camp
Wack producers trying to fucking copy
Stop stealing buster nigga
Bitch go check the sound scan
We cashing checks and flipping that
These haters will never learn
Don't make me kill nigga

CHORUS