

Three 6 Mafia, Knock Tha Black Off Yo Ass

[Hook 2x]

It ain't no bitch in my blood nigga its nothing but thug [2x]

I'll knock tha black off yo ass [4x]

[Project Pat] {North North} [repeated throughout verse]

The main nigga on the block where it's hot talking shit

I be the main motherfucker somewhere dead in a ditch

Bullet lead to his broke leg two off in his head

Was he scared then hit the man 'cause of what he said

Copastead I be copastatic means I'm to the good

Copper lead in my automatic when I'm in your 'hood

Wish you would try to flex dog pistol in my drawers

Hollywood North Memphis dog motherfuck the laws

Kept it real from the jump street still lookin' up to me

Out your grill bustin' wit' the heat off of the concrete

Blow your toes bloody out your nose got the body cold

Guy's will roll you to hospital full of hollow holes

Check 'em in with a sheisty grin you get out this cab

You gon' hand me some damn ends break yourself for dad

Doin' bad but I'm not for long my nigga it's on

When I shoot with this fuckin' tone you is gon' be gone

[Hook 2x]

[Juicy J] {North North} [Repeated throughtout verse]

(Mmmhmm)

10 g's will get your ass blown off

Have your mama boohoin' and your daddy and your mother in law (mmmhmmm)

20 g's will get your ass chopped up

By some rendevue barbecue tips we don't give a fuck (mmmhmm)

30 g's will get you thrown in a river

Splittin' wit' your nigga he'd probably ride wit' her (mmhmm)

50 g's will get you cold taken out

Niggaz mention your name they say "Man we don't know what you talkin'

'bout" (mmmhmm)

You can get your ass pistolwhipped with a nine or a .45 or a henny dip

We fight dirty till we die nigga get your throat slit

Then we stomp you to the ground and then we throw your arm a clip

We don't give a fuck

[Hook 2x]

[Crunchy Black]

You can talk about this you can talk about that

But if I catch you talkin' I'ma beat you wit' a bat

Do you something wrong nigga how you like that

I thought I saw a puttycat I thought I saw a cat

Peepin' my goods try'na see my stash

But if I catch you peepin' nigga that's your ass

You the type of nigga that'll keep coming back

So I'ma gon' kill you leave you dead where you at

[DJ Paul]

I think they better call Bush 'cause it's a national disaster

When I unleash my pistolgrip Bushmaster

Ring the alarm I got double charms

100 round spinnin' you can't hide you can't run

I'm a sniper ridin' in a blue Chevy

A trunk full of guns man you hoes ain't ready

Kill a bitch like Freddy in the beddy in pajamas

In the middle of the night wake him up to red sights (Blaow!)

[Hook 2x]