Three 6 Mafia, One Hitta Quitta

Yeah Mother Fuckers
Pussy Niggaz Get the fuck out our way now
Real Niggaz put your fist in your mother fucking hand
Like this it's going down
This is for my GD's and my C-R-I-P's
My vice lord's and B-L double O-D's
This is for my GD's and my C-R-I-P's
My vice lord's and B-L double O-D's

(Chorus)
I got that one hitta quitta that one hitta quitta quitta
One hitta quitta that one hitta quitta
Nigga find out and get your fucking teeth knocked out
Find out and get your fucking teeth knocked out
I got that one hitta quitta that one hitta quitta quitta
One hitta quitta that one hitta quitta
Nigga find out and get your fucking teeth knocked out
Find out and get your fucking teeth knocked out

A nigga knocked out as soon as I stepped throught the door
I guess they thought we playing but i guess they didn't know
We started kicking ass drunk off ass kicking
Cause we left him there even in slow motion
Im gone break a nigga jaw break the fucking law
Break him down raw break nigga all yall
If a nigga violate you in the club
It aint shit ot talk about clock his ass out

(Frayser Boy)
I never try to move fast I just stick to the script
If a nigga talking shit, hit that bitch in the lip
You got somthing to say about me
You niggas wanna doubt me
You mad cause I get the cash then a nigga out
You won half of the bar nigga fuckin payment
Kinda hectec when I disrespectite now a playa dead
but its cool you got to realize somthing these niggas fake
Its kinda like everything I love another nigga hate
(Chorus)

Fuck these bitches im bout to pull this glock on
Nigga come wrong he gon half to get popped on
Fool acting hard he been listning to da pac song
Dont let this rap music get your door knocked on
Maybe knocked in with some friends holding bright crome
Think we playing witcha boy nigga bring it on
Studio gangsta probly gonna hit you with the microphone
Coward ass bitch gon be sleeping with the lights on

(Lil Wyte)
Im not a gangsta but this shit is for the Crips and the bloods
Gd's vice lords and white boys come claiming to be thugs
I got a one hitta quitta and aint gon safety aint on
On these boney knuckles and all
The things youll soon be regreting
I have a closed captioned Marawana treated brain
Meaning when you hit the ground
I'll spill it out across the screen
Round one and white ain't got no choice
To beat the compition
Let that mother fucker swing
And show that bitch what he been missing

(Chorus)

(Lord Infamous)
I got a one hitta quitta for any nigga talking shit
You talk shit they find your body in the ditch
Aint nothing going on but that triple six
And hypnotize fucking minds can you handle it
You in the club trying to show off in front of a bitch
I beat you down and throw the fuckin six
And go outside and get the extra clip
We make an example out of you nigga don't be next bitch

(Cruncky Black)
You get chest of eagle beat til your cranium leak
Scarecrow the sandman Double R fucking sleep
When I pull this unit it's intinsive care unit
And I spill your blood tight so they can't transfuse it
War war vet here to play hit the deck
Crunch also say if you want to disrespect
With a one hitta quitta and disfigure
To your hospital room to finish you off nigga

(Chorus)

This is for my GD's and my C-R-I-Ps
My vice lords and B-L double O-D's
This is for my GD's and my C-R-I-Ps
My vice lords and B-L double O-D's
This is for my GD's and my C-R-I-Ps
My vice lords and B-L double O-D's
This is for my GD's and my C-R-I-Ps
My vice lords and B-L double O-D's