

Three 6 Mafia, They Don't Fuck Wit U

Artist: Three 6 Mafia f/ Project Pat
Album: Choices The Album
Song: They Don't Fuck Wit U
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(DJ Paul) (Intro Repeat 2X)

Gangsta g-g-gangsta, g-g-gangsta
Gangsta g-g-gangsta, g-g-gangsta
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Gangsta, gangsta, weak niggaz perpetrate
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(DJ Paul) (Verse 1)

I grab my swatter I swat this bug, he laid to rest
Fuckin' wit T-R-I-P-L, E-S-I-X
Niggaz be talkin' but in the end I like fuck 'em up
In the beginnin' they could've survived but they had no nuts
Bitch where you graduated from, I said a school of hoe-in'
Cuz in yo face, off in the streets aint nothin' but hoe is showin'
Too fuckin' light, too fuckin' light to try to fight
Stick you with knives, shoot you with - nines and take yo life

(Verse 2) (Juicy J)

Yea we know you niggaz are fuckin' scared cuz we don't play around
Never wanna step cuz Three 6 Mafia put you in the ground
People say you buck but we all know that's just that liquor bro
Niggaz swear you hype but all that hyper is from hittin' that snow
If a member call me then I'm gonna pack my yawks and roll
Ride down on yo block and close up shop and leave yo body cold
Foo this ain't no game so tuck ya chain and coward hide yo grill
High cappin' and dissin' in yo rappin' just might get ya killed

(Chorus 2X)

They don't fuck wit you like ya fucked with them
Yo pockets tore down from limb to limb
You got no ends, now you got no friends
Now its time to get the strap and go and do they ass in

(Verse 3) (Project Pat)

Whachu doin' round hea? My nigga I gotta get ya
Fresh outta jail-ie, my mind on bailin', so I split ya
Head to the meet-ie, give to the needy so fuck the rest
No understandin', Projects the greedy, ya could be next
I'm robbin' victims with of the face of a ???
No hesitatin', I come out buckin' so watch the nine
Off in East Memphis transactin' bizness I know you straight
I'm buckin' you fakers who ain't got cheese, the ones I hate

(Verse 4) (Lord Infamous)

Could it be me, could it be somethin' in the fuckin' air
Im seein' niggaz, them niggaz bodies flyin' everywhere
You wanna know if the Lord is mackin' or a fuckin' player
I'm keepin' all of you muthafuckas in my fuckin' prayers
Everywhere that I go I'm gettin' all these evil stares
I'm sick of all of these hatin' muthafuckas in my hair
All in my bizness, God is my witness I don't even care
Cause all you bitches you get the *blaaah* died hell yeah

Repeat Chorus 2X

(Verse 5) (Koopsta Knicca)

Deep deep in them trenches of Memphis where I'm seriously pimpin'
Da Koopsta da Knicca breakin' mo bitches than London got bridges
Send this to you niggas so you besta listen well

Touch me and you'll die see you can burn wit me in hell
This hi-zo gi-zo-zy iz-I for you niggas that've lost it
Spl-izat yi-zo iz-ass, will ??? off it
Call Chris mane, shit dump 'em in a ditch
Witness this wicked bit whipped up outta the Six riders

(Verse 6) (Crunchy Blac)

My nigga CB he be back out here on these bricks again
He kickin' in doors, he lookin' for him some dividends
He kidnappin' hoes so he can make him some money mane
And fuckin' wit him is like fuckin' wit somethin' different
Ya gotta be tough, nigga ya gotta be rough
Like ash to ash nigga, and dust to dust
In gats we trust nigga, it really ain't much nigga
Cuz talkin' to us nigga, we blowin' ya up

Repeat Chorus 2X

(Til fade)

I'm smoked out, snorted out, drunken and I'm blown