

# 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

Typed by: Flaco520@hotmail.com

(DJ Paul) (Intro Repeat 2X)

Gangsta g-g-gangsta, g-g-gangsta

Gangsta g-g-gangsta, g-g-gangsta

Gangsta g-g-gangsta, g-g-gangsta

Gangsta, gangsta, weak niggaz perpetrate

Gangsta, gangsta, weak niggaz perpetrate

(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