

Three 6 Mafia, Who Da Fuck You Playin Wit?

(DJ Paul)

Wooo

Hypnotize Minds

Three 6 Mafia

Frayser Boy

Lil Wyte

We about to take over this motherfucking club

Choices 2

In your face nigga

What you know about that

Mafia

(Chorus: DJ Paul)

Who the fuck you playing with

Who the fuck you playing with

Who the fuck you playing with

Who the fuck you playing with

Nigga get hard boy and get smacked like a bitch

Bitch get hard hoe and get whooped like a nigga

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(Lil' Wyte)

Aw shit

They done fucked up and unleashed the beast

My lyrics flowing with danger and without love for the streets

I have to pay attention to everything that I say

Cause this punk ass bitches and faggots take this shit the wrong way

So I'ma lay my cards out face up so you can see them

Leave your bottom dollar on you cause all you will be needing

Grip you glock call your shots

Grip your nuts and call the cops

When it is ana I don't see that there is any reason to stop

(DJ Paul)

You see I just got the pistol grip AR-15

And it is still shooting them fucking 2-2-3's

From 200 yards I still got my enemies

Hit your pineapple make a bitch nigga bleed

My marty griffin shooting 5 football fields

50 cal some (pause) don't want to feel

With my berretta C-X-4

Rung your doorbell

Pop your ass through the door

Bitch

(Chorus)

(Juicy J)

I done told you cowards I ain't going for that shit

That you talk on your mix tape

He say she say bullshit

Radio play

Niggaz all on the air

Talking about Hypnotize ain't pay them ain't fair

Check your contract and tell them where your funds at

Balling out in ATL smoking weed

And sipping on that cognac
Ain't no bitch bitch I'ma have to tell you
Ain't no rapper no nigga in a gang or a group
Gonna stop this playa from getting my cheese
If I'm selling coke keys or chronic pounds of weed
What you know about standing in a courthouse
About to get judged by twelve white folks life sentence
What you know about niggaz in the hood ain't change
If you turn your back your main nigga put it to your brain
What you know about dissing on a cd that's old
Cause I told you bitches I ain't going no more

(Chorus)

(Crunchy Black)
If a bitch talk shit
She can suck a nigga dick
If a nigga wanna fight
He can bring the fucking shit
Nigga know who I'm with
Triple motherfucking six
You can think that I am playing but I ain't playing bitch
I can give it to you slow
I can give it to you quick
If you bitches want some more
Then come and get and get it bitch
Got a whole bunch of bullets
And I promise I will spit them
Niggaz know C-B from the one-hitter quitter

(Frayser Boy)
Know some real
Know some fake
Got some love
Got some hate
Know some with it
Know some cowards
Some smoke weed
Some snort powder
Some ride Chevys
Some ride Lacs
Some sell pills
Some sell crack
Some they thieves
Some they killers
Bay Area attack
Have no biz if you wanna killer make your fucking move
Dammit jeers when I get you nigga doing what I do
Get my point across when I mask up and ride out
Pack your bags smash the gas best bet to hide out
Bitch

(Chorus)