

# Fuck That Shit

## Three 6 Mafia

Nigga buck in the club like, FUCK THAT SHIT!  
Got my tone in the club like, FUCK THAT SHIT!  
Fire a blunt up on the dance floor, FUCK THAT SHIT!  
Straight walk up to that boy like, FUCK YOU BITCH!  
Slap a trick in front his bitch like , FUCK THAT SHIT!  
Start a fight with the thickest click, FUCK THAT SHIT!  
Get kicked out this bitch like, FUCK THAT SHIT!  
Shoot that thang at security nigga, FUCK YOU BITCH!

See I'mma ride me a chevy with them fo doors  
And blow some dough, dough  
Sit back and watch a flick on screens wid a red hoe  
On double deuce, I met this bitch up at the club  
I had a tech, if her neighbors wanna buck  
Wid a nigga, cuz I'm from the south side of town  
B-A-Z, and I'm reppin, even if ya aren't around  
I match a blunt with the real  
Shoot a bump with the real  
But I ain't a baller, I just deal  
With these drugs and thugs and these niggaz that's locked up  
I lock em' down with some of that pure white stuff  
Like some dro, pop a pill, sip some syrup, It ain't no deal  
But you gotta stay the same when you high, keep it trill  
And I still blow a blunt to take the pain out  
Cuz if I don't get high, I'd probably blow my fuckin brains out  
Cuz straight thugs love it, cuz I'mma keep it killa  
And I'mma dedicate this to my real ass niggaz! YEA!

Woوو! I think you know the mother fucking business now, wannabes! (In the middle of the club)  
Hypnotize Minds , Three 6 Mafia , roll with us, or get ran over, (In the middle of the club)  
Shoot with us, or get shot the fuck up nigga!

In the middle of the club, dolla on swoll  
Take me a scoop, put it to my nose  
Walkin through the crowd, knock your trick down  
Pistol in my draws, don't make me pull it out  
Twist another blunt, fill it real krunk  
40 in the club, Outside it's the pump  
Top off the syrup, take me a swig  
There go my dawgs, What's Up My Nigs?  
Security starin, they better not try it  
Cuz we will start a mother fuckin riot!  
The crowd is swayin, Three 6 playin  
It's on now, no rules we obeying  
Security pissed, they started to march  
Just in time, I got outta dutch  
But I was spotted, and kicked out  
Ran back in, shots rang out!

As a young nigga in the hood kinda pissed off  
Cuz I gotta big bank, and his pockets too short  
Frustrated all the time, wanna tear the roof off  
Wanna be a gangsta, but the nigga too soft  
Kinda sissified, like that famous fagot, Ru Paul  
But he can not hide, letting them queers knock his boots off

Hope he get his shit together, grow up til he too tall  
Instead of letting these rubbers go up in his ass, to raw!

Niggaz hatin on me, but they just don't know  
C-B he gotta gun, and I'm bout to explode  
Keep talking that shit, like you standin ten toe  
You don't know me nigga, you don't know me bro  
I'm up in the club, and I'm smoking on dope  
Your bitch is talkin shit but its time to go  
I'mma catch you little lame bitches at the door  
And spray you bitch down, like a water hose!