

Hard Hittaz

Three 6 Mafia

Yea! (Yea)
Three Six (Six)
Boogie Mane (Mane)
Hypnotize Mindz (Tize Mindz)
You know.. (You know)
Niggaz get scared when they see these hard hittas (Hard Hittas)
Walk up in the motherfuckin' club we comin to repossess and shit (Possess and shit)
They start talking like girls and shit (And shit)

You cant touch me
Stand back
No!!!
Yeah

They got scared when these hard hittas came in
They got chains but they all tucked in
We got them thangs and we brought 'em all in
These niggaz play dead when they hear we came in (Came in)

See I'm a hard hitta yes I am
And I dont really nigga give a damn
About you and how you fuckin rock shit
I put a 45 that make you bitches stop dead
You wanna cock it go ahead and cock it
Dont make a nigga like me make you drop it
I'm ten toes I'm from tha M-fuckin-Town
We gangster walkin
You hear the fuckin gangster sound
Its ashes to ashes dust to dust
The gats we trust
Y'all dont really wanna bust
I see you and your crew nigga in da club
You tuck in yo chainz you must be some sissy club
Do you wanna go to war nigga & spit some blood
You talkin that shit like a fuckin slut
You talk shit then you might as well bring shit
I shut this muthafuckin club down for you bitch!

(Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!)

Now if you wonder why so many diss Hypnotize
Its cause them haters ain't eatin
they on some muthafuckin diets
A lot them is really sick I think they got amnesia
Cause on Sunday they diss ya
But come Monday they need ya
Quit tellin lies to the public
If you could rewind your life back
You probably be wit me on this track
But I ain't come here my nigga for no sorrow no wounds
But im'a stay bumpin till I bump by head on my tool
Fo' real!

Niggaz wanna blame us cause they ain't famous
They wanna ride a new whip instead of catchin the matter bus
So why I gotta take the blame for lame ass niggaz not havin things
Maybe you need to boost some clothes get yourself some pocket change

I know you like them fairy tales say you make the three six sell
So while my pockets still on swoll you reachin in the garbage pale
Player I'm not your friend wit' it name a price and J'll spend it
Get yourself a nine to five and try your luck on a lottery ticket

What's up nigga
Wanna be bad as the next nigga
True facts you ain't gettin shit but fuck nigga
Buck nigga catchin the cut when I rush nigga
Jump nigga thinkin you cool you chump nigga
Fuck that im'a get nine to get mine
If you hood dog off in the club I'm on shine
Pine in my mouth fuck up your cloud and get paid
Wit' the same place to call our own and get away
Whats the deal dog I be bout buckin and getting crunk
And really dog I could care less about stunts
In my trunk though where you gon' ride after the show
Ain't no punk goes so I suppose you'll get throwed by some elbows
Fuck it I'll fill his ass wit' holes on that funk blow throwin high low
Like I'm a pro get crunk dog get buck dog
But actin like a fuckin' fool gon' get you jumped dog