

# They Don't Fuck wit U

Three 6 Mafia

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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 ain't 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  
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  
They don't fuck wit u like ya fucked with them  
Yo pockets tore down from limb to limb  
You got no ends, now you got no friends  
Now it's time to get the strap and go and do they ass in  
They don't fuck wit u like ya fucked with them  
Yo pockets tore down from limb to limb  
You got no ends, now you got no friends  
Now it's time to get the strap and go and do they ass in  
Whachu doin' 'round her', 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  
Could it be me, could it be somethin' in the fuckin' air?  
I'm 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  
'Cuz all you bitches you get the, died hell, yeah  
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Now it's time to get the strap and go and do they ass in  
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  
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  
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They don't fuck wit u like ya fucked with them  
Yo pockets tore down from limb to limb  
You got no ends, now you got no friends  
Now it's time to get the strap and go and do they ass in  
I'm smoked out, snorted out, drunken and I'm blown  
I'm smoked out, snorted out, drunken and I'm blown  
I'm smoked out, snorted out, drunken and I'm blown