44 Killers

Three 6 Mafia

I'm bout to blow them boys ass off
(Whatcha niggas wanna do?)
I'm bout to blow them boys ass off
(Talkin all that fuckin shit)
I'm bout to blow them boys ass off
(Coward ass bitches)
I'm bout to blow them boys ass off
(Whatcha niggas wanna do?)
I'm bout to blow them boys ass off
(Talkin all that fucking shit)
I'm bout to blow them boys ass off
(Fighting niggas over a bitch)
I'm bout to blow them boys ass off
(Fuck you motherfuckin hoes)
I'm bout to blow them boys ass off

To you haters I'm the predator
Set em up, wet em up
When I'm in the hood, I'm like a drug-dealer regular
Coke poppin, bird shoppin, droppin don'tcha step ta tha
Triple six, guns click, bitch we the murderers

Triple six is the clique, why y'all niggas keep hatin me
Y'all gone make a nigga posse up and come and getcha bitch
Grab that nigga by his throat, if he hollas, let em go
I ain't gon' let that nigga go, I'ma hit it at em wit da fourty-four

I'ma sic' em, heat em, leave em bleedin, fill em fulla millimeter
Bitch ass nigga, torture treat em, creature feature, coke and weed
Soze, Two-L O Y D, sippin ounces of that liter
Ask me if I worship Satan, I'ma send yo ass ta see em

Now tell me how you boys talk wit all that shit in yo mouth
And how the hell you down ta key that open doors for tha Mid-South?
I put half of you haters on, make half of you haters groan
Left half of you haters alone
and watched you die all on your own and feel for ya

I'm bout to blow them boys ass off
(Whatcha bitches wanna do?)
I'm bout to blow them boys ass off
(Cuz nigga we ain't playin wit ya)
I'm bout to blow them boys ass off
(Whatcha hoes wanna do?)
I'm bout to blow them boys ass off
(We got them tones ready ta blast)
I'm bout to blow them boys ass off
(What's up nigga?)
I'm bout to blow them boys ass off
(Scared ass cowards)
I'm bout to blow them boys ass off
(Ain't no cowards in this motherfucker)
I'm bout to blow them boys ass off
(Ain't no cowards)

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