

Weak Azz Bitch

Three 6 Mafia

When I say weak ass, you say bitch
Weak ass, BITCH, Weak ass BITCH

How you feel with this nine mili mill to your grill
Haters talkin' lots of shit
But they scared of the steel
If you want me come and get me
Cause I'm real with this here
I ain't scared of none of you hoes
I ain't never shead a tear
In yo hood bumpin' ridin' with a twelve case of beer
Ain't no nigga make no moves
Get you scared, shook your fear
Y2K hit the clock
So you know the ending's near
One call to them killas and you just might disappear

Now nigga all in my face hollin' real but real soft
Bitch I'm holdin' up this glock
Bout to knock your block off
You a weak ass bitch
And your CD cover show
With your fake ass face
I been knowin' ya so I know a sissy hoe
Yeah know this a triple six city
All that MTV and BET got you feelin' shitty
Just to think, you used to be my dog
Used to be my nigga, now you fake
But I stomp on you trick in the grass
You little snake bitch

Uh, In the mood a fucking crowd
Make the speakers pound
If you niggas wild
Knock these bitches out
Rumblin' the ground
Tramplin' niggas down
From the dirty south
Where the niggas like it loud
Wish ya hypnotized
Instagater ?
Fire in my eyes sosate lucky Frank White
Ready for the gunfight
If you wanna get high
Ain't no sympathize
Make you sleep till it's judgment night

Talk is cheap
I hear you talking but you ain't bout your bizz
La Chat a mack ain't got no time to play no games with a bitch
My motherfuckin' plastic gat we gonna rumblin' shit
Then they gon' hit'cha smit'cha get'cha so don't fuck with this shit
I know you feelin' when I'm speakin' and I'm speakin' to you

Well hoe it's true, who got the proof bitch
What you gon' do
I keep my mug cuz I'm a thug
I left the twink on my grill
You got some manner
Need to show it
Shit you claim that your real