

# Knock Tha Black Off Yo Ass

## Three 6 Mafia

It ain't no bitch in my blood nigga its nothing but thug I'll knock tha black off yo ass (Project

Pat) (North North) repeated throughout verse)  
The main nigga on the block where it's hot talking shit  
I be the main motherfucker somewhere dead in a ditch  
Bullet lead to his broke leg two off in his head  
Was he scared then hit the man 'cause of what he said  
Copastead I be copastatic means I'm to the good  
Copper lead in my automatic when I'm in your 'hood  
Wish you would try to flex dog pistol in my drawers  
Hollywood North Memphis dog motherfuck the laws  
Kept it real from the jump street still lookin' up to me  
Out your grill bustin' wit' the heat off of the concrete  
Blow your toes bloody out your nose got the body cold  
Guy's will roll you to hospital full of hollow holes  
Check 'em in with a sheisty grin you get out this cab  
You gon' hand me some damn ends break yourself for dad  
Doin' bad but I'm not for long my nigga it's on  
When I shoot with this fuckin' tone you is gon' be gone  
(Juicy J) (North North) Repeated throughout verse)  
(Mmmhmm)

10 g's will get your ass blown off  
Have your mama boohoo in' and your daddy and your mother in law (mmmhmm)

20 g's will get your ass chopped up  
By some rendezvous barbecue tips we don't give a fuck (mmmhmm)  
30 g's will get you thrown in a river  
Splittin' wit' your nigga he'd probably ride wit' her (mmhmm)  
50 g's will get you cold taken out

Niggaz mention your name they say "Man we don't know what you talkin'  
'bout" (mmmhmm)

You can get your ass pistolwhipped with a nine or a .45 or a henny dip  
We fight dirty till we die nigga get your throat slit  
Then we stomp you to the ground and then we throw your arm a clip  
We don't give a fuck  
(Crunchy Black)

You can talk about this you can talk about that  
But if I catch you talkin' I'ma beat you wit' a bat  
Do you something wrong nigga how you like that  
I thought I saw a puttycat I thought I saw a cat  
Peepin' my goods try'na see my stash  
But if I catch you peepin' nigga that's your ass  
You the type of nigga that'll keep coming back  
So I'ma gon' kill you leave you dead where you at (DJ Paul)

I think they better call Bush 'cause it's a national disaster  
When I unleash my pistolgrip Bushmaster  
Ring the alarm I got double charms  
100 round spinnin' you can't hide you can't run  
I'm a sniper ridin' in a blue Chevy  
A trunk full of guns man you hoes ain't ready  
Kill a bitch like Freddy in the beddy in pajamas  
In the middle of the night wake him up to red sights(Blaow!)  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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