

# Hard Hittaz (f Boogiemane)

## 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 ticketWhat'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  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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