

# Knock Tha Black Off Yo Ass (feat. Project Pat)

## Three 6 Mafia

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

It ain't no bitch in my blood  
Nigga, it's nuttin' but thug  
It ain't no bitch in my blood  
Nigga it's nuttin' but thugIt ain't no bitch in my blood  
Nigga, it's nuttin' but thug  
It ain't no bitch in my blood  
Nigga it's nuttin' but thugI'll knock the black off yo ass  
I'll knock the black off yo ass  
I'll knock the black off yo ass  
I'll knock the black off yo assThe main nigga on the block  
Where it's hot fuckin' shit  
I'll be the main muthathafucka  
So ya dead in a hitchBullet led to his throat  
Let two off in his head  
Wuz he scared? Dead 'cuz of me  
'Cuz of wut he said  
Copasted I keep copastedicMeans I'm too the hood  
Coper led in my automatic  
When I'm in yo hood  
Wish you would try to flex bossPistol in my dwars  
Hollywood North Memphis boss  
Muthafucka lossed  
If he real he could talk streetStill because of me  
I keep real bustin' wit dat heat  
Off of da one beat on yo toes  
Bleeding out yo noesGot the posse home  
Dat's a roll you in hospital  
Pull off on yo hoesCheck 'em in wit a shitty bitch  
You get out and spread  
You gonna mend me some dam ends  
Make yo self look bad, do it badBut don't hop along  
My nigga is home when I shoot

Through yo fuckin' chrome  
Bullets gone be homeIt ain't no bitch in my blood  
Nigga, it's nuttin' but thug  
It ain't no bitch in my blood  
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Nigga, it's nuttin' but thug  
It ain't no bitch in my blood  
Nigga it's nuttin' but thugI'll knock the black off yo ass  
I'll knock the black off yo ass  
I'll knock the black off yo ass  
I'll knock the black off yo ass10 G's get yo ass blowed off  
And yo mama heww hewn  
And yo daddy and yo ma-in-law  
20 G's will get yo ass chopped upLike some rondavu, BBQ tips  
Like we don't give a fuck  
30 G's will get you thrown in a river  
Split it wit yo niggasThey probably would rid wit us  
50 G's would get yo gold takin' out  
Till they mentioned yo name  
They say, man, don't know wut you talkin' 'boutYou could get yo ass pistoled whip  
Wit a 9 or a 45 or a Heni Fith  
We play dirty till we die  
Nigga, get yo throat slit  
We could stomp you to the ground  
Then fold off a clipIt ain't no bitch in my blood  
Nigga, it's nuttin' but thug  
It ain't no bitch in my blood  
Nigga it's nuttin' but thugIt ain't no bitch in my blood  
Nigga, it's nuttin' but thug  
It ain't no bitch in my blood  
Nigga it's nuttin' but thugI'll knock the black off yo ass  
I'll knock the black off yo ass  
I'll knock the black off yo ass  
I'll knock the black off yo assYou could talk about this  
You could talk about that  
But if I catch you talkin'  
I'ma beat you wit da batDo you sumthin' wrong  
Nigga, how you like dat  
I thought I saw a putty cat  
I thought I saw a catThese are my goods  
Tryin' to see my stash  
But if I catch you peepin'  
Nigga, dat's yo assYou the type of nigga  
That'll keep on comin' back  
So I'ma gone kill ya

Leave you dead where you at I think they better call Bush  
'Cuz it's a national disasta  
When I unleash my pistol  
Grip push masta wit me alone I got dubs and drums  
100 round spita, you can't hide  
You can't run, I'ma snipa  
Riddn' in a blue Chevy A trunk full of guns, man  
You hoes ain't ready  
Kill a bitch like Freddy  
And a Betty Edward Jones  
In the middle of the night  
Wake 'em up wit wit red saint It ain't no bitch in my blood  
Nigga, it's nuttin' but thug  
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Nigga it's nuttin' but thug It ain't no bitch in my blood  
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