

Who Da Fuck You Playin' Wit?

Three 6 Mafia

Who da fuck you playin' wit
Nigga get hard boy or get smacked like a bitch
Bitch get hard hoe or get whooped like a nigga
Oh shit, they done fucked up unleashed the beast
My lyrics flowin' with danger and without love for the streets
I have to pay attention to everything that I say
Because these punk ass fagots and bitches take the shit the wrong way
So, I'm gonna lay my cards out face up so you can see 'em
Leave your bottom dollar on you 'cause that's all that you'll be needin'
Grip your glock, call your shots, grip your nuts and call the cops
When it's anna I don't see that there is any reason to stop
You see, I just got the pistol gripped AR-15
And it's still shootin' fuckin' two-two three's
From 200 yards I still got my enemies
Hit your pine out but make a bitch nigga bleed
My Marty Griffin shootin' five football fields
.50 cal some, don't wanna feel
(Bleep)
With my Baretta CX-4
Rang your doorbell, pop your ass through the door
Who da fuck you playin' wit?
Nigga get hard boy or get smacked like a bitch
Bitch get hard hoe or get whooped like a nigga
I done told you cowards, I ain't goin' for this shit
That you talk on your mix tapes, he say, she say bullshit
Radio play niggas all on the air
Talkin' about hypnotize ain't treat him fair
Check your contract and tell 'em where your funds at
Ballin' out in ATL smokin' weed and sippin' on dat cognac
Ain't no bitch, bitch, I'ma have to tell you
Ain't no rap, ain't no nigga in a gang or a crew
Goin' stop this playa from gettin' my cheese
If I'm sellin' coke, ki's or chronic kinds of weed
What'cha know about standin' in a courthouse
'Bout to get judged by 12 white folks lights sent us out
What'cha know about niggas in the hood ain't changed
If you turn your back your main nigga put a bullet to your brain
What'cha know about dissin' on the CD, that's old
'Cause I told you bitches, I goin' no more

Who da fuck you playin' wit?
Nigga get hard boy or get smacked like a bitch
Bitch get hard hoe or get whooped like a nigga
If a bitch talk shit, she can suck a nigga dick
If a nigga wanna fight, he can bring the fuckin' shit
Nigga know who I'm with, triple-mothafuckin'-6
You can think that I'm playin' but I ain't playin' bitch
I can give it to you slow, I can give to you quick
If you bitches want some more, then come and get it bitch
Got a whole bunch of bullets and I promise, I'll spit 'em
Nigga know CB from the, "One hitta quitta"
Know some real, know some fake
Got some love, got some hate
Know some with it, know some cowards
Some smoke weed, smoke snort powder
Some ride Chevy's, some ride 'Lacs
Some sell pill, some some crack
Some them thieves, some them killas
Bay Area attack
Ain't no biz if you want to kill then make your fuckin' move
Damages when I get ya nigga doin' what I do
Get my point across when I'm masked up and ride out
Packed your bags, mashed the gas, best to best to hide out bitch

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