Killas

Lil Jon

Hey Hey Hey, 3 hard mutha fuckas, 3 hard mutha fuckas, 3 hard Mutha fucka
That ain't scared of shit
Now let me tell you mutha fuckas who you fuckin with
You fuckin with the killas
You fuckin with the mutha fuckin realist niggas
You fuckin with some killas
You fuckin with the mutha fukin realist niggas
[Lil Jon:]I wish a mutha fucker would say something
Fuck around and get your goddamn ass whooped
Nigga I feel like startin some shit,
and I might just snap the piss, out a pussy ass nigga like you, nigga fuck ya
Take a 45 cross the head gun butt ya (Yeah!)
Ya'll pussy-ass niggas ain't hard, stomp that ass out like a million man march
Sawed off shot gun hand on the pump, finga on the trigga
Ready to dump
Blow a mutha fucker bye bye
Point blank range, yeah niggas gon' die
That's why I never leave the crib without packing my gat
Strap on my vest, put on my hat. Mutha fuckers outta line
Gettin laid down flat, I'm a show you how a real nigga act
[Chorus:]Hey! 3 hard mutha fuckas
3 hard mutha fuckas
3 hard mutha fucka
They ain't scarred of shit
Now let me tell you mutha fuckas who you fuckin With
You fuckin with some killas
You fuckin with the mutha fuckin realist niggas
You fuckin with some killas
You fuckin with the mutha fuckin realist niggas
[The Game:]It's 3, The hard way
Black Lambo, No passengers
Black Ski mask, Chain Saw Massacre
Kill fast with the Ak-four 7
(Blacka) Yellow Tape the intersection
Loaded clips, Lock 'em in
Got a black four five
Call it Pac's revenge

I'm a mutha fuckin animal

Lil Jon be canibal
Every nigga in Atlanta Know
I'm psycho insane about my cash, they should re-open alcatraz
And sentance with a life without rehabillitaion
Fuck Governor Schwarzenegger
It's my statment
Dear Mr. President Barack Obama, Righ after you catch Osama, Tell Mr. Waso
Please let oprah know that I won't ever stop sayin bitch and hoe
[Chorus:]Hey! 3 hard mutha fuckas
3 hard mutha fuckas
3 hard mutha fucka
They ain't scarred of shit
Now let me tell you mutha fuckas who you fuckin with
You fuckin with some killas
You fuckin with the mutha fuckin realist niggas
You Fuckin with some killas you fuckin with the mutha fuckin realist niggas
[Ice Cube:]dirty boobie lick tryina clean hip-hop, but it don't stop, like L.A grid Lock
If you get popped, your shit will stop
Clostamy bags, for all these fags, I don't wanna hear that shit
Hu Heff's a prince, magic jaun a pimp
I learned the word bitch from you, so why can't a nigga get rich from you
These are English words
Scarred to be used by geeks and nerds,
Mad cause I flip these verbs and pull that phantom away from the curb
I think they jelous of the hood fellas, hot dogs make alota relish
Remember a world without
Hip-hop, Lord used to believe these bitch cops
[Chorus:]Hey! 3 hard mutha fuckas
3 hard mutha fuckas
3 hard mutha fucka
They ain't scarred of shit
Now let me tell you mutha fuckas who you fuckin with
You fuckin with some killas
You fuckin with the mutha fuckin realist niggas
You fuckin with some killas
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