

# Don't Make Me Kill

## Three 6 Mafia

What you boys gon' do?  
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What you boys gon' do?  
Wha, wha, what you?

I keep seeing images man it's like I'm locked in a simulator  
Apocalypse slayer, I'm the street nigga terminator  
Is it in my nature to be another life taker?  
Then I ask 'em why home invader?  
Strapped with the auto and razor  
These days madness, raising havoc  
Witness savage, blazing automatics  
Ending this a highway traffic, very graphic  
I rob and kick a burglary kidnapping  
They think it's just 'bout rapping  
But sometimes we get to capping  
Niggas snapping  
You motherfucking bitches make me bored  
Let's go on  
If you think the world is really fucking yours  
If we must fill the morgue  
Then we will fill the morgue  
If we must kill these boys  
Then we will kill these boys  
Let's destroy  
All who cross the path  
A hypnotize blood bath  
Try to reach and grab  
You will feel the aftermath  
I'm the trial, I'm the DA, I'm the lawyer and the judge  
If you wanna feel the slugs  
Then I let you feel the slugs  
Don't make me kill, don't make me kill somebody  
Don't make me kill, don't make me kill somebody  
Don't make me kill, don't make me kill somebody  
Don't make me kill, don't make me kill somebody  
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Aw shit nigga, you done pissed me off  
Now nigga now it's time for a killing  
Buck buck shots blasting  
Who I be Scan fucking man from the Killa Klan  
Got my thugs from the south  
Heavily armed and caused out  
Better bring it  
When you bring it  
'Cause if you don't that means you fucked  
'Cause those killers from the world  
Won't hesitate to pop those slugs  
Have yo mammies and yo pappys  
And yo motherfucking Grammies  
Fuck yo poppa was because  
You too damn greedy with that money  
Now I told you don't test  
And you did something, pity  
You wasn't shit  
Blaze something about your motherfucking prints  
The patience of this game  
You best to learn

Trying to have it all, you gon' fall  
We gon' make sure of that  
Hoe we gon' make sure of that  
Decipher or stress that  
Me blasting with my tech  
You test, I'll flex, I'll bring the sawed  
Three buck shots in your vest  
I'm making motherfuckers feel what I feel  
This shit is real, motherfuckers who miss  
Consider them graves  
Don't make me murder you bitch  
Don't make me kill, don't make me kill somebody  
Don't make me kill, don't make me kill somebody  
Don't make me kill, don't make me kill somebody  
Don't make me kill, don't make me kill somebody  
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Get your dogs off me, pimping

It ain't no slipping  
I'm running 'em on ya  
MC Mack from the Killa Klan click  
Got haters sick  
Like they had pneumonia  
Free me from this three way junction  
Before I proceeding to take his life  
And though I had them tear da any thugs from the South side  
Ready to blast on site  
Weapons blasting nice and fasting  
Got you dashing  
Spray this boy  
Calling up my band of Hollywood niggas  
Whatever they ready for war  
Let's let's make a stain, a stain on the lane  
Youngin done hipped me to the game  
Bitches choosing out the frame  
Is it the fame or is the the cheese?  
Hoes be trying to smoke on my weed  
And know that Mac done broke the laws  
Or pay the dues for the things you see  
Bitch please break your knees  
Get off my chrome and get your own  
Carla hit me on my horn  
And said, ?Your momma ain't at home?  
It's a hypnotize, kamikaze  
Prophet Posse like the Nazis  
You ain't with the camp  
Wack producers trying to fucking copy  
Stop stealing buster nigga  
Bitch go check the sound scan  
We cashing checks and flipping that  
These haters will never learn  
Don't make me kill nigga  
Don't make me kill, don't make me kill somebody  
Don't make me kill, don't make me kill somebody  
Don't make me kill, don't make me kill somebody  
Don't make me kill, don't make me kill somebody  
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