

# Don't Violate

## Three 6 Mafia

How many, how many talk that shit  
Three Six Mafia, Frasier boy  
(How, how many, how many talk that shit)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, it's goin' down  
(How, how many, how many talk that shit)  
Ya know what I'm sayin'  
(How, how many, how many talk that shit)  
A lot of times we use the word bitch  
(How, how many, how many talk that shit)  
That goes for niggas and hoes, whoever violate  
(How, how many, how many talk that shit)  
Get in yo face with that bullshit, here's what ya do  
(How, how many, how many talk that shit)  
Put ya foot up they ass, what  
Foot up they ass, what  
If these bitches actin' bad  
Put ya foot up they ass, yep  
Foot up they ass, what  
Foot up they ass, what  
If these bitches actin' bad  
Put ya foot up they ass, yep  
Tell that ho, "Don't violate me"  
"Ho, don't violate me"  
Tell that ho, "Don't violate me"  
"Ho, don't violate me"  
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"Ho, don't violate me"  
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"Ho, don't violate me"

Now niggas man they tryna copy, Three Six but they too sloppy  
Them boys some fakers, nothin' but carbon copies  
When we step off in tha club, niggas they play dead  
'Cuz of raps and all that bullshit that they said  
It ain't nothin' behind yo mugs but some mutha fuckin' hugs  
Y'all niggas nicer than grandmas and fuckin' ladybugs  
Y'all haters shakin' like booties up in tha strip club  
I'll cut y'all head off like Al Qaeda in this bitch what  
I ain't playin' wit you niggas, I'll put my hands on you niggas  
My foot will stand on you niggas, I thought you knew we pulled triggers

So why you testin' me bitches? You must be tryin' ta get stitches  
All on yo forehead a cold dead, for fuckin' with pimpin'  
I'll take the back of a gun, hit you you startin' ta run  
Split you with two fuckin' halves, you mad runnin' yo tounge  
I ain't no ho that be likin', bustin' and fightin' and bitin'  
I'm like a Tennessee titan, tacklin' bringin' the lightin', bitch  
Put ya foot up they ass, what  
Foot up they ass, what

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See I'm quick with the pistols, shootin' at niggas  
If I catch you slippin' then I'm gonna get you mista  
I ain't gone miss ya, I'm jus gone split ya  
No evidence, witnesses, no picture  
Talk that shit bro, told you I'mma get you  
Hit you in the head with the tip of the pistol  
Yeah, I do it big, shit I'm playin' wit yo sista  
Like Eskamo leave yo fro in a blizzard  
Pick his ass up, drop him off on his last breath  
Fuckin' with that hypnotize, you gone have a fast death  
Real niggas yeah, we is, you can come and find out  
Fuck with us anyday, I can show you what a crime bout  
Three Six got me on, now I have to keep a tone  
'Cuz they hataz now my hataz, if you want it beef is on  
Most of y'all been hos, afraid of my boy 10 toes  
Leave his ass in the past, nigga like nintendo  
Put ya foot up they ass, what  
Foot up they ass, what  
If these bitches actin' bad  
Put ya foot up they ass, yep  
Foot up they ass, what  
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