Knock tha Black Off Yo Ass (feat. Project Pat)

Three 6 Mafia

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 'cause of me 'cause 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 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 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 atI think they better call Bush 'cause it's a national disasta When I unleash my pistol Grip push masta wit me aloneI got dubs and drums 100 round spita, you can't hide You can't run, I'ma snipa Riddn' in a blue ChevyA 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 saintIt 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 ass

Songwriters

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