

# Weak Azz Bitch

## Three 6 Mafia

When I say weak ass, you say bitch  
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How you feel with this nine mili mill to your grill  
Haters talkin' lots of shit, but they scared of the steel  
If you want me come get me, 'cause I'm real with this here  
I ain't scared of none you hoes, I ain't never shed a tear  
In yo hood bumpin' ridin' with a twelve case of beer  
Ain't no nigga make no moves, get you scared, shook your fear  
Y2K, hit the clock, so you know the ending's near  
One call to them killas and you just might disappear  
Now nigga all in my face, hollin' real but real soft  
Bitch I'm holdin' up this glock, 'bout to knock your block off  
You a weak ass bitch and your CD cover show  
With your fake ass face, I been knowin' ya so I know a sissy hoe  
Yeah, I know, this a triple six city  
All that MTV and BET got you feelin' shitty  
Just to think you used to be my dog, used to be my nigga  
Now you fake, but I stomp on you trick  
In the grass you little snake bitch  
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Uh, we came to move the fucking crowd  
Make the speakers pound  
If you niggas wild, knock these bitches out  
Rumblin' the ground, tramplin' niggas down  
From the dirty south, where the niggas like it loud  
We should hypnotize, instigate a fight  
Fire in my eyes so sate lucky Frank White  
Ready for the gunfight, if you wanna get high  
Ain't no sympathize, make you sleep till it's judgment night  
Talk is cheap, I hear you talking but you ain't 'bout  
your biz  
La Chat a mack ain't got no time to play no games with a bitch  
My motherfuckin' plastic gat we gonna rumblin' shit  
Then they gon' hit'cha smit'cha get'cha so don't fuck with this shit  
I know you feelin' when I'm speakin' and  
I'm speakin' to you  
Well hoe it's true, who got the proof bitch, what you gon' do

I keep my mug 'cuz I'm a thug, I left the twink on my grill  
You got some manner, need to show it  
Shit you claim that your real When I say weak ass, you say bitch  
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