

# One Hitta Quitta (feat. Lil Wyte & Frayser Boy)

## Three 6 Mafia

Yeah, motherfuckers  
Pussy niggaz, get the fuck out right now  
Real niggaz, put your fist in your mother fucking hand  
Like this it's going down  
This is for my GD's and my C R I P's  
My vice lord's and B L double O D's  
This is for my GD's and my C R I P's  
My vice lord's and B-L double O D's  
I got that one hitta quitta, that one hitta quitta quitta  
One hitta quitta, that one hitta quitta  
Nigga find out and get your fucking teeth knocked out  
Find out and get your fucking teeth knocked out  
I got that one hitta quitta, that one hitta quitta quitta  
One hitta quitta, that one hitta quitta  
Nigga find out and get your fucking teeth knocked out  
Find out and get your fucking teeth knocked out  
A nigga knocked out as soon as I stepped thought the door  
I guess they thought we playing but I guess they didn't know  
We started kicking ass drunk off ass kicking  
'Cause we left him there even in slow motion  
I'm gone break a nigga jaw break the fucking law  
Break him down raw break nigga all y'all  
If a nigga violate you in the club  
It ain't shit to talk about clock his ass out  
I never try to move fast, I just stick to the script  
If a nigga talking shit, hit that bitch in the lip  
You got something to say about me  
You niggas wanna doubt me  
You mad, 'cause I get the cash then a nigga out  
You won half of the bar nigga fuckin' payment  
Kinda hectic when I disrespectite now a playa dead  
But it's cool you got to realize something these niggas fake  
It's kinda like everything I love another nigga hate  
I got that one hitta quitta, that one hitta quitta quitta  
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Find out and get your fucking teeth knocked out  
Fuck these bitches, I'ma pull this glock on  
Nigga come wrong he gon' half to get popped on  
Fool acting hard he been listening to da pac song  
Don't let this rap music, get your door knocked on  
Maybe knocked in with some friends holding bright chrome  
Think we playing witcha, boy, nigga bring it on  
(Y'all)

Studio gangsta probly gonna hit you with the microphone  
Coward ass bitch gon' be sleeping with the lights on  
I'm not a gangsta but this shit is for the Crips and the bloods  
GD's vice lords and white boys come claiming to be thugs  
On these boney knuckles and all  
The things you'll soon be regretting  
I have a closed captioned Marijuana treated brain  
Meaning when you hit the ground  
I'll spill it out across the screen  
Round one and Wyte ain't got no choice  
To beat the compition  
Let that mother fucker swing  
And show that bitch what he been missing  
I got that one hitta quitta, that one hitta quitta quitta  
One hitta quitta, that one hitta quitta  
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One hitta quitta, that one hitta quitta  
Nigga find out and get your fucking teeth knocked out  
Find out and get your fucking teeth knocked out  
I got a one hitta quitta for any nigga talking shit  
You talk shit, they find your body in the ditch  
Ain't nothing going on but that triple six  
And hypnotize fucking minds, can you handle it?  
You in the club trying to show off in front of a bitch  
I beat you down and throw the fuckin' six  
And go outside and get the extra clip  
We make an example out of you, nigga, don't be next bitch  
You get chest of eagle beat till your cranium leak  
Scarecrow the sandman Double R fucking sleep  
When I pull this unit it's intensive care unit  
And I steal your blood type so they can't transfuse it  
War, war, vet hear the blay, hit the deck  
Kaiser Soze, usual suspect  
With a one hitta quitta and some shit to disfigure  
In your hospital room to finish you off nigga  
I got that one hitta quitta, that one hitta quitta quitta  
One hitta quitta, that one hitta quitta  
Nigga find out and get your fucking teeth knocked out  
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