

Who I Is (feat. Trillville & Lil Wyte)

Three 6 Mafia

Ay, yea
Trillville
Yeah Lil Wyte nigga
Hypnotize
Y'all better get that shit right nigga
We don't give a fuck tonight nigga
Ay, y'all niggaz don't know who the fuck I is, do you?
Yeah we gonna find out, Ay Now Who you fuckin wit bitch You might not know who I is
You might not know who I is
You might not know who I is
You might not know who I is
Watch me stomp his ass out
Watch me jump his ass out
Watch me knock his ass out
Show that nigga what we bout
You might not know who I is
You might not know who I is
You might not know who I is
You might not know who I is
I could care less about a motherfucker talkin' shit
I can't keep playing games with you boy or your pussy click
Nigga, we too deep in this bitch for you fucking hoes
Niggaz gettin buck, ready to knuck, and they throwin' bows
But I'ma act up cause I don't give a fuck about your shit
I'ma act a clown on a nigga for acting hard when he
Not, I'm too hot when it come to this, nigga throw your hood up
Throw your sets off in his face and put your fucking good up Now step the fuck back nigga 'fore
I hurt cha
Y'all niggaz comedy, funny to me like Geico commercials
I'm a G nigga, don't let this rap shit trick ya
'Cause I'll introduce your mouth to this motherfuckin' pistol
Trillville and Three 6, Juniors and Seniors of Crunk
Don't find your ass mad beside mine, get boxed in a trunk
Please don't give me a reason to give your mama a reason
To shed tears, you better know who I is
Bitch excuse me for being a lil bit under the anger
But you bitches, side picture, got you haters live in danger
Make a stranger punch you haters, like the KKK with cha
See you bitch, I'ma banger, Nobody in the?? roll deep
Like Tennessee, like in school or church
Talk shit, I'm straight swingin, with??
Don P AKA Don Pimp, Don Pimpin, never slippin'

If its mine or your trick, I'm rippin'
It's the return of that Memphis boys that been pimpin'
Tearin' up them clubs with that syrup syrup sippin'
Club full of drugs on the curb just kickin'
Juicy J a jiggallo with 85 women
Ridin' in a truck young bloods drinkin' Remi
Underneath the hood, yes my nigga its a Hemi
Snatch ya off for change, take your chain, playa gimme
Three 6 Mafia, Trillville getting wild in this bizzitch
We hit the club, deep as fuck, hate them
boys, lets make 'em jump
And the crowd, they actin up, ready to smack somethin' up
Lil' Atlanta reppin' for the south, this is what we bout
Here to tear this bitch up, somebody in here got me hot
We gon stomp they ass out, drag 'em out the door
Better get, shut they ass up and treat 'em like a hoe
Beat 'em long, make 'em go upside ya head wit an elbow
Try to stop Trillville and Three 6, Hell no I know by now someone told you about the cracker in
Memphis
Three 6 picked up two years ago, the shit was strictly big business
I went through plenty of G's, took some vacations and more
Got a lot more comin' near plus man right now I'm up in New York
That mean that shit is gettin dropped, these boys is up on they clocks
Recording miracles everyday soon that everyone will rock
You shoulda seen this shit comin', your supposed to be some kind of wiz
Memphis, Tennessee and ATL, I'll tell y'all tricks who it is

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>