

# 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/>