

Master P, Break Em Somethin

[Master P]

Boy we bout ta fill they motherfukin heads up wit this ghetto dope
Time to break these hoes of somethin
My nigga bunk B, Pimp C, I mean U.G.K.
Hooked up wit Paster P, we bout ta break this shit cross border!
Ya heard me! From Texas to New Orleans

Hustla, balla, gangsta, cap peala
Who I be? Your neightahood drug deala
A young nigga that's bout it {bout it}
I mean we No Limit Soldiers
Who get Rowdy! I got sumthin fo y'll haters
{Sumthin fo' y'all haters}
Y'all can't fade us, ghetto tears and drug deals that was made us
Now I'm Stage "A" pimpin, but not eight-ball
Don't make me get stupid and leave yo' fuckin blood on the wall
Bout ta go pyscho, {psycho}
And load this rifle {load this rifle}
I'm from the projects were we all thank alike though
And killen ain't nuthin but a hobby
Don't make me do a fuckin one eight seven robbery
Like some brand new Jordans you tied up
You sound like the chicken so it's time to get plucked
By a Gangsta, keep one up in da chamber
Don't make me wear yo ass like some 85 wranglers
Now you all screwed up like DJ Skrew
Don't have my money nigga fuck you in your boots
Got the fed of me, fo them dope fiends
Where I from? A little town called New Orleans
But blowin up like B-12 {B-12}
Niggaz don't give a fuck cause they quick to send yo ass to hell
The murder capitol of the world
Where niggaz don't give a fuck about you, your boy, or your girl!
And if you come stunnin on them gold Dayton's
I'ma have to break you off somethin!

Break You Of Somethin

Don't make me break you of somethin
(repeat 3X)

[Pimp C]

Let me set the shit straight, let me lay down the rules.
If a bitch is talkin shit, then that bitch gon have to snooze
Pimp C, bitch now what the fuck you said?
A-K hit the wall told to steppin out the fuckin bed
I'm lookin at fed, I'm pullin auto
Tomorrow I got quarter ain't gon' fo
Nigga oh me money thankin this shit bought a six four
I'm bout ta pull a kick door, I need mo money, money, mo money, money
Took the keys, took the cheese and fucked his man honey honey
Now the games has escalated, cause ain't no witnesses
To go back and tell thhe Po Po's all the shit we did
I'm lookin at rape, I'm lookin at kidnap
But when the bitches get here they gone be full of hot caps
I'm breakin the bitches off, put them in the trunk!
Riden around P-A bout it hostages bout it hostages blowin skunk
Cause gettin rid of enemys ain't really nothin nothin
Pimp C bitch 14-96 will break you of somethin

Break you of somethin

Don't make me break you of somethin
(repeat 2X)

[Bun B]

We comin down like the cell and that God Damn rover
Just when you thought it was the beginning
Ya bitch no it's over!
You can call all the calvary,
Reinforcements, and Yo local P-D
They gettin somewhere if they see me
My nigga thats how these G's be
We 3, Me, C and Master P
Sippin on Gin and Kiwi
Fuck poppin in yo C-B, Bitch we poppin in the clear
And now we all up in you grill live in 3-d, Wit Drama
Disaster, and Debt when you make me have to blast ya
You has to recegimize you fuckin wit murda masters
Who blast ya yo ass
And make you mama call the pastor, die fasta
Then you thought, no that's yo ass bro
It's a class up, nine scrilla on the fo rilla
Direct from the villa of killas, now who fakin the trilla?
Watch me filla wannabe Cap pilla, wit them slugs
Filen fo Joe's, Jackin and jumpin
Bitch, don't make break you of somethin, nigga!!!

Break em off somethin
Don't make me break you of somethin
(repeat 5X)

[Master P]
And for all y'all motherfuckin niggaz
that's rappin about niggaz on records
Y'all hoes and hoes talk shit
Niggaz know who the real fuckin Ice Cream Man is
Cause broke niggaz talk shit!
I could never talk about a nigga on a record, you heard me!
It's No Limit for life!
Any nigga run up, get his motherfuckin wig twisted, you heard me!
Don't make me break you of somethin