

You Can't Break Me

Sky High

Ah, true story
Fo' shoezy Who rock shit that you never seen before?
The charge goes to me, then Mike, then the store
Two way beepers with built in speakers
Three inch woofers one inch tweezers The one and only Mac like Roni
Sharp like my bitch and pretty like Tony
Trucks big leather room table beds
Siberian tiger spreads The call me Emmit 'cuz I only ride twenty two's
Emmit Smith number twenty two get it dude
Smoke so much body smell like weed
Get cut Cristal is what I bleed Got money then bitch come early
Got a Benz that come out in 2030
Cardel frames that make me look nerdy
Now who's the baller now whardie Go on hate me you can't break me
Usta ride new shit but not none lately
Wassup nigga? Still ride old schools?
84 cutlass with the European light fools Go on hate me you can't break me
Usta ride new shit but not none lately
Wassup nigga? Still ride old schools?
84 cutlass with the European light fools Give me a dove and watch how I flip the bitch
One, two, three, four, five slick, uno, dose
Bentleys and Rovers, Jags, Hummers, Rags it's over
Put the kit up nigga lets break it down Hit the curb bust the tires I'm fucked up now
Whip my wheel twenty inches
Catch my thrills I've been pimpin'
Look ice my life fuck what's right Twenty on the four wheel will fit it tight
Donuts in a truck, Corvette lights on a pickup
Baby girl on the bus jump off
Step on Ealton and Cleave break her off Bentleys on Gold D's
Nigga say I'm trippin' but you niggaz gotta let me be me
Woodie let this life, Woodie I done earned my stripes
I'm Goldie I'm a pimp for life, I'm Platinum let me shoot the dice Go on hate me, you can't break me
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84 cutlass with the European light fools Go on hate me, you can't break me
Usta ride new shit but not none lately
Wassup nigga? Still ride old schools?
84 cutlass with the European light fools Look, I push a kitted tinted Lex, steering wheel on the right
Bubble eye eggshell with the extra pipes

Rich nigga I got money to buy an extra life
Now I'm gonna mind hell tryin' to live trifeSo it's my life to life with three strikes on me
With a four five on my six to get the lights off me
Like I'm a seven figga nigga drinkin' ice on me
And for eight to nine years ten been the price for a keyI got some shit why not stunt?
This is much bigger then broke niggas with gold fronts
Big rocks in my watch like 'Montz got
Quarters on my trucks and a Hatch full of punchGot a Bentley and a Jag nigga
With some twenty inch Mag nigga
License plate says bad nigga
Got a new bike chromed and stretched
Got a 50 for my son that I love to deathGo on hate me, you can't break me
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