

# You Can't Break Me

## Sky High

Ah, true story  
Fo' shoezyWho 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 tweezersThe one and only Mac like Roni  
Sharp like my bitch and pretty like Tony  
Trucks big leather room table beds  
Siberian tiger spreadsThe 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 bleedGot 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 whardieGo 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 foolsGo 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 foolsGive 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 downHit 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 rightTwenty 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 offBentleys 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 diceGo 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 foolsGo 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 foolsLook, 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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