

Break da Law 2001 (feat. Three 6 Mafia)

Project Pat

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Boy, it's 'bout to get real scary up in here
You got the original break the laws up in here for you hos
Three 6 Mafia, Project Pat, weak niggaz guard your grills
Tuck your chains in your shirts, it's goin' down break the law nigga Break the law, break the law
(We ain't playin', we ain't playin')
Break the law
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Break the law
(We ain't playin', we ain't playin', we ain't playin') We ain't playin' young nigga, who the fuck is say we
playin'
We just bout to kill yo ass and its already planned
To many bullshit niggaz done been off in my click
But I spit them boys out cause they tastin' like some shit I admit my click now is nothin' but Memphis best
But I had to delete a lot of clowns in the process
Fuck that shit we keepin' the bitches hot
'Cause we makin' the millions and they hands ain't in this spot Haters mad on the town 'cause the niggaz got it
made
Wanna rap their fuckin' songs but these junkies ain't get paid
Slammin' do's pimpin' ho's while ya limmiz in a daze
Wanna step up in the club I'll be glistlin' with a glaze I would let ya hit this crown but you bitches cant behave
I would let you hit this fire but you bitches smokin' sage
Better catch up with your clan 'cause you took me from your grave
When a nigga catch ya slippin' its the beem in yo face Break the law, break the law
(We ain't playin', we ain't playin')
Break the law

(We ain't playin', we ain't playin', we ain't playin') See I can hita hita sticka sticka get a nigga fast
I'm kickin' in some doors put a nigga on his ass
And if hes talkin' trash I'll put him in a bag
A body fuckin' bag man I shoulda wore a mask I stickin' stickin' move a body body bruise
I break the fuckin' law and I ain't playin' with ya fool
You got an attitude now watch me use my tool
I lock and fuckin' load and let the mothafucka loose
(Blood) I know this nigga who got punked out after every class
He was a bitch in school and now he told a gun and badge
Put on a uniform and now he think hes super bad
Man fuck you bitch you still can lay the rest under the grass I do not give a fuck because you are a officer
I'll put you in a coffin sir you fuckin' with a slaughterer
Bitch the police don't serve protect they buyin' pussy
And projects some niggas pay 'em off to sell their dope around the city Break the law, break the law
(We ain't playin', we ain't playin')
Break the law
(We ain't playin', we ain't playin', we ain't playin') Breakin' laws glockin' jaws rip in out and take a taste
You can smell my fuckin' nuts while this tone is in yo face
Shove the barrel down your throat, inhale bullets like some smoke
I'm a leave you bitches dead cut a sunroof in yo head Do your stuff and get mugged when I shoot then I peel out
But before that happen I'm a tear your fuckin' grill out
Bitch your business down till your covered in your own blood
Shoot a couple a rounds momma house ain't no fuckin' love Anyone ya niggaz wanna get some I got some
Blow they fuckin' ass off double barreled shotgun
Don't be comin' my way, bodies stank like moth balls
Swing an iron bat to your head like a golf ball Ride up on your ass then I let the luger speak
I'm the judge and the jury when I see you in the street
It's the project nigga row ready man to kill a ho
Put the thang to yo head squeeze the trigga let it blow Break the law, break the law
(We ain't playin', we ain't playin')
Break the law
(We ain't playin', we ain't playin', we ain't playin')

Lyrics provided by

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