

# 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 niggaBreak 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 shitI 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 spotHaters 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 glazeI 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 faceBreak 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 maskI 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 grassI 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 cityBreak 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 headDo 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' loveAnyone 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 ballRide 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 triggga let it blowBreak 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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