

# Break Me Off (feat. Missy Elliott)

Petey Pablo

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Man, you see that? Yeah  
Every time they come right here with all them big cars  
We can't get nothin', I don't like that  
I don't like that at all Got myself some new funk  
An' I'm 'bouts to get fucked up, I said  
Well you talk a lotta trash, let me ask where yo' mans  
Damn, where you from, outta town or where you stay? Well, I got myself some new funk  
An' I'm 'bouts to get fucked up, I said  
You should play ball with the sweet game you playin'  
Girl, ain't no ball playin' goin' on 'round here Guess who jumped back in the izzle skizzle  
To get every boys on the brother Tim?  
Why you fuckin' with him? He gone have you shame of yourself  
Out on a limb, too far to call help I ain't hatin' on him, I just heard it, heard from him  
He heard it from him, so he must have done it to them  
Wait a cotton pickin' minute, naw, y'all gone 'head  
Get in the bed, hike up ya legs, give him some head Girl, play to win, work until the dick fall dead  
I'm just hopin' I can get a chance to poke it myself  
Yeah, fo' shizzle, Mrs. Thizzle  
My pager number 877 for Petey Pizzle Got myself some new funk  
An' I'm 'bouts to get fucked up, I said  
Well you talk a lotta trash, let me ask where yo' mans  
Damn, where you from, outta town or where you stay? Well, I got myself some new funk  
An' I'm 'bouts to get fucked up, I said  
You should play ball with the sweet game you playin'  
Girl, ain't no ball playin' goin' on 'round here My man at the crib, nigga, what the deal?  
Look but don't feel, come on, man, I came to kill  
I think you oughta chill 'cause you on them X pills  
In Zeffer hills an' make my titties look like the hills Beg if you will, like artist with no deals  
My ass give him chills like a slut in high hills  
My body is a meal like fries in the ville  
Now playa, looka here, ain't nothin' goin' in my rear My night gown sheer, I know you want to tear  
Now can't you tear my underwear like apple an' pears

Oh yeah? Oh yeah, fo' sheezy my neezy  
7793 go 'head, hit me when you need meGot myself some new funk  
An' I'm 'bouts to get funky up, I said  
Well you talk a lotta trash, let me ask where yo' mans  
Damn, where you from, outta town or where you stay?Well, I got myself some new funk  
An' I'm 'bouts to get funky up, I said  
You should play ball with the sweet game you playin'  
Girl, ain't no ball playin' goin' on 'round hereGirl, I got a half a pound of reffer, a thousand geeker pops  
Call up all yo' homegirls, see if they can come out  
See if they'll show out, freek-a-leek or somethin'  
See if they can b-bounce over these speed b-bumpsMake her blow her back door down  
Make her scream loud like on 'Girls Gone Wild'  
Breaker break it down, turn it around  
I'm tryin' to throw a hooker hip outMake her stick her tongue out, now sit down  
Ain't but one helicopter pilot in this chopper now  
Show her what the chopper's about, you in Petey's house  
T-t-turn around, make a right, get the hell outGot myself some new funk  
An' I'm 'bouts to get funky up, I said  
Well you talk a lotta trash, let me ask where yo' mans  
Damn, where you from, outta town or where you stay?Well, I got myself some new funk  
An' I'm 'bout to get funky up, I said  
You should play ball with the sweet game you playin'  
Girl, ain't no ball playin' goin' on 'round hereGot myself some new funk  
An' I'm 'bouts to get funky up, I said  
Well you talk a lotta trash, let me ask where yo' mans  
Damn, where you from, outta town or where you stay?Well, I got myself some new funk  
An' I'm 'bouts to get funky up, I said  
You should play ball with the sweet game you playin'  
Girl, ain't no ball playin' goin' on 'round here

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>