

Break 'Em Off (feat. Lil' Keke)

[Paul Wall](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Ima break em off real bad
Ima show 'em, pourin' up a deuce and ridin' slab Ima break em off real bad
Ima break em, Ima break em off real bad
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Ima show 'em, pourin' up a deuce and ridin' slab Ima break em, Ima break em off real bad
Ima break em, Ima break em off real bad
Ima break em, Ima break em off real bad
Ima show 'em, pourin' up a deuce and ridin' slab Now I gotta work my wood grain wheel
Poppin trunks, poppin grills, still poppin seals
High up in the hill with my mind on mill
Piece of chain swingin, bank roll, shiny grill Baby, I got million dollar dreams with my mind on cream
Im in that mean green machine, clean on 19s
Flat screens in the headrest, swingin like a swing set
Brandy wine, paint wet, comin down, that's a fact Im in the 'Lac, chasin broads like a lesbian
Full of that kush flower, Im breakin' off pedestrians
Higher than the street light, floatin like a parachute
Buzzin like a bumblebee, mustard green Bentley Coupe Young gangsta, mac game, sharper than a thumbtack
Breakin em off, makin all the boppers attract
Then they watch me, Im rocked up
Fully loaded and slabbin, tryin to hit it and quit it
And walk off like Big Poppi, break em off Break em off real bad
Ima break em, Ima break em off real bad
Ima break em, Ima break em off real bad
Ima show 'em, pourin' up a deuce and ridin' slab Ima break em, Ima break em off real bad
Ima break em, Ima break em off real bad
Ima break em, Ima break em off real bad
Ima show 'em, pourin' up a deuce and ridin' slab Ay, ay, I pull up like this, untouchable white wrist
Im hotter than warm piss, berry, grape, Sunkist
The truck, gold mist, five 50, slow, buddy
Bentley Continental with the mink floors, dummy Paul Wall money, thats expensive taste
And em frilly ass fools, we send em to my space
Ima break em off until the backbone broken

Stainless steel, drop Phantom, leave the top open
Shit done hit the fan, better cover your nose
And the kush done start burnin, better cover your clothes
Concrete crumblin, glass shootin' lazars
Crawlin and cuttin up on 24 razors
Ima show em how to make the slab look phenomenal
Chasin paper in the mornin, call me Houston Chronicle
Hold on, then you buckle up the seat belt
Swisha House, Young Don, capital TFI
Ima break em off real bad
Ima break em, Ima break em off real bad
Ima break em, Ima break em off real bad
Ima show 'em, pourin' up a deuce and ridin' slab
Ima break em, Ima break em off real bad
Ima break em, Ima break em off real bad
Ima break em, Ima break em off real bad
Ima show 'em, pourin' up a deuce and ridin' slab
Oh really, I'm higher than the satellite, crawlin like a baby
Maneuverin through the traffic like Im Tracy McGrady
Still choppin on em buttons, Im struttin and lookin fresh
Switch hittin like Bergman, this is ballin at its best
In that minute, may drop it with retractable roof
Finer than wood, wavin the hood, student loans on the two
The fifth wheel on the ground and the trunk in the air
Paul Wall, baby, Im the definition of playa
My skills is so ill when workin that wood wheel
Tippin 4s like a waiter, beware of the overseer
Wide screen mind frame, panoramic pimpin
Im sippin on that Osama, baby, leanin like Im limpin
In that 2 seater feeder, its me and a senorita
3 ounces up in the liter and its ten up in the heater
Mackin a mamacita, runnin game like a cheetah
Im knockin em out the park, similar to Derek Jeter
Break em off, break em off real bad
Ima break em, Ima break em off real bad
Ima break em, Ima break em off real bad
Ima show 'em, pourin' up a deuce and ridin' slab
Ima break em, Ima break em off real bad
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Ima break em, Ima break em off real bad
Ima show 'em, pourin' up a deuce and ridin' slab

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