

# Breaka Breaka

## Trick Daddy

Do anybody wanna die?  
You? You?

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I'm up early in the mornin' still drunk and horny  
Realest ever did it, fuck, niggas won't admit it  
You watchin' B-E-T tryna see how a nigga livin'  
You betta ask M-D-P-D about the fuckin' killin's

I roll wit big fire, I refuse to speak wit homicide  
Go and ask that dead man, tell me what he said man  
Fuck you, call my lawyers, I ain't got no leads for ya  
And I ain't got no alibis so all yo witnesses could die

Go ahead tap my phone, put surveillance on my home  
If it evict that quick to buy a brick wit a goddamn wire on  
Yo, I ain't got no sack, give the crackas they money back  
Wit half a weed and these whole DD, oh, nigga I'm smokin' that

I smoke 'em back to back, a whole dime or half bag  
And the whole time sittin' back and laughin' at yo soft ass  
Lets set this record straight, nigga I run this whole state  
Now it's only one man paid, y'all niggas is my proteges

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You ain't no representa, you rep them other niggas  
I roll wit killas and dope dealers, you roll with hoe niggas  
I'm strictly for the thugs nigga, yes sir  
You either with us or against us and if so, nigga fuck y'all

That how you hoe niggas get fucked off  
That's how yo whole clique get jumped on and dumped on like dom dom  
Killa get yo guns out, yo we gon' do 'em all  
Do it one by one 'til all the fuckin' bullets just run out

And I bet my butcher knife gon' get him right  
I slice right there in his kidneys and then go deep wit it and twist it  
At the end of the day he comin' home and it won't be long  
He survived the heart attack but then he fucked around  
And died of a punctured lung

Now bury his punk ass wit a wig, bra and his pumps on  
And lay him on his stomach wit his ass in the air wit a fuckin' thong on  
Breaka, break one nine, Dade County is mine  
And I'm sayin' this shit to you ol' bitch ass niggas for the last time

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