

## **Project Pat F/ Three 6 Mafia**

### **"Break Da Law 2001"**

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Boy, t's about to get real scurry up in here  
You got the original Break Da Law's up in here for you  
hoes  
Three 6 Mafia, Project Pat  
Weak niggas guard your grills, tuck your chains in your  
shirts  
It's goin down - BREAK DA LAW NIGGA!

1 - Break Da Law - we ain't playin  
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we ain't playin, we ain't playin  
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[Verse 1]

We ain't playing young nigga  
Who the fuck I said we playin?  
We just 'bout to kill yo' ass and it's already planned  
Too many bullshit niggas done, been up in my click  
But I spit them boys out, cause they tasting like some  
shit  
I admit my click, now, is nothin but Memphis best  
But I had to delete a lot clowns in the process  
Fuck that shit, we keepin them bitches hot  
Cause we making them millions and they hairs ain't in  
the spot

[Verse 2]

Haters mad on the town cause a nigga got it made  
Wanna rock they fuckin songs but these junkies ain't

gettin paid  
Slammin doors, pimpin hoes, while you lemons in a  
daze  
When I step up in the club I be glistenin wit a glaze  
I would let you hit this clown but you bitches can't  
behave  
I would let you hit this FIRE but you bitches smokin safe  
Better catch up with yo kind, cause you tip me from  
your grave  
When a nigga catch you slippin it's that beam in yo'  
face

Repeat 1

[Verse 3]

See I could hit-a hit-a stick-a stick-a get a nigga fast  
I'm kicking in some doors, I'm puttin a nigga on his ass  
And if he talkin trash, I put him in a bag  
A body-fucking-bag, man, I shoulda wore a mask  
I stick-a stick-and move, I body-body bruise  
I break the fuckin law and I ain't playin with you fools  
You gotta attitude, now watch me use my tool  
I lock and fuckin load and let that motherfucker loose  
(Blaow!)

[Verse 4]

I know this nigga who got punked out after every class  
He was a bitch in school and now he tote a gun and  
badge  
Put on a uniform and now he think he super bad  
Man fuck your vest you still get laid to rest under the  
grass  
I do not give a fuck because you are a officer  
I put you in your coffin sir you fuckin wit a slaughterer  
Some police don't serve protective  
They bangin' pussy in projects  
Some niggas pay him off to sell they dope around his  
set

Repeat 1

[Project Pat]

Breakin laws, glock in drawers, whip it out and take a  
taste  
You can smell my fuckin nuts, while this tome is in yo  
face  
Shove the barrel down your throat, inhale bullets like  
some smoke  
I'ma leave these bitches dead, cut a sunroof in your  
head  
You get stomped in yo mug, when I shoot, then I peel

out  
Right before dat happen I'ma tear yo fuckin grill out  
Beat you bitches down 'til you covered in your own  
blood  
Shoot a couple of rounds from my house, ain't no  
fuckin love  
And one of y'all niggaz wanna get some I got some  
Blow they fuckin ass off, double barrel shotgun  
Don't be comin my way bodys stank like moth balls  
Swing a iron bat to yo head like a golf ball  
Ride up on yo ass then I let the luga sweep  
I'm the judge and the jury when I see you in the street  
It's da Project nigga roll, ready mane to kill a hoe  
Put the thang to you head squeeze the trigger let it  
BLOWWW!

Repeat 1

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