

## **E-40**

# **"Break Ya Ankles"**

Visit "[Break Ya Ankles](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Show them how to break they ankles, mayne  
Yeah, E-40 and Shawty Lo

Hey, let's go  
From the West Coast to Atlanta  
If a nigga gonna hate, well, got damn 'em  
Hey, gonna break ya ankles  
Hit the dance floor  
Gonna break ya ankles

Go stupid, get retarded  
(Dumb, dumb)  
Wake the game up, them boys made it  
(Dumb, dumb)  
Hey, gonna break ya ankles  
We be the shit out of me  
Gonna break ya ankles

This a boy, this thang slap  
I brought the whole hood with me, brought the whole  
trap  
Mama, this your song, you know the lyrics  
Gonna break ya ankles, yeah, that's the spirit

Go nutty, go bananas, go berserk  
Show them how to do it, let me see your foot work  
We runnin' up a tab, havin' money so we spend it  
Bottles everywhere, celebrating like we won the  
pennant

You recognize the fixture, you see the brightling watch  
You get the big picture, you know that I'm a boss  
I'mma show up, I'mma show out  
From the West Coast to the dirty south

Hey, let's go  
From the West Coast to Atlanta  
If a nigga gonna hate, well, got damn 'em  
Hey, gonna break ya ankles  
Hit the dance floor  
Gonna break ya ankles

Go stupid, get retarded  
(Dumb, dumb)  
Wake the game up, them boys made it  
(Dumb, dumb)  
Hey, gonna break ya ankles  
We be the shit out of me  
Gonna break ya ankles

Fresh off tour, I brought a mil with me  
Now the whole club gonna have to deal with me  
Like 3-6, tear the club up  
Like Pac-Man 'cause I don't give a fuck

I'm throwing big bucks, cash everywhere  
Shawty over here, 40 over there  
You know the broads out 'cause the stars out  
You see the parking lot, we brought the cars out

We going stupid, get retarded  
And we ain't playin' with 'em, we came to party  
I brought a lot of doe, I'm steadin' throwin' singles  
So hit the dance floor, so gonna break ya ankles

From the West Coast to Atlanta  
If a nigga gonna hate, well, got damn 'em  
Hey, gonna break ya ankles  
Hit the dance floor  
Gonna break ya ankles

Go stupid, get retarded  
(Dumb, dumb)  
Wake the game up, them boys made it  
(Dumb, dumb)  
Hey, gonna break ya ankles  
We be the shit out of me  
Gonna break ya ankles

Do it like this, do it like that  
Do it like this, then you do it like that  
Break it on down, show 'em how to clown  
Mean mug with it, let me see you rep your town

All street money, bonafide trapper  
Never seen a check, ballin' like a rapper  
80 on the arm, a hundred on my neck  
Shoe game sick, in The Bay we call it wet

More jury than the court room, glowin' like the moon  
More jury than the court room, I'mma tycoon  
Designer everything, throw it in the bag  
I don't know how much it costs, I don't look at price tags

From the West Coast to Atlanta  
If a nigga gonna hate, well, got damn 'em  
Hey, gonna break ya ankles  
Hit the dance floor  
Gonna break ya ankles

Go stupid, get retarded  
(Dumb, dumb)  
Wake the game up, them boys made it  
(Dumb, dumb)  
Hey, gonna break ya ankles  
We be the shit out of me  
Gonna break ya ankles

Visit [E-40](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.