

Funkmaster Flex

"Break Da Law 2001"

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Boy, it'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

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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

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

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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
(Blow)

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

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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
blow

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