

Funkmaster Flex

"Break Da Law 2001 - Project Pat/three 6 Mafia"

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* originally appeared on "Funkmaster Flex IV"

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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[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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