

Lmt**"Brake-A-Slob-Down"**Visit "[Brake-A-Slob-Down](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Nigga,
You know I had to get ya! (x4)

(G Bone)
Well it's the muthafuccin C
Slob niggas comin up short
Rip Ride, we slide to the muthafuccin south flow
4 deep creepin, B.G.'s on a mission
Got weird that the muthafuccin slob niggas slippin
We about to put the muthafuccin smash down
On these muthafuccas on the other side of town
Jumpin up out of the muthafuccin G-ride
Creepin up out of the muthafuccin Nutty from the blunt
There they go in a pack, slob tryin to big back
We put them triggers on them slob niggas fuck that
This ass be sacked to the muthafuccin G
Blaze up the blunt, took a shot of that Hennesey
We dippin back to the muthafuccin C-side
Two C's, A.D., B.G. nigga Rip Ride
Baby Gangsta Bone is a loc'ed out young nigga
Straight slob killa, cuzz I'm a Crip, fucc you niggas

(Chorus)
This is how we brake a muthafucca down
Brake a muthafucca down, Brake a muthafucca down
-straight Slob killa, Cuzz I'm a Crip, fucc you niggas-

(AWOL)
Some niggas pulled up yellin about that slob shit
I said like Spiggedy-One (Spice 1), Cuzz: 'what part of
the game is this?'
Crip rich went to dumpin like he never bust no heat
The Gauge blew him back and knocked the slob off his
feet
Came up down the alley when I clock my crip face hung
He said was crackin 'WOL ? -I said run nigga run
But we just peeled the slob on the corner of my street
When me and ??? we blewed that slob in her jeep
And he said Cuzz, I realise we got some muthafuccin
playa hatas
They hate me most 'cause they some fuccin baby

gangsta hatas
I got cuzzins, I'm blewin relatives in half
And we kill family if (?) wanna kick my ass
But I'm protected by the blue and the green
Rat-tat-tat, put a Elm in the gangsta league, Cuzz
I guess that's how this shit's supposed to C
Cock my Glock, kay's up to 2pac, slob feel me

(Chorus)

(G Bone)

I'm givin up the C to these muthafuccin snoops
Slobs catchin the blues when a nigga dippin through
Hand on my heat, pullin the trigger with the quickness
Slobs feelin the muthafuccin wrath of my Cripness
Crippin to the fullest 'cause nigga buck slobs, buck all
slobs
Nigga I'm a muthafuccin Crip straight slob killa
Showin these muthafuccin slobs no love
These muthafuccin slobs are gonna be chokin on they
own blood
Cause I'm fillin 'em up with this muthafuccin hot lead
Slob niggas are slob bitches track and puttin them
mathafuccin red smoked out
A loccin nigga crippin is all a nigga know
Dumpin these muthafuccin slobs with my chrome .44
My nigga Face is killin up shit, slob niggas feelin the
pain
Gangsta raw, makin 'em stain, drivin these slob niggas
insane
Slobs can't hang
I tought you know the Bone is on my Crip job
South Side Atlantic Drive Crip Ride nigga fucc slob

(Chorus)

(AWOL)

Slobs better believe in heedle Compton corners with
Glocks
Cause I'll C bustin Elms a lot, yelling Cuzzins to see the
Glock
Confused, but they don't wanna K.C.B.'s, original K.P.'s,
O.B.G.'s and B.G.'s
Too C's up, my bitch be laughin at me 'cause I'm a nut
AWOL C givin a fuck, you fuck with Kelly, you fuck up
Cause I'm not the nigga you thought I was, nigga from
Kelly from Compton, Cuzz
Doin the shit like Oaklahoma, niggas was not knowin
what it was
Blood killa, steady packin the heat
A Piru killa, leavin you slobs 6 feet deep, sleep

You besta catch Aids if you believe in magic
A AC poppin the trigger quick, leave the scenes tragic
Slobs better be thinkin about it, better be thinkin about
they shit
Better be thinkin about they hood, thinkin about they
slob bitch
If she frame to fuck up I hope she's wet enough
But if she's too fuccin dry, I'm a have to help her out
and ran her up

(Chorus)

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