

Maria Vidal

"Break-A-Man"

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[Talking]

Nope, It ain't happening, not over here. You ain't finna get a fast motherfucking come up over here shawty. HELL NAW!!

[Verse 1: Yo Gotti]

Shawty was so real back in '96
Before the big life all the ice and all the bricks
Was small time grindin', high school rhymin'
Just broke up with my bitch so it was like perfect timing
She wouldn't a dime piece, she wouldn't a nine piece
But bout a six or a seven but was real sweet

But she was gangsta in other words thugged-out
But she was trafficking and manufacturin' drugs out
She was a little older she was a little bolder
Than all my other hoes, she drove a blue Corolla
We used to walk to class, I used to hold her folder
You know that in-between green shit to win her over
But fuck it, I'm a soldier, by now she should've noticed
That ya boy gone spit vocals or gone sell yola
She had nice goals future thought-out with a plan
But let me tell you how this bitch was trying to break a man

[Chorus]

Tryin', tryin', to break a man
I don't understand

[Verse 2: Yo Gotti]

I told you she was real, at least I thought she was
I fucked with her for years, but that was just because
The situation seemed like it was meant to be
Until the money came I thought we was the perfect team
I worked a little harder, yes, i was like my father
All through the rain, sleet, and snow like it was no tomorrow
I had to stack my dollars, real niggaz do real things like the lifetime in
volume 1 of Sean Carter

I started flippin' cars, she started flippin' out
I tried to figure out what the fuck she bitchin' bout
She go a little crazy, she got a little lazy
No more with future plans and goals she only talkin
babies
I'm only talkin maybe
She constantly talkin' give me
Don't wanna hustle don't wanna work, I guess she out
to get me
My money won't decrease by any circumstance
I ain't gone give you shit, you ain't gone break a man

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Nakia Shine]

Now we didn't have a pot to piss in
Shawty that's when you would listen
My down ass Memphis bitch, just playin yo postion
This before you had my son, this before I had a name
This before i copped the deal, this before I let it WANG
Told you was my plan was to try to come up on some
change
Do my music out of town, i got to hoppin' on the planes
All the time away from home, shit you wasn't in my
trust
While I'm out of town Rap Hustlin', doing this shit for us
All of a sudden you need some space, so I let you
breathe
Went and got yo own place, and I was wrong for lettin'
you leave?
Now I'm back to fuckin' niggaz hoes, back to fuckin'
bitched friends
Seen the spot I'm livin' in, got mad when I went and got
the Benz
Now you want some dividends, now you wanna go to
court
I give Nick everything he need, why you filing child
support?
Left me, and now you hurt cause you ain't in my plans
You got me fucked up shawty and you tryin' to Break a
man (DAMN)

[Chorus til end]

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