

Master P "Break 'em Off Somethin'"

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(master p)

Boy, we about to fill they motherfucking head up with
this ghetto dope

Time to break these hoes off somethin'

Got my niggas bun b., pimp c, I mean u.g.k

Done hooked up with master p

We about to bring this shit across the border

Ya heard me, from texas to new orleans

Hustler, baller, gangsta, cap-pealer

Who I be, your neighborhood drug dealer

A young nigga thats bout it, I mean these no limit
soldiers

We get rowdy

I got something for y'all haters (something for y'all
hater)

Y'all can't fade us

Ghetto cheese and drug deals thats what's made us

Now I'm space-aged pimping but not eightball

Don't make me get stupid and leave your fucking blood
on the wall

Bout' to go physco, and load this rifle

I'm from the projects where we all think alike though

And killing ain't nothing but a hobby

Don't me do a fucking 187 robbery

And like some brand new jordans, you tied up

You sound like a chicken so it's time to get plucked

By a gangsta, keep one up in the chamber

Don't make me wear your ass like some 85 wranglers

Now you all screwed up like dj skrew

Don't have my money, nigga fuck you and your boo

Got amphetamines for them dope fiends

Where I'm from a little town called new orleans

But blowing up like b-12

Niggas don't give a fuck cause they quick to send your
ass to hell

The murder capital of the world

Where niggas don't give a fuck about you, your boy, or
your girl

And if you come stunting on them gold thangs

I'm a have to break you off somethin'

(hook)
Break you off somethin'
Don't make me break you off somethin' (x3)

(pimp c)
Let me set the shit straight, let me lay down the rules

If a bitch is talking shit, then that bitch gonna have to
snooze
Pimp c bitch now what the fuck you said
Ak hit the wall tore the stuffing out the fucking bed
I'm looking at dead, I'm fully auto
Tommorow I got court, I ain't gonna go
Nigga owe me money, thinking it's funny, bought a 64'
I'm bout to pull a kickdoe
I need no money money mo money money
Took the keys, took the cheese, and fucked his main
hunny, hunny
Now the game is escalated, cause ain't no witnesses
To go back and tell the po-po's all the shit we did
I'm looking at rape, I'm looking at kidnap
But when them bitches get here you gonna be full of
hot caps
I'm breaking them bitches off, putting 'em in the trunk
Riding around p.a bout-it hostages blowing skunk
Cause getting rid of enemies to me ain't really nothin'
nothin'
Pimp c bitch 14-96'll break you off somethin'

Hook

(bun b.)
We coming down like a sail, in that goddamn rover
Just when you thought it was the beginning
You bitch, now it's over
You can call on the calvary, reinforcements, and your
local p-d
They getting somewhere if they see me
My nigga thats how these g's be we three, me c and
master p
Sipping on gin and kiwi
Fuck popping in your cd, bitch we popping in them clips
And now we all up in your grill live in 3-d
With drama, disaster, and death when you make me
have to blast ya'
Y'all has to recognize you fucking with murder masters
Who plaster your ass and make your momma call a
pastor
Dying faster than you thought, now that's your ass bro
It's the class of 9 scrilla on the for real'a
Direct from the villa of killas, now who thinking they

trilla'
Watch me fill a wanna be cap pealer with them slugs
Probably for jaw jacking and jumping
Bitch don't make me break you off somethin' nigga

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