

Master P

"Break You Off"

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(Verse)

Hustler, baller, gangsta, camp theater
Who I be? Your neighborhood drug deala
A young nigga that's bout it
I mean these no limit soldiers, we get rowdy
I got something for yall haters, yall can't say this
Ghetto G's and drug deals that well made us
No I'm space age pompin but not 8ball
No really, you're stupid to leave your fuckin blood on
the wall
Bout to go psycho, in with this riffle
I'm from the practice Louie, all day the light go
And killing ain't nothing but a hobby
Don't make me do a fuckin 1-87 robbery
Like some brand new John, you tied up
You sound like a chicken so it's time to get plucked
Vile gangsta, keep one up in the chamber
Don't make me wear yo ass like some 85 wrangler
Now you all screwed up like DJ Screw
Ain't got my money nigga? Fuck you and yo boo
Got them phetamine for the dope fiends
Where I'm from? A little town called New Orleans
But blowin up like V12
Where niggas don't give a fuck 'cause they quick to
send yo ass to hell
The murder capital of the world
When niggas don't give a fuck about you, your boy or
your girl
And if you come stuntin on em gold thangs
I'mma have to break you off something

(Interlude)

Chyeah, break you off something
Uh, don't make me break you off something

(Verse)

Lady set, this shit's great and about working here too
Louis V mob nigga, matched the belt with his shoes
Before the brick niggas gone off yo head
AK he's the one got them youngins aimin at yo head
We lookin for work up in the auto

Tomorrow I got money lookin for them
My soldiers hungry, got it on me
You know we put it on you
Play nigga in my city, we hit licks for a living
No limit where they'll take these niggas all in they
feelings
We bout to break these niggas off
Run up in they house
Keep my name out yo mouth, or we air this bitch out
Louie V Mob nigga
Break the mouth nigga,
5 bands on yo man, we gon get you lost nigga

(Hook)
Chyeah, break you off something
Uh, don't make me break you off something
Break you off something
Uh, don't make me break you off something

(Verse)
I'm a gangsta, balla, hustler, catpillar
I'm a district of Columbia, thug nigga
Fuck what you talkin bout, hoppin out with them lamas
out
I told my mom I'm droppin out and I'm movin out
Don't run yo mouth cuz I'll come and see what you truly
bout
The only Louie Mob nigga that ain't from the south
You don't know how I rock, you only know I roll
I know my money long, I know my money's on
I know I keep it coming, money pow, money grow
I keep it dummy stack, trackin where my money go
Living fast, I just hope that I'mma die slow
With a pocket full of motherfuckin bank roll

(Hook)
Chyeah, break you off something
Uh, don't make me break you off something
Break you off something
Uh, don't make me break you off something

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