

# Trick Daddy "Breaka Breaka"

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Do anybody wanna die? You? You?  
Breaka Breaka its Dade County on the numba line  
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I'm up early in the mornin still drunk and horny  
Realest ever did only fuck niggas won't admit it  
You watchin BET tryna see how a nigga livin  
You betta ask MDPD about the fuckin killins  
I rol wit big fire I refuse to speak wit homicide  
Go and ask that dead man tell me what he said man  
Fuck you call my lawyers I aint got no leads for ya  
And I aint got no allaby so all yo witnesses can die  
Go ahead tap my phone put survellane on home  
If it evict that quick to buy a brick wit a goddamn wire  
on  
Yo I aint got no sack give the crackas they money back  
Wit half a weed and these whole DD oh nigga I'm  
smokin that  
I smoke em back to back a whole dime or half bag  
And the whole time sittin back and laughin at yo soft  
ass  
Lets set this record straight nigga I run this whole state  
Now its only one man paid yall niggas is my protege

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You aint no representa you rep them otha niggas  
I roll wit killas and dope deals you roll with hoe niggas  
I'm stricly for the thugs nigga yes sir  
You either with us or against us  
And if so nigga fuck yall  
That how you hoe niggas get fucked off  
Thats how yo whole click get jumped on and dumped  
on like dom dom dom  
Killa get yo guns out yo we gon do em all  
Do it one by one til all the fuckin bullets just run out  
And I bet my butcher knife gon get him right  
I slice right there in his kidneys and go deep wit it and  
twist it  
At the end of the day he comin home and it wont be  
long  
He survived the heart attack but then he fucked around  
and died of a punctured lung  
Now bury his punk ass wit a wig, bra and his pumps on  
And lay him on his stomach wit his ass in the air wit a  
fuckin thong on  
Breaka break one nine Dade County is mine  
And I'm sayin this shit to you ol bitch ass niggas for the  
last time

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