

M.O.P. "Breakin' The Rules"

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Yeah, check it out, y'all
Firing squad, nigga
(First family)
Yeah, firing squad, nigga
Check it out
(First family)

The name's Bill
(What up Bill?)
I'ma semi-automatic addict for real
Before you test me
Know I feel that the impact from a gat
Then it kicks back is sexy

I put you motherfuckers back on the rip
Tip and get the split in a nigga's shit
(Ain't nothin' changed)
I take you motherfuckers back to 6
And get to dumpin' off a clip

(You know the game)
You wanna test me?
(You gotta)
Let your time be, there's a long line of niggas
That's ready to wrong me

I put my foot down firmly
Stick the nose of my gun in some shit that don't
concern me
And most dudes don't like the way I rap
The brown-skinned cat with a helluva fast step, yep
Berkuance
(Retreat)

I would never be disconnected from these streets
It's deep, as the and my
(Ocean, potion)
Is to to spit fire, nigga
(Know when)
The rules of the motherfucking game

Here it is ghetto music

(Rock that)
When it drop, if its proper
(Cop that)
'Cause some cats be fakin' the move
In other words, breakin' the rules
(Stop that)

We make ghetto music
(Rock that)
When it drop, if its proper
(Cop that)
'Cause some cats be fakin' the move
In other words, breakin' the rules

Make way, bitch, I'm coming through
I'm Fizzy Wo dog, who the fuck are you?
Y'all niggas be, listenin' to that false information
Here your [unverified]

Thugs know home team from the BK and move niggas
Run with them guns bust off like John Woo
Try to sabotoge the game, I'ma start somethin'
Try to sabotoge my name, I'ma start dumpin'

Why do fucking motherfuckers act like y'all don't be
known?
Fizzy Wo, nigga, going for broke
So when you low, come and hit you with something that
gigantic
Automatic and will make your ship sink like the Titanic

Now that I know, that you against me
And you click, you click, you against me too
Tell his man to tell his man, work out another master
plan
'Cause I'ma blast a man, what?

Here it is ghetto music
(Rock that)
When it drop, if its proper
(Cop that)
'Cause some cats be fakin' the move
In other words, breakin' the rules
(Stop that)

We make ghetto music
(Rock that)
When it drop, if its proper
(Cop that)
'Cause some cats be fakin' the move
In other words, breakin' the rules

Allow me to express my deepest sympathy
To the family of the cat, that, was hit with the penalty
I begged him not to fuck with me
(I tried)
He didn't listen, so they found his ass missin'

Put my barrel in the back of his mouth
And knocked his head out do or dead, now
Cold, he actually thought I would fold
So I tore him a new hole, word to nigga's soul

When I jump off, or I dump off, about eight rounds
Holdin' my spot down, I'ma knock down, about eight
clowns
Nigga, don't you ever fuck around
With the four-pound token

Bonified thugster Brownsville slugger
(What)
Ex-mugger, for your knucka, bucka, bucka
Bitch motherfucker
(Fuck ya)

You musta bought a [unverified] in the heart
Flinch and I'ma tear your ass apart
Come on, straight like that, nigga

Firing Squad, nigga, ha-ha-hah
Hundred years and runnin' yeah
One of my motherfuckin' men, Flipper the Ripper
Y'know what I'm sayin', my nigga City, Teflon
Firing Squad, nigga, for life, yeah

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