

3p**"Break Da Law '98"**Visit "[Break Da Law '98](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Aaahh yeah, its 98...(yall know what time it is)
Couldnt wait... Tre Posse,
Prophet Posse, Break The Law Neega!!

Kill, Kill, Murder, Murder
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DJ Paul:

Haters step up to me haha they wanna get some
Those foos off cane, so uh you know the outcome
Niggas I killin, them fuckin skulls I peel'em
Im rollin with the double 4, niggas with holes I fill'em
Dont try and test me muthaphukka when Im full of them
drugs
Its the after party bitch watch ya body get drugged
You niggas wanna get dirty nigga we can do dirt
Educatin ya mind, the bullets startin to hurt
Now when its on nigga its on Ill jack you up
Look at my business (come on come on) ??
We'll have to jack you up
Crunchy Blac in the back "Foo where ya been?"
Pullin on his fuckin mask and handed me the Mac-10
Them niggas still puffin and they comin fast as ever
I got my backup niggas with Larry and Darnell
They in the same bitch, with the 2 SK double clip
Mess around, bust rounds, split them niggas at the hip
BREAK THE LAW NIGGA!!

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Indo G:

I hit the corner, marijuana, bumpin nothin but P-
I-M-P-I-N-G- Niggas, smokin on that light green
Its whatever muthaphukka nuts, full of venom
Niggas think they can touch me, just sin'em Im all up
in'em
Mo since a mufuka got they eyes on my shit
Old cornbread, ex-mammy, nappy haired bitch
See aint no bitch in my blood, nigga nuthin but thug
Remember being intoxicated nigga liquor and drug
It take a whole lotta shit to make me mad hoe
Tryin to see, wanna peep, muthaphukka? What you
lookin for?
I snap crackle and pop yo ass to the fuckin block
Bleedin everywhere, got popped by my 9-Glock
??? thats the way it goes, hoes
Niggas got forgot my back, mafioso till I go
Break the law for the 'cause, just fuck the laws
Infared to they badge, got them shittin in they
drawers...

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Juicy "J":

You know the time is to get short now

Im reachin for the vault
Got them clothes that match the night
And the things they call the "Yalls"
Here some niggas know im crowded if you dont talk
Then you get some but ill be quick to pull and blast
And leave your body for the chalk
Never talk is what you told me, homies all up in ya bizz
Spread the word on where you live, and all the shit a
nigga did
Yo I aint did no fuckin dirt, I hope nobodys in the trunk
I shipped some keys over seas, might have flower
mixed with funk
I call the police, 9-1-1, "Theres been a murder on my
set"
When they pull up on the set we pop them thangs and
then we jet
On the low is how I keep it, if you want yo blood to spill
Run yo mouth off in the streets and pull yo gun and
shoot to kill
If you real, if you realla then a muthaphukkin gang
On the block is where you hang, throw them
muthaphukkin thangs
Nigga, tryin not to forget, slangin rocks or pushin
wieght
Ghetto niggas from the street, aint no law that we cant
break!

T-Rock:

Uh since the drama administered, we lost traders
And havin pistols smoke vapors, grab yo pen and
papers
ATL no breakers, disrespect ya chatter got you
anatomy battered
Dissapearence of your ligaments, my violent souljahs
(?????)
Killed Jesus first, now the gangsta and redrum
Several bullets through fakers, pranksters yet picture
painters
Decaturs leavin ya digimistic, man thats used for
smokin victims
Thats trickin moe ruthless cracker than 19-60!!

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