

## **Pancho's Lament**

### **"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 whats 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 its 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  
Tomorrow 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 its 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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