

Another Summer

"You Can't Break Me"

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[Mannie Fresh]

Ahhhhh

True Story

Fo shoezy

[Verse One: Mannie Fresh]

Who rock shit that you neva seen befo?

The charge goes to me, then Mike, then the store

Two way beepers with built in speakers

Three inch woofers one inch tweezers

The one and only

Mac like roni

Sharp like my bitch and pretty like Tony

Trucks big leather room table beds

(cat meowing)Siberian tiger spreads

The call me Emmitt cuz I only ride twenty two's

Emmitt Smith numba twenty two get it dude

Smoke so much body smell like... WEED!

Get cut Cristal is whut I.... bleed

Got money then bitch come early

Got a Benz that come out in 2030

Cardel frames that make me look nerdy

Now who's the baller now WHARDIE!

[Chorus 2X: Lac]

Go on hate me

You can't break me

Usta ride new shit but not none lately

Wassup nigga? still ride old schools?

84 cutlass with the European light fools

[Verse Two: Baby]

Give me a dove and watch how I flip the bitch

One, two, three, four, five slick

Uno, dose

Bentleys and Rovers

Jags, Hummers, Rags its over

Put the kit up nigga lets break it down

Hit the curb bust the tires Im fucked up now

Whip my wheel twenty inches

Catch my thrills I've been pimpin

Look ice my life
Fuck what's right
Twenty on the four wheel will fit it tight
Do..noughts in a truck
Corvette lights on a pickup
Baby girl on the bus.... jump off
Step on Ealton and Cleave.... break her off
Bentleys on Gold D's
Nigga say I'm trippin but you niggaz gotta let me be me
Wodie
Let this life
Wodie
I done earned my stripes
I'm Goldie
I'm a pimp for life
I'm Platinum
Let me shoot the dice

[Chorus 2X: Lac]

Go on hate me
You can't break me
Usta ride new shit but not none lately
Wassup nigga? still ride old schools?
84 cutlass with the European light fools

[Verse Three: Stone]

Look
I push a kitted tinted Lex
Steering wheel on the right
Bubble eye eggshell with the extra pipes
Rich nigga I got money to buy an extra life
Now I'm gonna mind hell tryin to live trife
So its my life to life with three strikes on me
With a four five on my six to get the lights off me
Like I'm a seven figga nigga drinkin ice on me
And for eight to nine years ten been the price for a key

[Verse Four: Lac]

I got some shit
Why not stunt?
This is much bigger then broke niggas with gold fronts
Big rocks in my watch like 'Montz got
Quarters on my trucks and a Hatch full of punch
Got a Bentley and a Jag nigga
With some twenty inch Mag nigga
License plate says bad nigga
Got a new bike chromed and stretched
Got a 50 for my son that I love to death

[Chorus 4X: Lac]

Go on hate me

You can't break me
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