

Break'em Off

8Ball & MJG

I've come to break you off proper
Swish swasher through the washer
On fire, 360 degrees around the dryer
I'm tighter, the vicegrippers cut you like Your game plan loses how you figure
Your small heart with your big nuts got you pumped up
You fucked up when you bucked up, you out of luck, duck
You ain't my best friend, you's another foe
And bitch you ain't my main thing, you that other hoe
So, let me flip the script, hit the clip
Pop it in, take a trip straight through reality
Cause you don't know the half of the
Shit that I could do to you or what I'm going to
Play me up too close and I'll be showing you
Knowing you really can't hang with my flavor
But you wants to approach me with misbehavior
I gots my ammo, my gun - we can run, we can fight
I could end your life tonight or we could do this shit right
I ain't wrong, I'm kickin' it back on the phone with Mrs. Jones
She lets me know the time when her husband leaves home
Well it's on, I know he pays the cost to be the boss
But if he makes it home early, I'ma have to break him off

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All respects to the west, big ups to the east
Southside represent, blowing up like Jesus
On these techniques I speak, in each flow
Broke 'em off something proper when I stepped through the door
Give me the mic so I can hype this shit
Cold blooded like a snake, so you better watch your bitch
I admit, no nigga can't fade
Deal 'em, kill 'em dead, like Fetch her, stretch her, then bring me some competition
Listen to my hallucinated mental vision
Smoke a fat sack, we see distant feedback
Then commence to attack, T-Mix track
Leave a trail of broke mics and lovesick hoes
Thick hoes who want dick after every show
But I'm a real nigga, break a bitch collar, scholar
MJG, break 'em off something proper

I bust through steel like it's plastic
Strangle your ass to death with elastics
Trunk your damn body in a basket and drag it
Damn to the motherfucking river, to give a
Fish a good meal from a type kill
It's the man with his hand on the gun
Sun beaming straight down on my chrome
Dome all in the way of my infrared

Motherfucking dot on your hard ass head
You're scared, I know you don't really want to show it
You bluffed for too long, now you don't want to blow it
I know it's hard, even concrete crumbles
Buts that's the way you came, that's the way you gotta go
There'll be no trick busta, double crosses
Call me the
MJG has now spoken
Your under-minded strategy is broken, stop hoping

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It's that nigga from the southside - 8Ball
Much game, true hustler, mack as long as the gray wall
Tennessee - Memphis, Tennessee precisely
Southern brothers gotta break yo' ass off politely
Fuck a zag, I need a blunt from my bag
Cut 'em, fill 'em, stick 'em, take a drag - then go At a marshmallow fellow
- tried to check
In a sec, turned to O.J. and cut a nigga neck
But back to reality, actually
The fact would be naturally
It's hard for MC's to see me
Concrete, like the street under my feet
Spittin' space age pimpin' over hyped beats
White sheets and ink record what I think
Chief and hay getting blinked 'til my eyes turn pink
Gangsta Gangsta like Cube and Eazy-E
This the wild west, nigga - strapped is the way to be
911 ain't quicker than my So you better not forget your vest
It costs to be the boss in the land of the lost
Sucker free, properly breaking niggas off

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