

# 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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