

Break 'Em off Some

Cypress Hill

This one goes out to all you punk motherfuckers out there
Yeah, eat a bowl of dick'up fools!
Do ya wanna get crazy?
Comin' atcha in '93!

Through the car swings
The firing pins go click
When I duck behind the trash bin
Ran out of ammo no doubt my gatt is dry like a fuckin' drought

Got to make my way home
Hit the gate and get my chrome goddamn this song
They got me cornered lemme just warn ya
I'll pull this trigger make your family mourn ya

Boo-hoo! Where ya gonna run to when I pull out the Scooby Do
Run let me break ya off some, hit the floor 'coz it ain't no fun
But here they come, they must wanna get done
No frontin' punk, I'll break ya off somethin!

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What the fuck I'm rollin'?
In a Mack truck that's stolen, guess what I'm holdin'?
Ammo to bust my load still I'm easin' on down
The yellow brick road

Whatta ya know?
A pig in a plain brown wrapper, he wanna bring me down
I'll hit that corner, lemme just warn ya
I'll bring ya ass down, make ya family mourn ya

21 gun salute, trying to take my loot
Don't make me shoot
I'll hit my blunt and pass you a load
And punk, let me break ya of something

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I got to roll with the self control
In the green tank when the shit unfolds
Hold up, I got it sewn up
Me and my niggas are about to blow up

Got the pigs on my tail
What they get is the hollow point shell, caught in the sail
Servin' my sentence, got my apprentice in the hood
But the nigga is senseless

Out on parole
Now the nigga has turned to my fold, now the punk gotta go
That punk got shady, wouldn't repay me
Let the punk know that ya still can't fade me

Maybe the fucker would stop
But nothin' would stop me from havin' to break 'em off something

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