

# Breakin' the Rules

M.O.P.

Yeah, check it out y'all. Firing Squad, nigga. (First Family)  
Yeah, Firing Squad, nigga. Check it out. (First Family)

The name's Bill (What up Bill?)  
I'ma semi-automatic addict for real  
Before you test me  
Know I feel that the impact from a gat when it kicks back is sexy  
I put you motherfuckers back on the ?rip?  
Tip and get the split in a nigga's shit  
(Ain't nothin changed) I take you motherfuckers back to ?6  
And get to dumpin off a clip  
(You know the game) You wanna test me? (You gotta)  
Let your time be, there's a long line of niggas that's ready to wrong  
me, I put my foot down firmly  
Stick the nose of my gun in some shit that don't concern me  
And most dudes don't like the way I rap  
The brown-skinned cat with a helluva fast step, yep  
Berkuance, (Retreat!)  
I would never be disconnected from these streets  
Its deep, as the (ocean!) and my (potion!)  
Is to (know when!) to spit fire, nigga \*echoes\*  
The rules of the motherfucking game

Ref: DJ Premier (M.O.P.)

Here it is: ghetto music (ROCK THAT!)  
When it drop, if its proper (COP THAT!)  
Cause some cats be fakin the move  
In other words, breakin the rules! (STOP THAT!)  
We make ghetto music (ROCK THAT!)  
When it drop, if its proper (COP THAT!)  
Cause some cats be fakin the move  
In other words, breakin the rules!

Make way, bitch, I'm coming through  
I'm Fizzy Wo dog, who the fuck are you?  
Y'all niggas be, listenin to that false information  
Here your ?-ation  
Thugs know home team from the BK and move niggas  
Run with them guns bust off like John Woo  
Try to sabotoge the game, I'ma start somethin  
Try to sabotoge my name, I'ma start dumpin!  
Why do fucking motherfuckers act like y'all don't be known?  
Fizzy Wo, nigga, going for broke  
So when you low, come and hit you with something that gigantic  
Automatic and will make your ship sink like the Titanic  
Now that I know, that you against me  
And you \*click\*, you \*click\*, you against me, too  
Tell his man, to tell his man, work out another master plan  
Cause I'ma blast a man, what?

Ref:

Allow me to express my deepest sympathy  
To the family of the cat, that, was hit with the penalty  
I begged him not to fuck with me (I tried)  
He didn't listen

So they found his ass missin  
Put my barrel in the back of his mouth  
And knocked his head out do or dead, now  
Cold, he actually thought I would fold  
So I tore him a new hole, word to nigga's soul!

When I jump off, or I dump off, about eight rounds  
Holdin my spot down, I'ma knock down, about eight clowns  
Nigga, don't you ever fuck around  
With the four-pound token  
Bonified thugster (what!) Brownsville slugger  
Ex-mugger, for your knucka, bucka, bucka  
Bitch motherfucker! (Fuck ya)  
You musta bought a ? in the heart  
Flinch and I'ma tear your ass apart  
Come on, straight like that, nigga

Firing Squad, nigga. Ha-ha-hah. Hundred years and runnin. Yeah, one of  
my motherfuckin men, Flipper the Ripper. Y'know what I'm sayin, my  
nigga City, Teflon. Firing Squad, nigga. For life \*echoes\* Yeah  
\*echoes.  
\*beat to fade\*