Break Da Law '95

Break da law, break da law...

Three 6 Mafia

Nigga recognize tha Triple 6 shit It's so fuckin' thick We gotta lay it down We gotta spray We gotta break ya bitch Comin' up stays on my mind So we gotta drop a busta A playa hatin' nigga or a crooked cop Run up If ya wanna It aint no thang I put my gun up Midnight to sun up Still break you manne in that M Tha M-Town Niggas get buck Non stop Fuck off and learn the real meanin of a plastic Glock G Gotta touch 'em gotta grab 'em cuz I think he's bail L Lay 'em down no remorse come with me to hell O Overnight we be rich when we touch the trick C Catch him slippin' he's so soft do 'em in quick K Killas on my payroll I gotta stay straight 19 If us fear from work there's no need to trade Tha Three 6 Mafia real niggas know Slaw in Memphis Tennessee We down to break da law bitch .. Break da law, break da law... Comin up from the back buckin' niggas down Comin comin up from the back buckin' niggas down Comin up from the back buckin' niggas down Cause when you duck we hit you with the bat Pass me tha Glock so I can get buck A mean frown stay on my face cuz I don't give a fuck Loced out afro And a big Fila coat 14 carat gold Smile and a bone around my throat Glock 19 is tucked nicely down my fruit of the looms For them niggas that trick it in Im stickin' up them tracks they boom Shakin' like a mothafucka when I lock you down tight In tha Chevy trunk with nothin' but nails to dig for yo life Fool it ain't no game you gotta die the devil sent me Six in yo chest who's next? No niceness in me Tha killas up in my crew they take no shit Niggas you better run We bout it bitch No nigga don't play [We roll with automatic guns] Step up with the hoe shit Nigga we gotta close shop [Juice on the bugler do a 9 leavin' you hoes to rott] Big cam with a punk

Malekie with a attitude Smith & Wesson in his hand Blowed tha bitch out his shoes Break da law

Southside Northside Westside Eastside

Get buck mothafucka Get Buck...