

Break Da Law '95

Three 6 Mafia

Break da law, break da law...

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...