

Breaka Breaka

Trick Daddy

Do anybody wanna die?
You? You?

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I'm up early in the mornin' still drunk and horny
Realest ever did it, fuck, niggas won't admit it
You watchin' BET tryna see how a nigga livin'
You betta ask MDPD about the fuckin' killin's

I roll wit big fire, I refuse to speak wit homicide
Go and ask that dead man, tell me what he said man
Fuck you, call my lawyers, I ain't got no leads for ya
And I ain't got no alibis so all yo witnesses could die

Go ahead tap my phone, put surveillance on my home
If it evict that quick to buy a brick wit a goddamn wire on
Yo, I ain't got no sack, give the crackas they money back
Wit half a weed and these whole DD, oh, nigga I'm smokin' that

I smoke 'em back to back, a whole dime or half bag
And the whole time sittin' back and laughin' at yo soft ass
Lets set this record straight, nigga I run this whole state
Now it's only one man paid, y'all niggas is my proteges

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You ain't no representa, you rep them other niggas
I roll wit killas and dope dealers, you roll with hoe niggas
I'm strictly for the thugs nigga, yes sir
You either with us or against us and if so, nigga fuck y'all

That how you hoe niggas get fucked off
Thats how yo whole clique get jumped on and dumped on like dom dom
Killa get yo guns out, yo we gon' do 'em all
Do it one by one 'til all the fuckin' bullets just run out

And I bet my butcher knife gon' get him right
I slice right there in his kidneys and then go deep wit it and twist it
At the end of the day he comin' home and it won't be long
He survived the heart attack but then he fucked around

And died of a punctured lung

Now bury his punk ass wit a wig, bra and his pumps on
And lay him on his stomach wit his ass in the air wit a fuckin' thong on
Breaka, break one nine, Dade County is mine
And I'm sayin' this shit to you ol' bitch ass niggas for the last time

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