

# Break da Law 2001 (feat. Three 6 Mafia)

## Project Pat

Boy, it's 'bout to get real scary up in here  
You got the original break the laws up in here for you hos  
Three 6 Mafia, Project Pat, weak niggaz guard your grills  
Tuck your chains in your shirts, it's goin' down break the law nigga Break the law, break the law  
(We ain't playin', we ain't playin')  
Break the law  
(We ain't playin', we ain't playin', we ain't playin') Break the law, break the law  
(We ain't playin', we ain't playin')  
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Break the law, break the law  
(We ain't playin', we ain't playin')  
Break the law  
(We ain't playin', we ain't playin', we ain't playin') We ain't playin' young nigga, who the fuck is  
say we playin'  
We just bout to kill yo ass and its already planned  
To many bullshit niggaz done been off in my click  
But I spit them boys out cause they tastin' like some shit I admit my click now is nothin' but  
Memphis best  
But I had to delete a lot of clowns in the process  
Fuck that shit we keepin' the bitches hot  
'Cause we makin' the millions and they hands ain't in this spot Haters mad on the town 'cause  
the niggaz got it made  
Wanna rap their fuckin' songs but these junkies ain't get paid  
Slammin' do's pimpin' ho's while ya limmiz in a daze  
Wanna step up in the club I'll be glistlin' with a glaze  
I would let ya hit this crown but you bitches cant behave  
I would let you hit this fire but you bitches smokin' sage  
Better catch up with your clan 'cause you took me from your grave  
When a nigga catch ya slippin' its the beam in yo face Break the law, break the law  
(We ain't playin', we ain't playin')  
Break the law  
(We ain't playin', we ain't playin', we ain't playin') See I can hita hita sticka sticka get a nigga fast  
I'm kickin' in some doors put a nigga on his ass  
And if hes talkin' trash I'll put him in a bag  
A body fuckin' bag man I shoulda wore a mask I stickin' stickin' move a body body bruise  
I break the fuckin' law and I ain't playin' with ya fool  
You got an attitude now watch me use my tool  
I lock and fuckin' load and let the mothafucka loose

(Blood)I know this nigga who got punked out after every class  
He was a bitch in school and now he told a gun and badge  
Put on a uniform and now he think hes super bad  
Man fuck you bitch you still can lay the rest under the grassI do not give a fuck because you are  
a officer  
I'll put you in a coffin sir you fuckin' with a slaughterer  
Bitch the police don't serve protect they buyin' pussy  
And projects some niggas pay 'em off to sell their dope around the cityBreak the law, break the  
law  
(We ain't playin', we ain't playin')  
Break the law  
(We ain't playin', we ain't playin', we ain't playin')Breakin' laws glockin' jaws rip in out and take  
a taste  
You can smell my fuckin' nuts while this tone is in yo face  
Shove the barrel down your throat, inhale bullets like some smoke  
I'm a leave you bitches dead cut a sunroof in yo headDo your stuff and get mugged when I  
shoot then I peel out  
But before that happen I'm a tear your fuckin' grill out  
Bitch your business down till your covered in your own blood  
Shoot a couple a rounds momma house ain't no fuckin' loveAnyone ya niggaz wanna get some I  
got some  
Blow they fuckin' ass off double barreled shotgun  
Don't be comin' my way, bodies stank like moth balls  
Swing an iron bat to your head like a golf ballRide up on your ass then I let the luger speak  
I'm the judge and the jury when I see you in the street  
It's the project nigga row ready man to kill a ho  
Put the thang to yo head squeeze the trigga let it blowBreak the law, break the law  
(We ain't playin', we ain't playin')  
Break the law  
(We ain't playin', we ain't playin', we ain't playin')

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>