

# Break 'Em off Some

Cypress Hill

This one goes out to all you punk motherfuckers out there  
Yeah, eat a bowl of dick'up fools!  
Do ya wanna get crazy?  
Comin' atcha in '93!

Through the car swings  
The firing pins go click  
When I duck behind the trash bin  
Ran out of ammo no doubt my gatt is dry like a fuckin' drought

Got to make my way home  
Hit the gate and get my chrome goddamn this song  
They got me cornered lemme just warn ya  
I'll pull this trigga make your family mourn ya

Boo-hoo! Where ya gonna run to when I pull out the Scooby Do  
Run let me break ya off some, hit the floor 'coz it ain't no fun  
But here they come, they must wanna get done  
No frontin' punk, I'll break ya off somethin!

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What the fuck I'm rollin'?  
In a Mack truck that's stolen, guess what I'm holdin'?  
Ammo to bust my load still I'm easin' on down  
The yellow brick road

Whatta ya know?  
A pig in a plain brown wrapper, he wanna bring me down  
I'll hit that corner, lemme just warn ya  
I'll bring ya ass down, make ya family mourn ya

21 gun salute, trying to take my loot  
Don't make me shoot  
I'll hit my blunt and pass you a load  
And punk, let me break ya of something

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I got to roll with the self control  
In the green tank when the shit unfolds  
Hold up, I got it sewn up  
Me and my niggas are about to blow up

Got the pigs on my tail  
What they get is the hollow point shell, caught in the sail  
Servin' my sentence, got my apprentice in the hood  
But the nigga is senseless

Out on parole  
Now the nigga has turned to my fold, now the punk gotta go  
That punk got shady, wouldn't repay me  
Let the punk know that ya still can't fade me

Maybe the fucker would stop  
But nothin' would stop me from havin' to break 'em off something

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