Show them how to break they ankles, mayne Yeah, E-40 and Shawty Lo

Hey, let's go
From the West Coast to Atlanta
If a nigga gonna hate, well, got damn 'em
Hey, gonna break ya ankles
Hit the dance floor
Gonna break ya ankles

Go stupid, get retarded
(Dumb, dumb)
Wake the game up, them boys made it
(Dumb, dumb)
Hey, gonna break ya ankles
We be the shit out of me
Gonna break ya ankles

This a boy, this thang slap
I brought the whole hood with me, brought the whole trap
Mama, this your song, you know the lyrics
Gonna break ya ankles, yeah, that's the spirit

Go nutty, go bananas, go berserk Show them how to do it, let me see your foot work We runnin' up a tab, havin' money so we spend it Bottles everywhere, celebrating like we won the pennant

You recognize the fixture, you see the brightling watch You get the big picture, you know that I'm a boss I'mma show up, I'mma show out From the West Coast to the dirty south

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Fresh off tour, I brought a mil with me Now the whole club gonna have to deal with me Like 3-6, tear the club up Like Pac-Man 'cause I don't give a fuck

I'm throwing big bucks, cash everywhere Shawty over here, 40 over there You know the broads out 'cause the stars out You see the parking lot, we brought the cars out We going stupid, get retarded And we ain't playin' with 'em, we came to party I brought a lot of doe, I'm steadin' throwin' singles So hit the dance floor, so gonna break ya ankles

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Do it like this, do it like that
Do it like this, then you do it like that
Break it on down, show 'em how to clown
Mean mug with it, let me see you rep your town

All street money, bonafide trapper Never seen a check, ballin' like a rapper 80 on the arm, a hundred on my neck Shoe game sick, in The Bay we call it wet

More jury than the court room, glowin' like the moon
More jury than the court room, I'mma tycoon
Designer everything, throw it in the bag
I don't know how much it costs, I don't look at price tags

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