

Break 'Em Off

Paul Wall

I'ma break 'em off real bad, I'ma show'em pourin up a duece and ridin slab

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I'ma break 'em, I'ma break 'em off real bad

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I'ma break 'em, I'ma break 'em off real bad

I'ma show 'em pourin up a duece and ridin slab

Now I gotta work my wood grain wheel

Poppin trunks, poppin pills, still poppin seals

High up in the hill with my mind on millz

Piece of chain swangin, bank roll, shiny grill

Baby, I got million dollar dreams, with my mind on cream

I'm in that mean green machine clean on 19s

Flat screens in the headrest, swangin like a swing set

Brandy wine, paint wet, comin down tha's a fact

I'm in the lot chasin broads like a lesbian

Full of that Kush flower, I'm breakin off pedestrians

Higher than the street lights, floatin like a parachute

Buzzin like a bumblebee, mustard green Bentley coupe

Young gangsta, mack game sharper than a thumbtack

Breakin 'em off, makin all the boppers attract

Then they watch me, I'm rocked up fully loaded and slabbin

Tryin to hit it and quit it

Walk off like Big Papi, break 'em off

Aye, aye

I pull up like this, untouchable white wrist

I'm hotter than warm piss, berry grape Sunkist

The truck gold mist five 50 slow buddy

Bentley continental with the mink floors dummy

Paul Wall money, that's +Expensive Taste+

And 'em friendly ass fools we send 'em to MySpace

I'ma break 'em off until the backbones broken

Stainless steel drop phantom, leave the top open

Shit done hit the fan, better cover your nose

And the Kush done start burnin, better cover your clothes (that's right)

Concrete crumblin, glass shootin lazers

Crawlin and cuttin up on 24 razors

I'ma show 'em how to make the slab look phenomenal

Chasin paper in the mornin, call me Houston Chronicle

Hold on then you buckle up the seat belt

Swisha House, Young Don, capital TF

Already

Higher than the satellite, crawlin like a baby

Maneuverin through the traffic like I'm Tracy McGrady

Still choppin on 'em buttons, I'm struttin and lookin fresh

Switch hittin like Berkman, this is ballin at its best

In dat Minute Maid droppa', with retractable roof

Finer than wood, wavin the hood, student loans on the tooth

The fifth wheel on the ground, and the trunk in the air

Paul Wall, baby I'm the definition of playa

My skillz is so ill when workin the wood wheel
Tippin 4s like a waiter, beware of the o'erseer
Wide screen mind frame, panoramic pimpin
I'm sippin on dat Osama, baby leanin like I'm limpin
In dat 2 seater feeder, it's me and a seáorita
3 ounces up in the liter, and it's ten up in the heater
Mackin a mamacita, runnin game like a cheetah
I'm knockin 'em out the park similar to Derek Jeter (Break 'em off)