

# Break Da Law 2001

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 (we ain't playin)  
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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 it's 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  
Slammn 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 can't 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 it's the beem in yo face

see I can hita hita sticka sticka get a nigga fast  
Im kickin in some doors put a nigga on his ass  
And if he's 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 he's super bad  
Man fuck you bitch you still can lay the rest under the grass  
I 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 city

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  
Im a leave you bitches dead cut a sunroof in yo head  
Do 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 love  
Anyone ya niggaz wanna get some I got some  
Blow they fuckin ass off double barrelled shotgun  
Don't be comin my way, bodies stank like moth balls  
Swing an iron bat to your head like a golf ball

Ride up on your ass then I let the luger speak  
Im the judge and the jury when I see you in the street  
Its the project nigga row ready man to kill a ho  
Put the thang to yo head squeez the trigga let it blow