Breakaman

Nope, It ain't happening, not over here. You ain't finna get a fast motherfucking come up over here shawty. HELL NAW!!

Shawty was so real back in '96 Before the big life all the ice and all the bricks Was small time grindin', high school rhymin' Just broke up with my bitch so it was like perfect timing She wouldn't a dime piece, she wouldn't a nine piece But bout a six or a seven but was real sweet

But she was gangsta in other words thugged-out But she was trafficing and manufacturin' drugs out She was a little older she was a little bolder Than all my other hoes, she drove a blue Corolla We used to walk to class, I used to hold her folder You know that in-between green shit to win her over But fuck it, I'm a soldier, by now she should've noticed That ya boy gone spit vocals or gone sell yola She had nice goals future thought-out with a plan But let me tell you how this bitch was trying to break a man

Tryin', tryin', to break a man I don't understand

I told you she was real, at least I thought she was I fucked with her for years, but that was just because The situation seemed like it was meant to be Until the money came I thought we was the perfect team I worked a little harder, yes, i was like my father All through the rain, sleet, and snow like it was no tomorrow I had to stack my dollars, real niggaz do real things like the lifetime in volume 1 of Sean Carter I started flippin' cars, she started flippin' out I tried to figure out what the fuck she bitchin' bout She go a little crazy, she got a little lazy No more with future plans and goals she only talkin babies I''m only talkin maybe She constantly talkin' give me Don't wanna hustle don't wanna work, I quess she out to get me My money won't decrease by any circumstance I ain't gone give you shit, you ain't gone break a man

Now we didn't have a pot to piss in Shawty that's when you would listen My down ass Memphis bitch, just playin yo postion This before you had my son, this before I had a name This before i copped the deal, this before I let it WANG Told you was my plan was to try to come up on some change Do my music out of town, i got to hoppin' on the planes All the time away from home, shit you wasn't in my trust While I'm out of town Rap Hustlin', doing this shit for us All of a sudden you need some space, so I let you breathe Went and got yo own place, and I was wrong for lettin' you leave? Now I'm back to fuckin' niggaz hoes, back to fuckin' bitched friends Seen the spot I'm livin' in, got mad when I went and got the Benz Now you want some dividends, now you wanna go to court I give Nick everything he need, why you filing child support?

Yo Gotti

Left me, and now you hurt cause you ain't in my plans You got me fucked up shawty and you tryin' to Break a man (DAMN)