

Break Em Off

Yung Mal

I got a line at the door, that mean I gotta break 'em off somethin'
I got that cream just like P, but you know it's gonna cost somethin'
Do some numbers, flip a key, fuck some haters, shake 'em off
Get a P, sell that bitch for thirty-three like I'm in Boston
Pockets full of blue hundreds, yeah that's Slauson
Pocket rocket on me, hell yeah I stay cautious
Getting top from the bitch, I'll be gone by the morning
Drop the top off this bitch, hell yeah it's transforming

Drop the top off of the foreign, mix it up and now I'm pouring
Roll the cookie now I'm snoring, catch this flight and now I'm touring
Fucked that bitch, left in the morning, on the block where I was born
Lil bitch I'm up just like alarm, hit the club we make it storm
You know I got a lot of blue cheese, I feel like I'm from Slauson nigga
Pull up with them shooters
You play with me, they gon' off a nigga
Ship that work way out to Boston
Got that head and it did not cost a nigga
Hit the gas and then I lost a nigga, V12 engine
Fire come out the exhaust and shit

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Lil bitch too broke, she boring
That red Hi-Tech keep pouring
Two hoes they twins, foreign
Got two Glocks on me in this party
Two states one day, I'm touring
These niggas so fake, they normal
That pack touched down this morning
Get shot in your face, no warning
Young nigga shit, I gotta break 'em off somethin'
Break a bitch down, get the head, then I toss somethin'
Ain't no sense in looking down at the ground like you lost somethin'
Young nigga move them pounds, stay down, you gon' boss up

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