

8-Ball & MJG, Break A Bitch College

One nigga found dead in the bayou
That's the beginning of this story that I'm telling you
I was in the 9 tre smokin' a spliff on the strip
Seen a little cutie with some bootie..stop to shoot the shit
She was on my dick cause in the hood I had a little rank
She was the kind of ho tryin' to take a nigga for his bank
But what she did not know a nigga had a plan for that
Take her out to dinner then knock that ass up in my cadillac
All of a sudden, my beeper started buzzin' on the side of me
The code read 33..I knew it was MJG
Step to the mobile phone..G was talkin' crazy
This ho heard some niggas say them laws are out to get me
That night, I was dumpin that bitch in the ditch
Did not know that I was doin it in the presence of a snitch
Got dope from the scenery..thinkin I was scot-free
And now, I'm duckin and dodgin tryin to keep it low-key
Spliffed-out, ridin in my hooptie on cloud 9
Doin about 50 when a nigga pass 1-Time
Now they got a nigga faced-down on the sidewalk
Talkin all that punk ass rookie pig cop talk
What was in my pocket..Grabbin all my money and my beeper
Ramblin through my car, the pigs found my 9mm
Now, I'm in the county callin G to come and get me
Wandering who is the snitch callin these laws tryin to sell me out
Oh no! My mind is getting paranoid
A nigga can't even trust his own homeboys
As a result, I'm always alone
except for some of the hoes I bone
Most of the time, I watch the news while I get my smoke on
Thousands after thousands on a lawyer who ain't doin shit
Locked up in this house a nigga 'bout to have a fuckin fit
Last night, I seen my face on the news..G
Some nigga who worked for me..slipped and lost an uzi
Now, I'm on the run..livin like a fugitive
I thought to myself on the run ain't no way to live
I thought I'd party hard and smoke and drank this century
Now, I'm slowly dyin in this penetentery...
NO MERCY...NIGGA!!