

# 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!!