

# M.O.P., Breaking the rules

Represent, show niggaz the deal  
I'm packing my blue steel, keeping it real  
Cause niggaz were born to kill  
[Lil Fame]  
Here comes the Brownsville slugger, motherfucker  
I bust off shots at fools  
To avoid these obstacles  
I roll deep, me and my nigga Llama  
With about seven niggas thats up in the clip to  
bring the drama  
Homicide, take a ride in the hearse  
Enemies out to hit me, but I'ma see em first  
I'm ready, steady, and deadly but yet nervous  
Let my words a serve its purpose general moved  
him off the surface  
Gunshots let off! My instincts was to get him  
Make sure I hit him, then break North, shonuff!  
Holding down my fort, taking no shorts of no  
sorts  
My four five turn to a blowtorch  
It's still cocked! I tried to get away safe  
You that shit was out of shells I still stuck it  
in my waist  
Then my dirt, YEAH, Get murked, YEAH, murder was  
the case  
That it hit heart beating like a nigga on base  
I found a spot, chilled, parleyed for a second  
Fixed my weapon, then headed back to my section  
Now I'm back home smoking and drinking I'm bent  
now  
I meditate on flash backs of how it went down  
It's kill or be killed, thats a true fact  
There aint no telling when these niggaz are  
coming to bust open your back  
It's ill, it's real, but still I feel  
It's provoke murder nigga I'm born to kill  
Chorus - 4x  
[Billy Danze]  
Yo, it's the case of the state  
Versus the great one seven one eight  
Gun slinger from Brownsville  
Where niggaz were born to kill  
[LaShonda]  
Yo, some chick think she saw you jump up out the  
jeep  
You said you was across the street laying with  
the heat  
[Billy Danze]  
What? That bitch lying  
Heres a cocksucker I never heard of  
I aint doing time for no mother fucking murder  
When Mr. Gonzalez stretched in the mud  
I was home with the dog dome taking down whats  
up  
Therefore I'm innocnet!  
[LaShonda]  
Mad shells were split  
[Billy Danze]  
They ain't mine  
I do damage with an imp, you found shells from a  
nine  
This shit is crazy  
Would you please contact Lazy  
Tell him I need an attorney

To ride with me on this mother fucking journey  
Now ten months later after being indicted  
Third off of fifteen are clickin shit so fuck it  
I'ma fight it  
Me and the TRU boy lay back after D.A. spoke  
Cross examination, first thing jumped up and  
broke no joke  
Stepped over the judges crown  
Stepped on the D.A.s ground  
Looked at the snitch with a frown  
Went to the jury and got down  
Seventy-two hours later Creeping on some playing  
no more shit  
Toting the same glock Mr. Gonzalez got knocked  
off wit  
As I...