

# Breaking News (feat. Project Pat)

## Juicy J, Wiz Khalifa & TM88

Man there's so many niggas out here still owe me fucking money and shit mane

You know what I'm saying

Shit crazy man

Keep that shit though dawg

We still getting mo

(808 Mafia)Yo nigga got me hot so I'ma make him hot

Fire his ass up

Make his body rock

Make his body rock

Make his body rock

Breaking news

He pronounced dead on the spot

I know what they say

But know what I say?

I say, fuck them niggas

I say, fuck them niggas

I say, fuck them niggas

I know what they say

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I say, fuck them niggas

I ain't playing bout the money nigga Bang bang

Pull up on your block

Bang bang

No diamonds in my watch

This a plain jane

If you keep punching the clock

You get the same thang

I got a Bent with no top

That bitch nasty

My chain got a 100 rocks

That bitch flashy

How I made it to the top?

Don't even ask me

I just pulled off with your thot

That bitch trashy

I fishtail off the lot

My shit go 200

Pockets full of Papa Smurfs

Nothing but blue money

Nigga hate, probably mad cause I fucked your woman (I fucked her)

Shorty all in your face  
She never saw it coming  
Yo nigga got me hot so I'ma make him hot  
Fire his ass up  
Make his body rock  
Make his body rock  
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I say, fuck them niggas  
I say, fuck them niggas  
I say, fuck them niggasI throw two fingers or two hands  
That means gang, gang  
I make a call to my shooters  
That mean gang bang  
These niggas tricking on these broads  
That's a shame shame  
I did it once but won't never do it again, again  
I'm smoking KK so we never on the same strain  
I'm flying private so we never on the same plane  
It's me and YOLO ratchet chick  
I got her giving brain  
Ran up on'em now the homies like  
Don't die kane, mane  
My new car insane  
I'm in the ghost, getting ghost  
Out here switching lanes  
And if a nigga act tough  
Then my niggas spray  
They don't care they hitting everything that's in the way  
Taylor GangYo nigga got me hot so I'ma make him hot  
Fire his ass up  
Make his body rock  
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I know what they say  
But know what I say?  
I say, fuck them niggas  
I say, fuck them niggas  
I say, fuck them niggas I don't rock with you niggas like that-aaa  
Breako to the head  
Come up off them recordaaas  
Barrell to the stomach  
Chopper blowing out his back-aaa  
Pull like [?] moves if the walls to my backaaa  
Then I'ma creep at a low speed  
Chopper what you gone see  
Fire out them AK barrels the last thing you gone see  
If I'm masked up then you got a better chance of living  
If I'm bird faced then  
It's just according to how I'm feeling  
You niggas like hoes  
You like to argue and fuss  
I raise up that fire stick I'ma let it buss  
Find your body somewhere [?] like some rock cocaine  
Shot him in the head  
Brains, hanging like a chain Yo nigga got me hot so I'ma make him hot  
Fire his ass up  
Make his body rock  
Make his body rock  
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