

R. Kelly F/ Nas

"Breath Control"

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[Buckshot]

Feavin ass, creepin ass, my man's black path, ease up
off the Av.

You don't make me laugh, I'm dead serious to the core
Brother, you better check the shit I got in store
Cuz, what I got in store keeps me ready for the war
W-A-R, R-A-W raw, I saw more than the average citizen
Shit is in style, fuck a ass til it smile

BDI, like the all I seein, everything, like this mood I be in
Meditation, constant concentration

When I inhale and exhale for all my niggas whose facin
death row

Time to flow on another mission Buck, no diggity

Let's go, my dignity, when police be friskin me

Like you found the burner on the BD MC

But, non cypher, 10%, what you gonna do, represent

When you raise your glock, but me and my niggas on
the top

[Chorus]

What you really need is

What you really need is

All you really need is breath control

Breath control, breath control, breath control

What you really need is breath control

[Buckshot]

If I said it once, I'll say it again

When all them punk niggas think they ready to spin

Step up, and you can get your melon crushed

Just like the rush from a train, I'll dissect ya frame in
half

Raise my Duck Down staff as my microphone blow ya
out the frame

All the way back, zone is the way of my walkin

Down the block, Buckshot, rock a nigga head off, get
off

Or I'm gon' set it off from the south to the north

East, west, and we can all get it on, word is bond

Shit is like that, write that in your memory bank

Boot Camp Clik, thank, you for tellin me you read

misses in your mind
Stupid, now I'mma hit ya mentality from behind
I know you're not alone in your zone
So I'mma enter your fuckin cypher where you roam
And turn your house into my home, just cuz I'm the ruler
Sun ruler, school a nigga, while you try to fool a original crook
We never stop thinkin, minds constantly on the move to keep it linkin
Like chains, you know we maintain, what?
Boot Camp Clik represent nigga, we don't give a fuck

[Chorus 2X]

[Buckshot]

It's easy, listenin to Buckshot, while I rock knots
Guarantee to put a bullet shot inside ya niggas who
Try to step to, Buck, the BDB, plus I hold my rep too
Fuck, I'm just a nigga you can listen to
Clear, you can understand every word you supposed to
See 'babble' is a word in your vocabulary
Not mind, nigga, when I rhyme, you can hear the sign of the scorpion
Got you coughin in, stuck by the venom that I put in him
Always loose, never win, I'm developin
A brand new bomb to set the blow
To let all them niggas know

[Chorus to fade]

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