

## **SAY F/ Pete D Moore**

### **"Breathe Easy"**

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Intro:

SP Killer

Yeah yeah yeah, L-O-X, L-O-X motherfucker

Niggas don't know how we bout to come this time

No more shiny suits

None of that shit

Chorus: x2

[Sheek Luchion]

We gonna R.U double F.R.Y.D.E

[Jadakiss]

Revolver, semi-automatic and a P.G.

Hooptie getaway driver Breathe Easy

[Sheek Luchion]

Explain thing further

Murder or get murdered

Verse 1:

[Styles Paniro]

Half of the hustle, half of them killers

All of them Niggas wanna kill Paniro

Better send the guerrilla's

Cause beef is like a brand new car

You better ride

Everytime I sleep I die

Wish I was gone (ya know)

Felt dumb when I was young

I used to wish I was on

I'ma stay blunted and red with one in the head

Niggas thinkin' they the don

Till their shit get bombed

I put 4 in your shootin' arm

2 in your legs

Like 10 in your chest

The last one in your head

I give you the whole clip,

like you cheated and stole shit

Knocked off the pack, flossed and no chips

You know the business

Empty rap kill your co-defendant

Keep it male and catch a body in trial

If you want a Nigga dead than do it Holiday Styles  
Come with 2 guns up and empty both off the clips  
Kill you whole fuckin' crew and go 'n smoke on the fifth

Chorus: x2

Verse 2:

[Sheek Luchion]

Yo, yo, yo

I come to your town on a Peter Pan, no Jack  
One pair of clothes, 2 hoes and buggy with that  
Wanna beef me?, y'all Niggas is borrowin' heat  
Callin' all across town to borrow a full pound  
Meanwhile this Nigga got his guns to your noggin  
While your man with the heat is with some bitch up in  
the project  
He clappin' at you, you duckin', makin' you dance  
You should have spent it on some guns  
Instead of Iceberg pants  
What, L.O.X. off top, pullin' our triggers  
With our guns on our lap, we ride around like Cali  
Niggers(WESTSIDE)  
Target motherfuckers, cold hearted motherfuckers  
Stead of young dumb your moms, and whoever she  
got with her  
There's a new-born in the house,  
then I'm killin' the babysitter  
Y'all Niggas all clowns in Sheek eyes  
Your moms would wear glasses,  
with the nose disguise around me  
Talkin greasy  
Y'all like watermelons  
Big but crack easy

Chorus: x2

Verse 3:

[Jadakiss]

Now if you know Jay,  
I never been a brother to front  
I be in L.A. wearin' any colors I want  
Rock guns like shirts, block under the punk  
And I put somethin' hot, anyone of you chumps  
And I know a few of you wanna get my watch  
But it a be funeral if you get my watch  
It ain't nothing y'all can do to stop the Lox' wealth  
Run up in a gunstore, cop the top shelf  
The Crack-game is dead, all they want is weed now  
Chicks that I went to school with, a seed now  
You know Kiss, stocky bald head, light brown  
Ice down, in my roll look like nighttown

To all y'all lil' Jada's for the 1000th time  
I recall hittin' your moms or writin' your rhymes  
And just because you might have seen me,  
in and out of your house  
Is no way that she gon have a baby out of her mouth

Chorus: till end

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