

Sheryl Crow % Stevie Nicks

"To Da Break of Dawn"

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Yeah

(To da break of dawn)

All my sex involved
As we get funky
Rhymes so bizarre
Everybody knows
When it come to a situation like this
Little more effects
And I can't resist
So we get funky in the house
Youknowmsayin?
L.L. Cool J style
What?
This ain't on a pop tip
Check it out

[VERSE 1] [dissing Kool Moe Dee]
What is a panther? A animal that kills
I'm like a shark with blood comin out the gills
You could never in your wildest dreams
Get a piece of this gangsta lean straight from Queens
Strong as liquor, to be seen in a limousine
Now you're gettin done without Vaseline
Wouldn't bite because your rhymes are puppy chow
Made another million, so competators bow
Homeboy, hold on, my rhymes are so strong
Nothing could go wrong, so why do you prolong
Songs that ain't strong, brother, you're dead wrong
And got the nerve to have them Star Trek shades on
Ha, you can't handle the whole weight
Skin needs lotion, teeth need Colgate
Wise up, you little burnt up french fry
I'm that type of guy
And I slammed you know, just like a sumo
Put him in pampers, leave my drawers in his hamper
When I'm through, you need a brand-new identity
I was scoopin girls before you lost your virginity
Your jam is just a dreamin MC scheme
Gettin crushed by a L.L. theme

Somethin like Shaft, put you in a cask' - bo!
You little blood-clot boy, you must not know
The rep I keep, the MC's I peep, sweep, play cheap
And freak with a chic unique technique
Get rid of the yukmouth smile
Cause brother, you ain't got no style

Keep on
(To da break of dawn)
(To da break of dawn)
Yeah
Keep on
(To da break of dawn)
Hey yo, that's kinda funky
But check this out here
(Rock that shit)
(To da break of dawn)
Yeah...

[VERSE 2] [dissing M.C. Hammer]
Immaculate styles I use to abuse
MC's, so light the fuse
And spread the news, you lose
To the damager, microphone manager
Cold crush and bruise and bandage a amateur
That amateur swingin a hammer
>From a body bag, so run and get your camera
Get a flick of the stiff dead-shot to get swift
But I'm the wrong brother to dance with
Cause I don't need a partner to swing
Keep your eyes on the Cool J ring
Shootin the gift, but you just don't shoot it right
You couldn't bust a grape in a fruit fight
Wouldn't throw a rock in a ghost town
So don't try to play post, clown
You know the L.L.'s back in town
And all the wanna-be sherrifs is gettin shot down
(_shot_) Gimme that microphone
I'ma show you the real meaning of the danger zone
Stop dancin, get to walkin
Shut your old mouth when young folks is talkin
Huh, you little snake in the grass
You swing a hammer, but you couldn't break a glass
Gimme a lighter - woof!
Now you're cut loose
>From that jherri curl juice
Cool J is back on the map
And when I see ya, I'ma give you a slap
That's right, a little kick for that crap
Cause my old gym teacher ain't supposed to rap

Keep on
(To da break of dawn)
Yeah
(To da break of dawn)
Funk it up
I said keep on
(To da break of dawn)
(Yo, rock that shit)
(To da break of dawn)
Check this out
Yeah...

[VERSE 3] [dissing Ice-T]
How dare you stand beside me
I'm Cool, I freeze I-c-e
On your trail and I'ma cut that bull tail
You're disobedient with the wrong ingredients
But I'ma drink you down over the rocks
While I freak on your album cover jocks
You're gonna hear a real ill paragraph soon
I took the cover right home to the bathroom
In the immortal words of L.L., 'hard as hell'
Your broad wears it well
She's the reason that your record sold a few copies
But your rhymes are sloppy
Like Oscar, and you're bound to get dropped
And stopped, I ain't Murray the cop
Nor am I Felix, but I got a bag of tricks
Mr. Pusherman, gimme a fix
So I can show you I'm immune to them romper room
tunes
You little hip-hop racoon
I'm not Scarface, but I want more beef
Before you rapped you was a downtown car thief
Workin in a parking lot
A brother with a perm deserves to get burned
So tell me how you like your coat cream?
On a cone, in a bowl, or in a wet dream?
With your tv on channel fuzz
Uncle L, that's how much damage he does
Here's 5 dollars, catch a taxi cab
Take your rhymes around the corner to the rap rehab

Keep on
(To da break of dawn)
Yeah
(To da break of dawn)
I say keep on
(To da break of dawn)

Just wanted to funk it up a little bit

My man Pete Rock is up in the crib
Youknowmsayin
Over here at Marley Marl house
Just coolin out
My man Clash in the house
Sippin on this Bartles & Jaymes premium piece flavor
out the cooler
Loungin back
Keep on
Peace

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