

**Y&T****"Break The Lock"**Visit "[Break The Lock](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Uh, uh, uh, hardcore, [niggas]!

Uh, uh, uh, hardcore, j-j-j yeah... er...

Alright, well... got my shit down here... smoke that shit...

We bout to just do some nice stuff here wassup...

Aaaaaaaaaaaaah...

UH! My style hurts doesn't it?

Turn around and your hole crews loving it

Uh, you tried stiff neck thugging it

Couldn't sleep 'cause your mind had a bug in it

Buzzing without weed, extract

And you thought I wasn't coming? Well you need a slap

Let me see, chapter three, verse one, and I'm on

Wait, fore warning you of the coming of kong

Come on, splash little fishy can you swim in the pond?

Are you that, breaking the wall will your building  
respond?

To the pressure, walking with the strength of my  
predecessor

Ancient, I never walk alone

I'm up against the stereo-mono-typical

Visualising wealth is not applicable

Now, my brain cries out for me to read

With movement inspired by Johnsy D and Benjy Read

[Chorus]

The Globe keeps spinning (The hole damn world is)

But I ain't moving (Excuse me?)

We can't keep joking (No no no no)

Break the lock if the door's not open now (Break it down  
break it down)

The Globe keeps spinning (The hole damn world is)

But I ain't moving (Excuse me?)

We can't keep joking (No no no no)

Break the lock if the door's not open now

Concepts get abandoned with no gloves

Traditional trends evaporate like soap suds

The innercity whirlpool will suck you up like

A person with a temper can [fuck] you up right?

Time to bring back down to syndromes

Custard in your eye like Bugsy Malone

You need to stay calm with napalm attached to ya

Embrace arm in gasoline strike a match to ya

Now, now do you feel enlightened?

Well I don't and I'm the one writing

Anything versus everything really means nothing

Can't be a king peacock - I hate strutting

Dressed up semi-jiggy I might frustrate somethin'

A lion in the wardrobe is ready to break somethin'

Mr Fantastic Fox

the Awkward individ' that makes the wack [shit] hot

My jazz addiction is a preminition of war

When visible tussels appear on the dance floor

The sweat breaks to the beat, freak of the month, year,  
decade

Vacuum the essay, now lets say

I'm one in a million, a million in one room

You want an interview with the killer of monsoons?

I'll sing sonnets to don and donnettes, ok?

I'm terrible with a broom sweeping your mess away

[Chorus]

"...two, three, break!" x3

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