

Zion I F/ Planet Asia

"Breakfast in Cairo"

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[Verse 1 - Malice]

You'll never catch these fugitives, this high speed
With hoppin' water, see-thru blue on jet skis
They twist trees, bend in they head to run my single
Mean while we minglin' chicks that's bilingual
Haters be like we sick of them, niggas in the whip
sippin' gin
Switchin' lanes without signalin'
But they watch they mouth, because my dogs they
ignorant
While I'm laid back, rockin' the Link, fuck what ya'll
think
Stress-free, index finger mixing my drink
You see we hot like two 4-5th with gold clips
Ain't none of y'all fuckin' with this, it's hopeless
Malice on that raw shore shit, cut your throat shit

[Chorus x2 - Clipse]

This is for my thug hustlers, dealers and gun runners
To my niggas locked, holdin' it down in body numbers
Think of the Clipse when the whole clique in black
hummers
Stackin' them chips and let them tricks get nothing
from us

[Verse 2 - Noreaga]

I'm wit' Kurupt, in L.A., you know, my main homie
Readin' books by thugs, it's like my some cody
Get on some N.O. shit, like what up woady
Hey yo, off top, I'm like Puff, just won't stop
I get drunk and hit them hoes with the Smirnoff cock
Neptunes lace the beat that'll rock your block
I'm movin' on like Mya and Silkk
We don't mix like Hinny and milk
I got the cover and grill
Now, everybody a thug, look what I built
I keep it hot, while them sissy niggas been done chill
I let 'em live, you know I could've had them killed
Five thousand and one, faylaced by Troy
Fuck with Nore then you know that you some dumb boy
Me and Clipse got clips for ya'll faggots and boy

What!

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Kurupt]

I blaze rhymes, nine days it's like Vietnam
My nigga Nore run 'round wit' a block in his palm
I'm a specialist at this with, twist cock insist (what's that)
All your money homie, ain't nothin' funny homie
You gotta fat bitch, I bet she can eat a big fat dick with big ass lips
Triangle the game, changin' the game
Sweet arrange, make all the hoes bounce
Neptunes blaze an ounce
Now all the hoes strippin', all the niggas trippin'
D.P. sippin', hittin' switches
What you tryin' to do homie, tryin' touch me
Cock back and bust, screamin' mother fucker
Blaze up a sack, I wonder where the gangsters at
Where the thugs are at, where all the bustas and slugs are at
I'm a general, raw dog assassin homie
Assassin nigga, bitch nigga, be blastin' nigga
I'm a pimp, I'm a g, something you wanna be
Malice and Terror said bust two to the head, bitch

[Chorus]

[Verse 4 - Pusha T]

I spit that raw shit, ya'll niggas is tailor-made
Fine, Clipse and Nore, racin' the Palisades
Or in the hovercraft floatin' the Everglades
Whatever the setting, count on we renegades
In bandanas, remind you of Santana
Joints fully auto, shells out of bananas
This triangle's strong, these walls never be torn
Love is love, all our hearts are warm
Try to infiltrate, you feelin' more than the norm
The barrage'll are hollows hit hard like bridge storms
Even in the pristine, Chapel of the Sistine
I'm still prone to leave you glistenin'
I'll mouth to you what joy does this bring
And stagger away home withdrawn and whistling
I speak in this vain so you know what lines to cross
You can start breathin' again, Terror signin' off

[Chorus x2]

