

Ali Featuring St. Lunatics "Breathe In, Breathe Out"

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Yo, yo, yo, yo

Breathe in, breathe out
Do the chickenhead go on, let it out
Breathe out, breathe in
Put ya back in and let ya knees bend

Breathe in, breathe out
Do the monastery go on, let it out
Breathe out, breathe in
Put ya back out and let ya knees bend

Somebody move, nobody get hurt
This is official, man, only for dance floor experts
And party animals and me being a rhyme cannibal
Flamable Hannibal, while it's bangin', it's
understandable

Now back to somebody movin', nobody get hurt
My intentions on this one is the party wait up for sho'
Now go to work and do the chicken
Do the chicken and once you do it's cookin'

Believe me dirty, it's kickin' through the door
Throwback Vokal valore
I see me a do it fresh off tour, head to the floor
Take it round, round, chickenhead, breakin' it down

Created by my town the monastery is found
Or the Casino like Nino, I'm that nigga, can see low
Prob' movin' all black, white, la-latino
There will be no extra space to waste
Pick up the pace, see your heart rate
And if you start to hyper-ventilate

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Right now, I hope you with me
I'm a wizard like Chris Whitney
When doin' it law
Breakin' the people won't come get me

First, ladies put ya drink by ya purse
Fellas tuck in ya shirt and put in biblical words
Sayin', ladies get ya dip right and ya hip right
Fellas, ya betta find that and get behind that

Third, you can do it, shaken or stirred
Slow up per word and flap like a bird
Four, do it some more, five, make sure it's live
Six, ladies and fellas here we go now, swing

Seven, laid back like you lookin' for heaven
Let ya body preach like we in church and you the
reverend
Eight, if you made it this far, dirty you straight
If not, you better practice and get it for it's too late
Nine, is this the time to prepare for the dime?
Ten, start all over again

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Yo, yo yo yo, who got that, that fire?
That fire, I can't lie a'
I need that, that fire
'Cause nothin' else will do

Pass me that, that fire
That fire, I can't lie a'
I'm gon' off that fire
'Cause' nothin' else will do

It's like that party feel, 'Cris and Bacardi appeal
For real nobody killin', so what, like a naughty wheel
Like Pac say, I got mine, gotta get yours
Take it lower than ya did before, control the floor

You could be county or city, ugly or pretty
Don't trust the tig ol' bitties, only do five to fifty
Now breathe in, breathe out
If ya got it goin', then show me what you about

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