

## Baustelle

### "Breath In Breath Out"

Visit "[Breath In Breath Out](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Ali]

Yo, yo, yo, yo

[Chorus]

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

[Verse: Ali]

Somebody move, nobody get hurt  
This is official, man, only dance flo' 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 wet his shirt  
Now go to work and do the chicken (buh kah)  
Do the chicken, and once you do it's stickin'  
Believe me dirty it's kickin' through the door  
Throwback Vokal velour  
Matchin' Diadonas, 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 Reno, I'm that nigga can see low  
Crowd 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 hyperventilate

[Chorus]

[Verse: Ali]

Right now, I hope you wit me

I'm a Wizard like Chris Whitney  
When doin' it law breakin' the people gon' come get me  
First, ladies put ya drink by ya purse  
Fellas tuck in ya shirt and put in belt buckle 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  
Show up per word and flap like a bird  
Fo, do it some mo', 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 need a  
reverend  
Eight, if you made it this far, dirty you straight  
If not, you better practice and get it fo' it's too late  
Nine, is this the time to prepare for the dime?  
Ten - start all over again!

[Chorus]

[Verse: Nelly]

Yo, who got that, that fire?  
That fire, I can't lie-uh  
I need that, that fire  
Cause' nothin' else will do (ooh ooh)  
Pass me that, that fire  
That fire, I can't lie-uh  
I'm gon' off, that fire  
Cause' nothin' else will do (ooh ooh)

[Ali]

It's got that party feel, 'Cris and Bakardi appeal  
Fo' real nobody killin', I would, like a naughty will  
Like 'Pac say, I got mine, gotta get yours  
Take it lower than ya did before, control the floor  
You can be county or city, ugly or pretty  
No chest the tig ol' bitties, all ages five to fifty  
Now breathe in, breathe out  
If ya got it goin' then show me what you about

[Chorus]

Visit [Baustelle](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.