

Coolio "I Breaks 'em Off"

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Verse 1:

Yeah I run rings around your crew like a track star
So stay back far
You better understand who the macks are
A brand new invention is my intention
Been rappin so long some say I should get a pension
Ain't no tension
If I forgot to mention
I rock rhymes over beats for salary and commission
I got it all figured out like Columbo
I'll drop you like Dumbo
Your album is weak, and so is your video
Or should I say wackeo
Your girl is a tacky hoe
Go back to slangin rocks and leave rappin to Coolio
It's the all assmatic, tongue acrobatic, loc
Used to be smoked out recovered crack addict
I'll dip you in some sauce, fool, I'm the boss
And I still be sending busters to Harris & Ross
You, gotta pay the cost I refuse to take a loss
So I spit like I feel it and dust your junky ass off

Chorus, Repeat 3X:

I break 'em off
I break 'em all off

Verse 2:

I got to keep on the real
With my hands on the steel
Cause we all understand we got to die one day
But, everybody knows we got to rise to the top
And the mission don't stop till the casket drop
I'm protected by the tech
And the teflon vest
And we earn that respect
Cause we worked so hard so put that needle on the
record
And everybody check it, cause I never been affected
By what they say

It's been a whole lot of years since I shed tears
For my fears I downed case loads of beers and drank
jack with my peers
So never let it be said that I fronted a fake

I keep the treble in my highs and lows in my bass
So feel the affect of the wine and funk
But you gotta have hustle which can vibrate you funk
City to alley to valley hood and block
You know I got the sound to break 'em off
Chorus, Repeat 7X:
I came back from the Congo as Return Of The Jedi
I smoke the spinach and you get popped in your ezzye
Watch me do this
You take a ass whoopin like Brutus
My rhymes will sound like Buddah, like Olive Oil is
skinny and Whimpee
Sea Hag don't never tempt me
Get up on the funk so you can feel the simpy
I can do the rope-a-dope
And steal a base like Davey Lopes
And bring more hope back to the hood than the Pope
So, drink some Scope and try to feel sure
See, if you can endure
The pressure that's put on your
But your soggy ass don't stay crunchy in milk
That's why your cap get peeled, yeah, you're soft as
silk
It's time to seperate the real from the fake
You shaky like Jake
And your game always get exposed when you
perpetrate
Check the Times and the Post
This is straight west coast
And when I break it off you know it's broke
Chorus, Repeat 7.5 times
This is straight west coast!

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