

Def Rhymz

"Breaker 1, Breaker 2"

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Intro/hook

A breaker 1,a breaker 2

Repeat x 7

(erick sermon)

I be the don up in this motherf-----(ha ha)

I puts it down,i rock 'scapes

I roll bounce to the ounce(die-i!)

I bring dat physical front(aha)

Believe it I function the paraplegic

So teach it like if he was playin backgammon

A new sheriff in town and not reggie hammond

I pack a cannon .38 snuff nose

Not for shootin use it for executin

Lames out there callin my name

For fame,change ya plan punk refrain

This tune leaves ya whole crew stuck or stupid

Dumb and dumber all this summer

A newcomer,yeah I take em to check out the avenue

Me and my crew went through

Wooh!ah-ah!word is born!word is born!

(redman)

I said "come on!"(come on!),"come on!"(come on!)

We's the posse pair so some niggas can get done on

I'm not the one to funnel,i'm lyrically inclined

Seriously devine,whatever we g is crime

Ha!i take it down,make it clear and in your bare lair

Leaving critical as sang elsewhere

You wanna get jig-dafied-what it all means

For such,i tote glocks in akarl jeans

For all means necer-ssary,my blood vessels

Turns to .38 specials and cause wind pressures

I be blowin like I'm mr.cool,the invincible

Keepin my court trials municipal

The principal my next class will teach you how to roll
blunts

Pick up (aah!),buda and mex tags

Fifty the less,mo' vex,the soviets

Another co-nnect on my rolodex

I met my smokin vex,i keep my lyrics smack-daddo

Cash in your chips then proceed to blast metal
Next up I believe that's keith
Why don't ya get on the mic and rock the symphony

(keith murray)

Well it's the 16-bar slaughterer, telepathical brain
murderer
Comin with the sh-t you never heard
Ask yourself the very same question
Which crew is f-----g with this squad in this profession
Your mic's in my possession, i crush you with
aggression
An' I ain't talkin for niggas that learn a lesson
So why should I sit around and let this fake --- pass my
eye
Fake niggas f-----g up my eye
Filthy with nasty it's the slog for the job
Forget any clan said "who squad the mob? "
Tired of beat-down, shot up and robbed
Niggas askin why, it's my motherf----n job
How many ways can I say "i just don't give a f---!"
Runnin niggas over in every truck
But my motto is "f---! get the bottle! pass the bottle!"
Bad luck had ya stuck, uh
I crash ya brain and smash ya spine
Yeah another hard one to find

Hook

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