

Elvis Costello

"Breakdown"

Visit "[Breakdown](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Breakdown!

[Chorus]

The flow will break you down
Bet the flow will break you down

I gets so busy on the mic with my rythmic flows
That's bound to leave you bangin' when it gets exposed
'cause the way I could display my style is wicked
So run up to your counters, and go and get your tickets
I know you got dreams of roasting me hot
But I got flavor like that candy in your grocery shop
The dramatical, craft-matical, soul fanatic
And nadic, with the crazy flow that's automatic
Flowin' like them bolts from the sky like Zeus
An old schooler, who drops mathematics like a ruler
or protractor, you don't have no nactor
Hang with me, come with the steez and see I'm no
actor
That shit is real homes, psyches, so bring your own
dice
so we call roll, gonna lose, I'm takin' all your dough
Punch you in your eye and come raid your town
With the sound full of spunk as we break it down
'cause it's...

[Chorus]

ah, ah, ah, ah-choo!
What to do? timbuck-one, timbuck-two
I can't see a t'ing like Mr. Magoo
The sniveling, huh-huh-ha
c-c-c-coughing, hah-choo!
Stuffy, naughty, nappy
Check-a the box, dreadlox fox
So na, hic-up, na, hic-up
What's up? tic-tic-tock, oops!
Shiver me timber now boots
Oh my gosh, oh my goose
Shucks, yo now I huh, huh, hah, got the hic-ups
And I rips up many tracks

Jumpin' Johosafat
Don't make a sound, I see you rabbit
Tracks, like thunder and lightening
Watch the frightening, can't you tell?
I'm loco, ooh, they don't know very well, so
I lumps 'em, bruise 'em, with black eyes and stitches
They're mad, can we run
>From rags unto riches
Now my scruples, I lose 'em
Damage, I bruise 'em
I'm two-faced kid, so call me the ?? from ??
I got secrets, Bo, I don't know
Like loco, I'm ???
I'm changing, visions blurry
So call me, um, Quasemoto
And yo, I'll switch up
hic-up!
switch up
hic-up!
switch up
hic-up!
switch-up
hah
With or without the hic-ups, these emcess quickly pick
up
Then I freak my Fu-schnick styles to the microphone
Yo, rip it
And I freaks it
hic-up!
freaks it
hic-up!
When I freaks it with my drunken technique
I'm makin' pimps squeak
But now it's whacker than the ???
Way up shits creek
So don't sleep, when it's time to creep
We roll my jeep
And if the shit gets kind of thick, here comes the five
sticks freak
To break you down

[Chorus]

The funk makes me tipsy, got the whisky
Yo, can this be the funkdaified horror
Tommorrow I'll flip tip
See, er, the blur in my eyes rectifies
The funk freak me, so peep me, as I speak the
grammer
I rocks my bandanna, shave my head clean
And on my screens than Vanna White

How should I roll when I write?
Then light the spliff, now it's time to recite
a verse, a hurse you be leavin' in
Beleive me when I say what I feel, and it's real, not like
TV
And science fiction, my addiction is the funk
With more fumes than a skunk, 'cause I'm bound to
jump
So check the sound

[Chorus]

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.