

## En Vogue

### "Blaze the Breaks"

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[Snazz-D]

OK! OK! OK!

This is Snazz-Dictator, Unreleased Records

Yeah! (X-Amount)

We 'bout to put Johannesburg on the map

My man Draztik on the beats

You wanna test me or you stupid?

You must be out of your mind, Snazz-D is the Don

Yo, If a picture is worth a thousand words

My rhymes look like a photo album

Public awareness like a farrakhan, Nelson and Malcom

I stress MCees like midlife crisis

With more killa lines than cocaine laced with arsenic on  
my mic devices

I catch so many sleepin, I should be called sandman

Got your nose runnin and feet smellin like you doing a  
handstand

I'm not for underground records like mines leaving in

I'm constantly higher than your average raver been

I get respects like a newsreader

If I had 24 hours to live, I'd order a million margaritas

I'm a mordern day wonder, your style is rustic

I slice your belly open and release the butterflies in  
your stomach

Ridin beats like a testorossa

Blowin his unexpectedly like landmines in Angola

Rap are thought I was 12 months before performance

I flip tomorrow, I might mess up your hearing organs

You couldn't be complex if your ghost-writer was Issac  
Newton

I'm shootin for the stars causing confusion

Get you wet like a flood victim from a hard night  
drinking

You couldn't bite this with wooden teeth like Abraham  
Lincoln

I move the crowd like a four-hour earthquake

X-amount, crank the four track

And make the world wake up

Jump the boogie when I flex

I'm bringin the ruckus like 30 or more in a high school

for the death

CHORUS (repeat twice]

Underground

Hits we gotta raise the stakes

While you cats praise the papes

We amaze the the greats, phase the fakes

upstage the snakes, get paid get laid

Unreleased records

Hits we gotta raise the stakes

while you cats praise the papes

we amaze the greats, phase the fakes

Upstage the snakes, get paid get laid

[x-Amount]

I stay euipped like military money green like night  
vision

Unseen like coumaflage Vietanamese and Vietnam  
Veteran offspring, abadoned in the jungle

I'm like Uncle Tom droppin A-Bombs in the Ghetto  
for the white house like Jessee

The next dimension I'm on it though my campaign is  
black noise like Khalid Mohammed

I want it, money and power like the world Bank

MCees will have us paying tax forever like African debt

[It's not faiiir!!!]

I know it's interest is 100 percent,collecting every cent

It's the capitalist, rocking ice and gold and platinum

Yo! I steal,while I distract you with rice and mealie meal

[Black Intellect]

Niggaz don't understand the plan

Open the gates, reload

Let the GODZ proceed for mic skills

Generation X, but what you sayin though? Listen!

Making the money and gold

Coz cash rules niggaz got eat divine skills

Extort the masses was raised of GOD Degree

Hold it down and represent

I'm not a racist. Why no?

When they holding all the aces

You and your mans is just a nuisance

In my predicaments, Bullet holes lace the windows

You waste on hoez

You understand my frustration expands from jail-cells  
to cemetaries

With the bag bodies, the good live lives that money  
hungry

We use the mics to kill dummies

[CHORUS] repeat twice

[Snazz-D]

Black like Tom Jones, you wack like Sean Combs  
I got guns trying to blow my horn like trombones  
I move on black or white crowd  
Live shows mic loud  
The main reason wack MCees hate me so much right  
now  
[aaargh waaaw]  
I'm too much like 101 dalmations  
Shittin in your crib and cleaning it up without an apron  
If I catch you slipping  
I'ma pull the rudest prank like the unleashing swarm  
of Killa Bees inside the nudist camp  
My shit is so dope  
I get high, while I'm taking dumps  
Come out the back room with a munchies and forget to  
flush  
My shit's so dope I need to clean my urine samples  
Stick a bankie up my ass and sell it singing christmas  
caroles  
Before I held the mic I used spoons  
I practiced with your momma's crack pipe till she  
started howling at full moons  
I'm hot like stolen cars, Bizzare like Golden Arms  
Snazz the chosen, the most potent  
Our rhymes are hard my tounques on a strike y'all  
From Capetown to Cairo, my peeps can't await for the  
vinyl  
I gate-crash a party  
Get a 5-Star treatment MCees can't see me like Middle-  
East  
Peace agreement  
From J.H.B. to N.Y.C., heads I'm touching  
Stealin shows like winnin the Sprite Rush Hour opening  
for Bongo Muffin  
In backstaged packed for security till 5 A.M.  
Frisked DJ. Fresh but coz couldn't recognize it

[CHORUS] repeat twice

[Snazz-D]

Big shoutouts to all the MCees out there  
Big shoutouts to all you DJs  
Big shoutouts to the B-Boys  
Big shoutouts to all the graff-Artists  
Big shoutout to my man Crooked The War Monger  
Captain my captain [check it out]  
Big shoutout to Africa, the dark continent, the next level

[x-Amount]

[yo check it out]  
yo! peace to Bobbito, Cucumber Slice and Fondle 'em  
records, Mr. Len Jean Gray, one Love  
[no doubt]  
Sam a/k/a Simpiwe  
[Sam Boogie out in Baltimore]  
no doubt  
[yo! J-Section, Gabz City  
you know how it is? representing world-wide, B.I.,  
Snazz]

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