

Fiel A La Vega

"Just Kickin' It"

Visit "[Just Kickin' It](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

1-2, 1-2

Yeah

My name is MC Breed

I'm down with DJ Flash Technology, right?

And what we're doin here together as a team, the true-
doers

Is what we call

Kickin it

Ah-ha, I said

We kickin it

[VERSE 1: MC Breed]

Da-bigga-da-bigga-da-bigga-da-bigga-da-bigga

Da-bigga-da-bigga-da-back in '86 when I started this

I said, the people told me: "Breed, you're not an artist"

But now it's 1990, I'm servin em well

With the rhymes, rhythms, style and clientele

Concert after concert, one after the other

A man with the plan, plus a hustler undercover

A president, a guy of his own

Said, I knew I was proper, and I knew I was strong

But all it takes is concentration, rhyme calculation

Enough crew members to carry a nation

To be exact, yo Jack, I rehearsed

The cat wants your tongue, but I be catchin it first

And I'm kickin it

(Ah yeah)

[VERSE 2: MC Breed]

Said, it's real necessary, not lack of control

To be at the tip-top with nothin but bankroll

To develop an actual skill, son

You gotta be born a natural real one

Not high up on a pedestal, just a born idol

To me it's just a typical man-made title

To remain an architect and stand, in fact

You're startin to sweat, to eject is your best bet

Certified legal, not against the law

I'm not irrelevant, but terribly raw

I got on-the-job knowledge and puttin it on paper

No bun for those who b.s. the baker
That's right, the mack Eric Breed is all that
It's pretty simple, not to mention a fact
Causin major upsets for you so-called vets
Who was there in the beginning, now you're sittin in
check
I'm kickin it

(Ah yeah)
Yeah, I'm kickin it

Now this beat is so dope
Yo Flash, get busy one time
Uknowmsayin?

[VERSE 3: MC Breed]
Nigga-da-nigga-da-nigga-da-ni...
Not once do I think I need to change my mind
Technology's here with me to co-sign
Yeah, for the occasion, Breed's invasion of death force
Sit back, relax, Techno cuts of course
Yo, the B-r-double e-d, and it's me
>From the city of F-l-i-n-t with Technology
Servin on the wheels of steel and we're real
And if you squeel you're killed, pimp, that's the deal
Big Breed, I'm servin at the top of my mind
But his wax is just like 'jax, so then grind
It's like MC Kickin-It, one time like this and that
Step back, Jack, goin black for black
Yeah, not wearin a Kangol, but maybe a cable
Thick shades, now you know, no lookin like Kool Moe
Yo, the rhyme that I'll be kickin will collect
D-d-d-all respect, so why should I fess?
And I'm kickin it

Da-bigga-da yeah
Huh, and I'm kickin it

(Ah yeah)

Visit [Fiel A La Vega](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.