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Fischer-Z "Break it Down"

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(chorus) (G. Salah)
Let's break it down...
Let's break it down...
Let's break it down...
Let's break it down, break it down x2

verse 1 (India)

Now it's India, India, I get into ya, styles I got plenty 'a I'm bout it bout it, you know my ones stay crowded Fuck around and doubt it, and get that ass louded The future me, 2003, ultra magnetic, this MC... (MCs, MCs, MCs freeze)

I'm not afraid of you niggas, I'm ready for the masses I keep it tight like spandex do asses

Palmer's cocoa butter for the ashes, while Chanel laces up my lashes

Uh oh no, stop! It don't get hot because I locked it Got it, give me 6 million like you gave Tupac it Hot forever 'coz that's how I plotted

(chorus)

verse 2 (G. Salah)

I'm that R rated nigga from the films with mistique With taste from the hamptoms but still street Don't sleep I reach the ghetto to elite Blessed with the vocals gifted with the feet Pretty nigga, pearly white teethe I can't for now 'coz my mind says from Asia I'm unreachable, fuck a portable and pager Made nigga, no time for posin', leavin' niggas like Moses

Front and get swollen The black italian G. Salah the chosen

I beat you down with love get you stuck frozen 'Coz I talk shit like caches, and I backs it Can you match this my magic Catcy like habits, digest and swallow The G. Salah tablet baby, wah you beautiful

(chorus)

verse 3 (MC Lyte) I resonate like 808s but with a ill tone Lyte the oddesy, full blown >From Cali to Medina, the head turner, Tina Belle Venezuela, rockin' Argentina Hot like heaters, swift like cheeters >From where I stand grass remains greener (Let me tell you 'bout a girl, maybe I shouldn't I met her in Brooklyn, and her shit is always cookin') See I be flowin' yes constantly That's why the cabbage that I stack is deep winter green And the way that I be hittin', unlike any other sister, I get into your system, man I make you listen I give, give back 10 fold, Lana on the ill trio India, Gio, we know it's broke down so let's blow

(chorus till fade...)

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