

Bronski Beat

"Razor to Your Throat"

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(Breaker, breaker, 1-2)
(Breaker, breaker) --> RZA

Yeah yeah
Soul Assassins 2G's
And you can swing on these
One time
Go somethin like this

(Break it up, break it up)

Yo, it's the anti-thug with the anti-dote
Soul Assassinator with the razor to your throat
Crowd motivator with the upgrader data
Put your drugs in the air, DJ Muggs is on the fader
'Coolin in Cali', I'm Hollywood-swingin
Push a burgundy 7 with the wheels bling-blingin
Stereo pumpin, keep your bell ringin
Step up and say somethin, leave you swelled up and
stingin
Like a fat bitch with a sun burn
When you gon' learn? Yo, I go back like Chick Hearn's
I'm shot-callin, I'm play-makin
Tell me who's ballin, I tell you who's fakin

(Breaker, breaker, 1-2)
(Breaker, breaker)

Yeah yeah

(Yo, break it up, break it up)

I say stop - hey - wait, hold on
I'll do you like BDP did PM Dawn
I crept on you, slept on you, style that I hustle
If you wanna flex, punk, make a muscle
Def Jams like Russell once he left Rick Rubin
Linked up like a Cuban, where the fuck you been?
Here's a little story that must be told
'bout a crew that'll fuck around and kill your soul
When we roll up in the cut they put the party on hold

Cause we got millions sold and the money we fold
It's outlandish, yo, it's disgustin
Suckers duckin from the shots we bustin
It's like that

(Breaker, breaker, 1-2)
(Breaker, breaker)

(Yo, break it up, break it up)

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