

Kardinal Offishall

"Breakdown"

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[Kardinal Offishall]

I just started, just finished
Lyrics complete the circle of a rap singer
Combine with feeling mean and plus a reason
And to rock it for the season
And niggas on the lookout
Take away your strips of General status, baddest
Always move them anyways
Creep only when I attack my rap squad are fake Gods
Faker than their tongue, strung out
From the tongue out bring out fraudulence
To the audience 'cause they are conveyors of
pestilence
Maintenance is heaven sent (sense)
The pretense, I blow up to create a science based on
reliance
In fact, you will agree, that it is to be a real emcee
Such as he who's I, clear the third eye to reveal I
I remain the high emcee, the Kardinal, Mr. Ritchie
Niggas in control over and above thee
Took the lyricity, for I will be the nigga to lead
The sea of lost souls to see the light
Forever in the night time
Write rhymes, lock lines, lyrical stop signs
Making mental envision the precision and quick to
descend
The decision, is yours I go on the drink Coors
And rock encores for packed floors, yo
We keep moving
CHORUS [Denosh] (Saukrates-background)
Keep on moving (keep moving, don't stop (don't stop it)
Keep rocking (keep rocking y'all)
Keep on moving (keep moving, don't stop (don't stop it)
Keep rocking (keep rocking y'all)
[Kardinal Offishall]
On some new stuff
The native son like Richard Pryor
'Cause we move ta, your expeditions must be tight
I light a torch and look at a tunnel
'Cause brothers are after what they can see
So when I make your moves, yo they be after me

And my entourage, will flexes connects your mind
With a cause, some will kill for a yard
Hard is the state of my people nowadays
Slinging rock can change a man's mind many ways
When are you seen as a dollar for a killing
Killing for a dollar is as easy as the rhyme scheme of
Top Billin'
Making a million itch, a billion itch
Where niggas they be building itch, to chill and itch
For the future, the new world order
I'm showing you that I will be ordering itch
Inside the new world, doing what I got to do to make
Brown for my seeds
I will bleed before a man tries to make a step outta me
Function on higher levels like a Shoalin Priest on Hydro
I can see time flies yo
So when we making moves, you either with me
Yo what skills you lack so weak niggas step back and
keep moving
CHORUS
In the midst like Betty Crocker, once said by God's son
Twice spoken by Kardinal, ooh, check how I flow
So many niggas up inside the Circle without purpose,
singing with the F
To the train trying to fat up their purses
Prophecy disperses like some oil inside of water
Niggas prepare of the slaughter, overseen like a father
?????? like a white collar crime
Up in the blue collar world
That's why I wear a mandarin to avoid the sin
Niggas of the F.O.S., we the monopoly
The Trivial Pursuit of making loot, they never stopping
me
But one day I will make a G, times I buy another G
Mr. Super road in life, manager troop
Back with the Figures Of...
I'm hailing up the fifty herbs, stale in the house
And some people think it's shitty that I rock and it's a
pity
You know the busi-ness, while I'm riding in my auto
breathing L and drinking Guinness
Keep moving
CHORUS X2
[Saukrates]
I got honeys in the room getting it on
And they ain't leaving 'til six in the morning
T-dot O-dot
Feel it, uh
Here we here we here we go

