

LL Cool J

"Broken English"

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[Kweli]

Alright, we on
What time is it?
Cuz I don't have my watch set
'bout midnight
We about to get into this broken english
Yo know what I'm saying?
Empty pages
This language is mad limited
Jahson is in the house
Crunch Extraordinaire, Talib Kweli, Wanna Battle
Put your lighters in the air
If you listening to this in your ride right now
Honk your horn really fuckin loud
This is how we do

[Crunch]

Yo, nickels, dimes heavy turnouts
Get sweated like I did a hundred burnouts
Your blowing my high, but I still got enough stamina
To lyrically smack, whack niggas on camera
I get a rush when 20, 30 thou on they feet
I get em open like umbrellas in exotic drinks
Just think, right now if I was to go seven thirty
In an 88 Oldsmobile, ridin dirty
Flag down a bootleg let me out on the next street
So I can get one of them blazing joints from filthy street
cleats
Hold me down hun
Cuz after work I'm turnin it out
These fools like dirty days in the workhouse
Landspeed is the label like drinks and coffee tables
Flip it back and moving em like 6-inch cables
Spike punch, trench coats are dorin gable
My voice box on the percussion, stable
Sharing my pen is like sharing a needle
It ain't ghetto no more cuz they tearing down the Regal
All you need is a drop of this you can feed the whole
metropolis
With a rotwilder pitbull lock on this
I get the water out

Know doubt time to pull out
Time vacate the dime think I'll take the border route
Meet me at the duplexes
I got certain issues, niggas spend 8, 20's on a pair of
gym shoes
I got change back from paying all these dues
I got rhymes that are just chillin in my fatty tissues

[Kweli]

Crunch I know the 'natti with you
Brooklyn hold it down
Peep how we terrorize these niggas through the sound
Wanna Battle compound
It's how we do
Nobody out there can fuck with my crew
Jahson, you know what I'm talking about
Dante, you know what I'm talking about
Main Flow, you know what I'm talking about
Hi-Tek, you know what I'm talking about
Let's put it down, yo yo yo
Wanna Battle
Ways of the gun, will bust with you
Play it to the bone like grisle
I'm straight official
Federal like long-prison time Ohio give you
Hop on the Jahson track rip it to thisles
Like my nigga E-Dub
We love the street buzz
Cats in the game acting soft like peach fuzz
Delete dubs
Carry my voice through Queen City
With stories that make the horrible seem pretty
Niggas is Proctor and Gambling with their life
I take my anger, handle it and channel it through the
mic
Spray the area complex, like the inferior one
You get when you standing to close to the sun
It's like Ra pum pa pum pum beat the drum like a man
You get burned really quick trying to enter my
atmosphere
This ain't practice here, just the money-shot for the
game
I know I rocked your brain when your honey dropped
the name, Kweli
That's what you get for asking stupid questions
Like who's the best you've ever had
Don't be mad, these are skills you never had and never
will
Me and my niggas forever build
Before this shit get too hot you better chill
For real, you deal with Kweli and Crunch Extraordinary

You ain't heard no shit like this
We pop cherries are virgin ears
Remember you heard it hear first
Got a taste for blood, quench my thirst with the verse

Chorus:

[Crunch]

It's broken english to some niggas
Another language
For those I gotta break it down for
It's called slanguage
Kwa, I know Brooklyn with the Natti hold it down
Peep how we terrorize niggas through the sound
Samples- Kweli
Crunch
Kweli

[Crunch]

It's going down
Cincinnati and Brooklyn rasp
Watch the planet and the sun and the moon collapse
Jot it down
Got it down, just some hints for y'all
Crunch and Talib english broken like fibulas
Watch y'all inspect it
You cats better respect this
Some of y'all turn me off like gas and electric
This language is for stocking caps and hoodies
I blaze and state issues and goodies
Red bull lounging on Persian rugs and footies
I expected this to turn out harder than my woody
Cin the clip Crooklyn the barrel
Can't find an anti-dote for these lyrical poison arrows
For senioritas mama and papa too old
Batman grooving to this dynamic duo
Turn it down, the sound too much for y'all
How we lace it is just so punctual
Show each other our rings, after the emcee superbowl
Exploit these ballpoint after I break fools
No doubt, fo sho' it's for certain
When they get wind of this walls coming down like Berlin
You can get enough of this whether you sell crack or
working
Whether you roller blade, snowboard or surfing

[Chorus]

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