

## Mc Lyte "Break It Down"

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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

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I'm that R rated nigga from the films with mystique  
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

Catchy like habits, digest and swallow  
The G. Salah tablet baby, wah you beautiful

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I resonate like 808s but with a ill tone  
Lyte the odyssey, full blown  
From Cali to Medina, the head turner, Tina  
Belle Venezuela, rockin' Argentina

Hot like heaters, swift like cheaters  
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

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