

Breez Evahflowin "On The Mic"

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* send corrections to camethodically@hotmail.com

(Makes spitting sound)

(Chorus)

Now we came with good rhymes and grooves that don't
quit

When you can't, if you can't, handle it

Every word that we spit is type scandalous

Strong holdin's on the mic, now do it

(Now do it, do it, do it, do it)

And, shanana

And,

(Breez Evahflowin!)

And, shanana

They talkin jive like the label

My unstable elements smack relevance to fabels

Able bodied cross breed of elephant and cable

Unforgettable shows - I'm fed up with those

who should've been home instead of recitin' them
triflin' flows

the hype and the ho's

I'm wipin' ya ass with my toes

What type of the flows you got that make you hot
if that's pop

breez had better be a bastard

a master to perfection

spittin' acid in ya section like alien resurrection

Reflectin' rhymes eternal like Kweli or a mirror

Battle - anytime, anyplace, any era

where a mic is, strike with vocal blows to overload ya
frontal lobe

you front you fold styles olde-r than english

in this, I got more back than dorsal fins

I force a win over decision

rock cuts with surgical precision

allergic to the competition

so when you come I come at-you!

bless me but dont ask me who the best be

(Chorus)

Course Mama made me, and you get burnt down like
Branch Davidians
Poison's comittee is gettin' claps like Chlamydia
Stage shows, we amaze bros, who always say "Those
Young cats don't do jack," but everybody say "HO!"
We pray, though, Stronghold rap flows the hottest
Stronghold, what, catchin' an L!?! , we Globetrotters!
My joints, projected, your chick's claimin' baby father
I look like Dada? Nada, volcanic flow with lava
Uninteresting jockin', cockblock these riders
We run the picture, she talked it for years, aint got jack
from their papa
A poet like that? Who needs them plaques
Saving these tracks behind my back, and this pen be
on your track
I'm pro black, got no cash you should know that
Oh, yeah, I was talkin' to The LOX, they said want their
dough back
Go back, get the bozack
Don't know much, just like Fudge, they record us then
report us
No tour bus, I aint slow-bo, photo, February 9, step on
out the photo
I blow those
Out of proportion so I can get chicks to twist like
contortion
"Can I borrow some dough?" face gets distortion
Poison Rhymer's an author, I feel like Dr. Seuss
With a Bubblegoose, and a little more juice

(Chorus)

Because of my freestyle, I have no time practice
I'm hangin' emcees upside down and backwards
Thought the fact is, I'm on point, like a cactus
Fuck emcees, I eat planets, like Galactus
I meditate, battle galaxies, verbalate

This is all I could catch, for the most part, I have to go,
but I wanna send
this to you instead of just erasing. If you could, please
correct any
mistakes and add the rest if you can, Breez doesn't
have any of his lyrics
on here yet, and as a strong underground head and
Blaze battle champion, I
think he deserves it. Thanx.

ONE

